

THE  
DIVINE WOOPER;  
OR A  
P O E M,

Setting forth

The Love and Loveliness of the LORD  
JESUS, and his great desire of our  
welfare and happiness, and propounding many Argu-  
ments full of weight and power, to persuade Souls to  
the faith and obedience of him; and Answering di-  
vers Objections that are made there-against, and that  
hinder many there-from.

---

Composed by J. H. a servant of God in the glorious  
Gospel of his well beloved Son.

---

Psal. 45. 1.

*My heart herein a good thing doth indite,  
The things pertain to Christ which here I write:  
A ready writer's pen may my tongue prove,  
Imprinting on the Readers heart Christ's love.*

Psal. 34. 8, 11.

*O taste and see how good's the Lord, and just,  
O happy man that maketh him his trust!  
Come children unto me, give heed, I'll teach  
You how to fear the Lord, his grace I preach.*

*Quis leget hæc! Persius.*

*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci, Horat.*

*A verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,  
And turn delight into a sacrifice. Herbert*

---

LONDON, Printed for R. Taylor, and T. Sawbridge,  
and are to be Sold in Little-Brittane, 1673.

THE  
DIVINE WORK  
OR A  
P O E M

Seeing forth  
the Love and Mercy of the Lord  
in His Word and His great  
works and mercies, and promising us  
a new world of glory to be  
the inheritance of him that  
will give us that which is  
the inheritance of the  
righteous.

Composed by W. B. Rouse of the  
City of London

THE  
DIVINE  
WORK  
OR A  
P O E M  
IN  
TEN  
BOOKS  
BY  
W. B. ROUSE  
OF THE  
CITY OF  
LONDON  
PRINTED  
BY  
J. B. ROUSE  
OF THE  
CITY OF  
LONDON  
1711

Printed for A. Rouse and  
are to be sold in Little-Britain





## THE DEDICATION.

**L**ord I would dedicate this work to Thee,  
For its materials are mainly thine; (me,  
And those endowments too, thou gav'st to  
Through exercise whereof it became mine;  
But yet that exercise of mine's so short  
Of what ought t' have been, that thou mayst abhor't.

### II.

I do confess that unto Thee I owe,  
My self, and all that I am, or can do;  
For all that's good in me Thou did bestow,  
And in my wants it is to Thee I go:  
Therefore 'tis meet, that I devote to Thee,  
My self, my works, and all that is in me.

### III.

But I'm a very sinful dirty thing,  
So much defil'd in heart, mind, head and hand;  
That I no offering meet for Thee can bring;  
Nought that before Thee thou mayst bear to stand:  
If Thou do'st look upon it with pure eye,  
And mark its many swervings narrowly.

### IV.

O wash me in the fountain of that blood,  
Which thy most blessed Son for me hath shed:  
Renew me with thy grace, that can make good  
And clean, both heart, and mind; both hand and head.  
Then shall I better offerings bring to Thee,  
Than either I, or this my work now be.

## *The Dedication.*

### V.

The spring whence flowed out those streams, which here  
Together gathered I have by study :  
Is with what flows therefrom, both pure and clear,  
But ah ! the channel they ran through is muddy.  
Thy words are all most pure, but in my mind  
While they received are, there dirt they find.

### VI.

Mistakes, and earthiness, carnal desires,  
And selfish ends, therein so frequent are ;  
That what results therefrom, greatly bemires  
The heav'nly liquor, and it almost marres :  
Yet Lord let not thy wine be thrown away,  
Though of the cask something it rellish may.

### VII.

But let the Readers such good strainers find,  
Of piercing judgment, as to seporate  
What's mine from thine, so as what's thine to mind,  
And nothing thereof for my sake to hate ;  
Yea, what in them or me thou seest amiss,  
Pard'ning and purging, to us both it blifs.

### VIII.

Oh cause both me, and them who read or hear,  
Of what's here writ of thy beloved Son ;  
The truth thereof behold so bright and clear,  
As unto him at all times we may run :  
And unto him resolve so fast to cleave,  
As him by no means we may ever leave.

### IX.

And O might all the musings of my mind,  
And words, or writings, which from thence proceed ;  
Be such as may with Thee acceptance find,  
And useful be, to who them hear or read :  
To what's good therefore, Thou my strength, Lord be,  
And from what ill inthrals me set me free.

TO THE  
READER.



Here is a Proverb, saith, Blest is the wooing,  
That is soon over, or not long in doing:  
This Proverb hath its truth and verity,  
In this same wooing; which unto thine eye,  
And mind, I here present, if we respect

The party wooed. He that don't reject  
Christ's profer'd kindness, or his patience tire,  
But quickly yields himself to his desire;  
Without excuses or delays is Blest,  
And sooner of much happiness possesseth.  
Whereas He that stands dallying long, and gives  
Frequent denials, of much good deprives  
Himself mean while, and many griefs sustains,  
While between two, He in suspense remains:  
Yea and endangers the Great Wooer too,  
To turn away in anger; and then woo  
And anguish will succeed; for there is none  
With whom the soul can live well, but this One.

Though in respect of him that's woo'd, its well  
That Christ upon his suit long time doth dwell:  
That He's not quick to anger, but doth wait  
To shew his mercy, even to such as hate  
To be reproved, and do long resist  
That grace of God, without which none is blis.  
That He vouchsafes to call, and knock, and stay,  
At the long-closed-Heart, from day to day;

## To the Reader.

Till by his goodness and long-suffering, He  
Subdues its unkind hardness, makes it see  
Its folly; Him so to oppose, in whom  
All good and happiness to it doth come:  
And without whom it must sustain such woe,  
As it can neither bear, nor get therefro.

Which patience and long-suffering, doth commend  
This Wooer much, that He will so attend,  
Upon such sorry persons, and so long  
Before He leave his suit. His love is strong,  
Which led him hither through so many tryals;  
And leads him too to take so oft denials:  
When as He is so Great and perfect too,  
That He no need hath any one to woo;  
Nor is there any worthy of his love,  
Or to enjoy him; He's a match above  
The Highest creature; none in Heaven or Earth,  
Can equal him in greatness, goodness, birth.

But who is that that's wooed? whom doth He court?  
Is't only some of the more wealthy sort?  
Is't only the brave gallants? or is't those  
Whose wit and breeding other mens out-goes?  
Or is it such as are set up on high,  
Invested with some great Authority?  
We might suspect indeed, that He some such  
Would take to him, that in these matters much  
Come nearer to his greatness. But alas!  
For none of all those things He ought doth pass.  
Nor do they make those who them have to be,  
Any whit nearer to him in degree,  
Than those who have them not: they bear no sway  
With him at all; that more of his heart they  
Then others should obtain: but whosoever  
Do heartily him love, to him are Dear.  
It's any soul in general that He  
Doth call and woo, that saved it might be;

## To the Reader.

To whom He by his works and words doth show,  
His truth and goodness that it them may know;  
And by his holy Spirit, them evidences  
In any measure. But men oft their senses  
So stupifie with pride and lust, that they  
Do not perceive what he to them doth say:  
But do neglect his voice till He them leave,  
The fruits of their own folly to receive.

But wheresoever men hear him, and do heed  
Those heavenly words which do from him proceed;  
Believing on him, He them all doth take  
Into a nearer union, and doth make  
An everlasting Covenant with them,  
Their sins to pardon, their souls not condemn;  
He'll be their God and guide, their portion great,  
Their Head and Husband; they with him shall eat,  
And drink, and rest, and dwell, and see his face;  
He will them dearly love, He'll them embrace:  
He'll kiss them, satisfy their souls with good;  
He'll overflow them with a mighty flood  
Of peace and happiness; and they remain  
Shall ever with him, ever with him reign.

The Soul of Man like to a female is,  
And its desire is strongly after bliss;  
And to some other thing, as to its male  
It doth subject it self; for it would fail,  
If left alone as by it self to dwell;  
For then it doth sink down to death and Hell;  
And many things there are like Males to it,  
To which it turns it self, seeking to get  
From them its pleasure and subsistence, and  
Subjects it self too unto their command.

The world (or Spirit of it, that magnifies  
The things below, and such virtue as lies  
In them) that courts the soul, which nat'rally  
Since it from God is fallen, sets its eye

Anima. f.

לִּוְיָהּ  
וְדָבָר

Mundus. m.

כִּסְיוֹ  
לְפָנָיו

## To the Reader:

Upon its pleasures, poms, riches, and safe,  
 And what the objects of its senses are.  
 To this it turns it self, to this it flies,  
 On this for peace and safety it relies.  
 For this it lusts, and its embraces wishes;  
 Opens it self thereto, likes well its kisses.  
 In it delights, and to it it self yields;  
 Desires its gifts of Money, Houses, Fields;  
 What ere may please it and protection give,  
 And make it in good plight and rank to live.  
 But this World's empty, fading, false and vain,  
 And if the Soul match to't 'twill prove its bane.

The Wicked one, even the soul spirit, that sets  
 The heart on Mischeif, when He therein gets  
 Possession; stirs up unto strife, debate,  
 Oppression, violence, pride, envy, hate:  
 He courts the Soul too, and its oft beguil'd  
 By him, and with those wicked seed's desil'd;  
 Conceiting sweetness oft in any thing,  
 Which unto other men may mischief bring.  
 A Spirit of error and false Prophecy  
 Is He oft times, to Heaven; but by a lye,  
 Pretending, and in divers shapes appears,  
 And some great show and port He often bears,  
 As if he came from Heaven and led thereto.  
 Yea usually the name of Christ also  
 He can assume: though 'tis but in deceit,  
 Th' unwary Soul the easlier to cheat.  
 For He doth always turn the Soul away,  
 From the true Christ, who down his life did lay  
 For our offences, and from that good word,  
 Th' Apostles preach't, and what it doth afford;  
 Not singly leading it to Christ, that He  
 Its Lord and Saviour in all things might be:  
 On him to trust, his counsells to observe;  
 But to some fancy leadeth it to swerve;

Diabolus. m.

ὁ πονηρὸς

ἰουδ

## To the Reader.

Or else some other work, law, power, or name,  
Doth joyn with Christ; Adultery with the same,  
Leading the Soul to practise, whereby it  
Misseeth Christ's blessing, and his wrath doth get.

For Christ, indeed the only one is, who  
Hath power received from God, the Soul to woo;  
And He alone that for the Soul hath done,  
And that can and will do for it, that none  
Besides him could or can; and therefore He  
Alone its Bridegroom worthy is to be.  
He all things hath that may the Soul enrich,  
Content and cherish. He from all things which  
May danger it, will safely it defend,  
And bring it to an happy glorious end.

Christus, m.

✠

משיח

But naturally the Soul doth not Him know,  
Nor what a one He is, but looks below  
To things unto its senses manifest,  
Thinking in their enjoyments to be blis.  
And if it see a need of any thing  
Beside, to after-Bliss it for to bring;  
Then usually it plays the wanton whore.  
Some form of godliness it will adore;  
Wherein the world and Devil too, it may  
Have fellowship withal, and with them play,  
And sport it self, and yet be godly too,  
And some fine easie outside service do.  
Or if some stricter course it yields to take  
(As it can be at cost and pains to make  
It self a graven Image: as of old  
The Israelites to make a Calf of Gold,  
would with their Jewels part) its the design  
(while with the Spirit of error 't doth combine)  
To be its own Redeemer, or to get  
A righteousness or Name, wherewith commit  
Adultery it may; for oft with more  
Than one false Spirit, the Soul doth play the whore.

But



## To the Reader.

But only Christ is worthy it to have,  
Who from the Heavens descended it to save,  
From Sin and Death, and pow'r bath all to give,  
Which may make Soul and Body both to live.

And He by's Word and Spirit, and those in whom,  
These are, and work, unto mens Souls doth come,  
Inviting them to him ; but not that He  
With other things only should partner be,  
In their affections and their worships ; but  
That all things else from the heart being shut,  
He might alone the Sovereign power obtain,  
It to command, and over it to reign.  
That it to him its love and confidence  
May singly give, in the belief and sense  
Of his great worth and goodness ; and submit  
In all things to his wise dispose of it.

The Spirit of Wisdom which comes from on high,  
And doth of Christ and his things testifie ;  
And into their hearts who have him received,  
Inspired hath the Truth to be believed :  
And by them wrought such miracles, as none  
Besides them in the World have ever done ;  
He calls men unto Christ, his voice is, Come  
To Christ for Righteousness, and for Wisdom,  
For Pardon, Peace, for Strength, for Holiness,  
For Freedom from all evil, for all blifs.

The Church, or Spouse, the Bride of Christ who knows, }  
And singly to him cleaves, she him forth shows,  
And not her self ( as the false Church ) she wooes }  
For him alone. Yea every one his voice  
That hears, and in his goodness doth rejoyce,  
Is both allow'd, and bid to call men to  
This Blessed one, and them for him to woo.  
It's only the false Church, that magnifies  
Her self, and hides his glory from mens eyes.



## To the Reader.

Come ye, come ye then to Christ, I pray;  
Come all that thirst, all that want help and stay,  
Support, life, comfort, guidance, righteousness,  
And what may satisfy the Soul with bleſs.  
All that are heavy laden and oppreſt,  
Come unto Christ, and He will give you reſt.  
Come, come, here is a Fountain open ſet,  
Exposed to you all, whence you may get  
Freely what good you want. Here's what will make  
You fully happy; Come theſe waters take,  
Here's no restraint, ye may all come and buy,  
Wine, water, milk, without price or Money.  
Only let go your luſts, your Idols, and  
What with the love of Jeſus will not ſtand.  
Part with your ſloth, with diligence attend,  
At all his poſts and pillars; in the end  
Ye ſhall him find, and whatſoere ye want,  
That is good for you, He will freely grant.  
He's full, and free, and none will turn away  
That come to him, and on his Name do ſtay.

To Him I call thee Reader, Thou art He  
who art invited, and ſpoke to by me,  
Who ere thou art, rich, poor, wiſe or unwiſe,  
I call Thee unto Chriſt, do not deſpiſe  
What I preſent Thee; though as 'tis from me,  
Thou many weakneſſes therein mayſt ſee.  
Yea Chriſt doth call Thee by me; in the main  
It is his language, do not it diſdain;  
S'tight not his love, it's He that doth Thee woo:  
I'm but his ſpokeſman, but the Trunk where thro  
He ſends his voice to Thee, do thou it hear:  
Peruſe this Book, and mark well what is there  
Propounded to Thee; Read it to the end,  
And much good do't Thee; ſo deſires, Thy Friend

April 30. 1673.

JOHN HORNE.

*Another to the READER, of the  
Contents of this BOOK.*

1. **R**Eader, If thou do'st look, into this Book (pains.  
For wit, and for high strains, Thou'lt loose thy
2. It was not my intent, strains to invent,  
Or witty phrases which some men count rich.
3. 'Twas not thy lust to feed, while thou dost read,  
Nor yet to satisfie a vain fancy.
4. But t'was thy Soul to win, from vice, and sin,  
And woo thee unto Bliss, that I writ this.
5. The mind and fancy have their lust, and crave  
Food for their pleasure too, which may undo.
6. But here they will not find, their sails with wind  
To fill; I do not ride in state and pride.
7. My wit runs plain and smooth, yet doth not sooth,  
Nor lull thy Soul a sleep, to fall ith' deep.
8. I do not soar, or fly up loftily,  
In words and phrases where all Stars appear.
9. I go low near the ground, both sure and sound;  
My lines are not too heady, but square and stedy.
10. The matter which I write, doth want no height,  
But mounts up very high, 'bove Stars and Sky.
11. It opens Heaven to thee, where thou mayst see,  
Such excellencies as mans wit do pass.
12. It treats of his high love, who's from above,  
And who above is gone, and's on the Throne.
13. Yet by the way doth tell, the woes of Hell,  
And warns thee for to keep, from that sad deep.
14. It shews the lovely face, and glorious grace,  
Of Heavens high heir in part, to take thy heart.
15. Though who can him declare, He is so fair?  
No pencil can set forth his wondrous worth.

These

16. These great things to express, I sought no dress  
Of flaunting eloquence, nor great expence  
17. Of wit and art : for they cannot display  
Their glory more but hide, their native pride.  
18. Is not his labour lost, and all his cost,  
Who would the Sun make fine, and gild its shine ?  
19. The finest cloth of Gold that may be sold,  
Yea Pearls and Diamonds sure would it obscure.  
20. Rich lines, with rich wits suits, such tree such fruits ;  
Such as I have I give, read well and live.
- 
- An*
-

*An Apology for writing the following Poem  
in Verse, and at such a time as wherein  
I left my living, it being writ in Anno  
1662. after August 24. therein.*

What's hear ! (thou'lt say) A Preacher turn'd a Poet,  
A marry'd man in's Elder days to woo it?  
What doth He dote? Is this a time for him,  
When He hath lost his Living to go rime.  
As if He was well satisf'd and pleas'd,  
That He of Fourscore pounds by th' year is eas'd?  
Alas! He is not for a Poem fit,  
His scull's too thick, He wants both Art and Wit.  
What can this Babler say! can ought proceed  
From him that worthy is that we it read?  
To this I something briefly answer shall,  
And then commit it to thy perusal.

**T**O Poetry I do not much pretend,  
Though at that time I found my Genius bend  
Somewhat thereto when this I wrote: my skill  
Is small, having but little dipt my quill  
In those still waters, which do qualify  
The soul best for the Art of Poetry.  
Yet to my inclination at that time,  
A little I gave way to write in rime;  
I scarcely can tell why, but I did find  
That sort of Spirit, or Muse to court my mind.  
To which it having sometimes by the by,  
Yielded it self a little amorously,  
And yet divinely too; at length it fell  
Upon this subject, wherewith it did swell;

## An Apology, &c.

Till far beyond what I did first intend,  
It did this large production here forth send.  
Wherein that happ'ned to me, which sometime  
Besals young mayds or women in their prime :  
Who while they tick and toy, and to young men  
( Perhaps their lovers ) they do now and then  
Yield up themselves after a wanton sort,  
To taste the pleasures of the Nuptial sport ;  
Not thinking or desiring ( although wild )  
Thence to conceive, and to bring forth a child.  
Yet after sometimes scaping ( which doth make  
Them bolder of those pleasures to partake )  
Before they are aware they 're oft deceived,  
Begin to swell, and find they have conceiv'd.  
Even so it far'd with me ( saving that I  
In my attempts did act more honestly,  
And therefore not asham'd of what I did,  
I have not sought to keep its product hid ;  
As is their wont, who acting sinfully  
Are fill'd with shame, and therefore seek to fly  
From peoples knowledge of it ) but while to  
That Spirit which my mind sometime did woo,  
I somewhat pleasingly my self inclin'd,  
It did insinuate into my mind,  
That though I thought but only by the by,  
To exercise my wit, yet sodainly  
I felt my self to swell, grow big and sick  
Of my conceptions ; that I see I quick  
Was prov'd before I thought so, and perceived  
That something from that Spirit I had received,  
That had the nature of an heavenly seed,  
And this same Embrio in my mind did breed.  
Which as it dropt into my mind in verse,  
So I in meeter do it here rehearse.

A way which holy men have sometime took,  
As may be shew'd from Gods holy Book :

They

## An Apology, &c.

They holy things conceiv'd and pend in song,  
Which their sweet fingers did sing, among  
The people at their solemn meetings oft,  
As in the Book of **Chronicles** we're taught.  
Unto the pure all things be pure; and they  
May any gift of God use, any way  
May take, he leads them to, thereby to draw  
Themselves and others more to mind his law.  
And this of verse doth some men more delight,  
Then if the same in prose peruse they might.  
For I conceive that something there is found,  
In most mens minds that doth of musick sound:  
That its much wrought on by, and suiteth best  
With what in measur'd numbers is exprest.  
And some where we are willed to our King,  
Not only praise, but skilful praise to sing.  
The holy Spirit of Wisdom judges it,  
A practise also for him not unfit;  
To condescend to men in any ways,  
Whereby He them from Earth to Heaven may raise.  
And leads his servants to be All to any,  
That they thereby may unto God win many.

That I should go a wooing now may be,  
Perhaps an unbecoming thing for me.  
Except it be in that more doleful sense,  
So as men do when they use penitence.  
But if it be well minded, for to woo  
In the more pleasant sense agrees well too  
With my profession, for what other is  
A Preacher, who doth Christ set forth with his  
Excellencies, and men to him do call;  
But such a wooer! and such, whoers all  
Right Preachers be, what else have I been doing,  
All the time I have Preacht but been so wooing?  
If any thing beside almost, a miss  
I did, which matter of Repentance is:

which

## An Apology, &c.

Which I am sorry for, that I have not  
So lov'd the Bridegroom as I ought; nor got  
So many Souls to him espoused, as  
I might have done, since I a Preacher was.  
For my neglects wherein, He justly may  
Have ord'ed to me as at this day;  
That such things were impos'd by those on High,  
As did occasion my laying by:  
Wherein his goodness too I do adore,  
In that He since as well as heretofore,  
Hath me supply'd and kept with such content  
And safety, as I don't at all repent  
My loss of honour, or estate, or ought  
That of advancement my Church living brought.  
Oh that my heart to him were more upright,  
So as in him to take my whole delight.  
And more to give my self to do his will,  
And as I may my ministry fulfil:  
Trusting him with my self, to do with Me  
Whatever pleasing unto him shall be.  
While I his work do, obey his command,  
He can me save, because He in his hand  
Hath all, both things, and persons; and can do,  
What ever his Wisdom directs him to.  
However let his will be done, for it  
Is good, and to it I submit.  
Only I crave his mercy, wherein I  
May any thing herein, that is too high  
For me have written; or if ought there be  
Therein contained, which his eye doth see  
To be amiss, in manner, or in matter,  
For I do not my self so vainly flatter;  
As to conceive I so divinely write,  
As nothing may be therein but what's right,  
Or at the least, that as it came from me,  
Hath nothing whereby it deserv'd may be.

## An Apology, &c.

That I his glorious person personate,  
And introduce as one that doth relate;  
The doleful waylings of the damned throngs,  
Or represent the just's melodious songs,  
And great rejoycings; when on sentence past,  
They shall possess those dooms that ay shall last.  
Therein I pardon crave, if any thing  
There's therein found, that is unbesitting  
His greatness, or their glory; what I writ  
Therein, was for my exercise; as fit  
I did conceive those things that are to come,  
To contemplate, both good and bad mens doom.  
Endeavouring to expresse them, as may well  
Consist with what thereof the Scriptures tell:  
And unto others so them to present,  
As might them best awaken to repent.  
And that such as are just may still be so,  
And never may the ways of truth forgo.  
And much refreshing it unto me brought,  
While I unto those things, my mind and thought  
Did exercise; nor hath there any time  
Besfallen me, wherein to verse and rime  
I found my self disposed more; for though I  
My Living parted with then, yet thereby  
My Conscience I kept free, from what would  
Have more disturb'd my mind, had I made bold  
To act above its liberty, for then  
Though I more elbow room, might amongst men  
Have had, and some more money in my purse;  
Yet I was fearful that my soul, much worse  
Would then have been at ease; which now hath not,  
It to disquiet, upon it this blot.  
That I for living sake did that profess,  
Which I conceived not to be blameless.  
Not that I do condemn, what they above  
Have judged needfull, or well to behove



## An Apology, &c.

For future peace : or that I fault all those  
Who, with what I did scruple at, do close.  
To their own Master they must stand or fall,  
By whom at last we must be judged all.  
But I no cause find to repent that I  
Fear'd to offend the Lord, but quietly  
Bearing my cross and burthen, to be glad  
I was preserv'd from what I judged bad.  
As for this Treatise, what's therein, to Thee  
Who read'st it, I leave censured to be.  
Read and Consider it, no more I say,  
But only God to thee it blest I pray.

J. M.

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THE

Epistle to

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# A Commendatory Epistle to the Reader.

Written by a lover of the *Reve-  
rend and Judicious Author* of  
this BOOK.

**A**Lthough this Poem doth not stand in need  
Of my poor Commendations; which indeed  
Are of small value, since I am, and seem  
One of so little Learning or Esteem,  
That small regard, or credit, given will be,  
To ought that is expressed here by me.  
Touching his Book, which is not Mean, nor Weak,  
But fully able, for it self to Speak,  
And to command Respect, in spite of them,  
That shall the same through prejudice condemn:  
Yea, to convince, or put to silence, Those  
Who shall presume, or dare it to oppose:  
All which might be as Reasons, why I should  
My hand and pen from this employment hold.

Yet notwithstanding, when I did peruse  
That Heavenly Dialogue, which here ensues  
And is the subject of this following Tract,  
Observing too, how well it was compact  
And firmly built upon God's Holy Word,  
With which the substance of it doth accord:  
Giving the Reader much good help and light,  
The Scriptures for to understand aright,  
In those most weighty and important things,  
Which to the Soul, most good and profit brings;

Clearing

Clearing away those Fogs and Mists which rise,  
To cloud and hide Christ's beauty from our Eyes;  
Whose kindness, goodness, love, and loveliness,  
Incomparably he doth here express,  
And his good-will to us so far imparts,  
As well might make our hard and frozen hearts  
Melt into Tears; and willingly embrace  
Our dear Redeemer's proffered love and grace,  
Which is most rich, and free, as doth appear,  
And is as richly represented here.

I also heeding how industriously  
He labour's and endeavour's to untie,  
And break those snaires the World, and Devil makes  
To hold us Pris'ners; and what pains he takes  
To set us free: and earnestly doth strive  
Our much deluded Soul's to undeceive;  
And also with what Scriptural replies  
He answers all those Reas'nings, which arise  
In our vain carnal Atheistick heart;  
As causes why we are so loth to part  
With our false lovers, and our selves betake  
To Christ, who only can us happy make:  
Declaring how absurd, and reasonless  
It is for men to seek their happiness,  
In ways which do so much debase the Soul,  
Namely, to live as Beasts without controule,  
Only to feed their sensual appetites,  
With worldly, sensual, perishing delights.

And how he by plain reason, overthrows  
The Atheistick Principles of those  
Vain, foolish Worldlings, who in heart deny  
The Power, and Providence of the Most High,  
Who Made and Rules the World, and will likewise  
Most certainly cause all the Dead to Rise,  
And come to Judgment. At that dreadful Day,  
When Christ most infinitely will repay

His friends, and foes, far otherwise then here  
They ever in this World repayed were.  
A glimpse of which Reward and Punishment,  
He doth beforehand lively here present:  
Shewing what dreadful Horror shall surprize,  
All who to Christ, and his, are Enemies:  
And have them Persecuted, scorn'd, or slighted,  
How such shall stand amazed and affrighted,  
At that strange turn, and (though 't will nought avail)  
Their former foolish, sinful ways bewail;  
And with most bitter lamentations, rue  
That they, their lusts and pleasures to pursue,  
Should God neglect: and what might have prevented  
Their being so unspeakably Tormented.

And how the Saints in their most blessed state,  
Their dear Redeemer's praise shall celebrate,  
With Songs of Tryumph, reigning gloriously,  
As Kings with Him, to all Eternity.  
And then from both doth strongly reinforce  
His former suit, that we would take the course  
Which he perswades; namely, with Christ to close  
Unfainedly; not fearing wants or foes.  
Which fears and doubtings, in us to prevent,  
Christ to us he again doth represent,  
As all-sufficient to preserve and guide us,  
And all things necessary to provide us.  
Shewing Christ's tender love, and special care,  
Which he for all his Servants will declare;  
That they shall have no reason to repent  
Their choice; and then gives great encouragement  
That though we many strong corruptions have,  
Christ's grace shall us from those corruptions save;  
That we o're them, through him, shall conquest get,  
And also over whatsoever let,  
May interpose: And that the only thing  
Which Christ desires is, that we be willing

To give our selves wholly to him, and then  
He will give back himself to us agen;  
And with himself whatever good thing he  
Shall needful for our souls and bodies see,  
This and much more ( our hearts for to allure )  
The Author doth I'th Name of Christ assure.

These, and many other things, no less  
Remarkable then these, which to express  
Or over them particularly to run,  
Were but to light up candles to the Sun;  
Since you in Reading may them find and see  
More fully, then is hinted here by me.

On which ( I say ) when I had cast mine eye  
Observing also how judiciously,  
Full and compendiously he doth express  
Each thing ; me thought that I could do no less  
Then leave some small memorial of my love,  
To signifie how highly I approve  
The Authors Labour in this following Book,  
Although I know not how it may be took,  
Only I'll hope the best ; desiring thee  
Who Read'st this Book, thou would'st not tired be,  
Nor grutch thy labour, though it seemeth long,  
Left in so doing thou thy self do'st wrong,  
And to thy shame declare, how little thou  
Esteem'st of Christ : Whose Excellence to shew,  
This Author much more time and pains did spend,  
As knowing none can him enough commend,  
By all the Words, or Books that can be writ ;  
Considering also there's enough in it  
To Recompence thy labour, if thou hast  
A Spiritual heart, to relish and to taste  
Those Spiritual dainties, and that Heavenly chear,  
Which by this Author is presented here.

Or if as yet thou hast not, yet through grace,  
Whil'st thou herein behold'st, with open face,

As in a glass, that Glorious Loye Divine,  
Which in this Sun of Righteousness doth shine;  
Who courts, and woos thee here, with him to wed:  
Thou may'st (I say) be Metamorphos'd  
Into that Glorious Image, whence we fell;  
And then, I know, such Books will please thee well,  
And to thy soul much joy and solace bring,  
Yea, thou wilt in a feeling manner sing,  
That *Song of Loves*, \* compos'd by, this thy Friend; \* p. 257  
And from thy own experience Christ commend,  
As far more lovely than thou can'st conceive,  
Which wishing to thee, I shall take my leave.

March 10. 1672.

R. T.

If you would know my NAME,  
This Accrostick shews the same.

R eader, this Book presents a Match unto thee,  
O ne of great Worth, who for his Bride would have thee,  
B y this his Servant, earnestly doth wooe thee,  
E ternally to dignifie and save thee;  
R esuse not then, but take him at his word,  
T he whole World can't thee such a Match afford.  
T hink not his terms propos'd, too strict and hard,  
O r that he bids thee to thy loss; But know  
W ithout him, thou art quite undone and marr'd,  
S ince none but he can pay what thou do'st owe,  
O r stand thy Friends, at Death and Judgment day;  
N o more will he, except thou him obey.

By

By Another.

**S**IR, I have read your ex'llent wooing fit,  
And find it coucht in plain but soaring wit.  
The truest wisdom, Sir, your lines unfold,  
How to make Christ the Husband of our souls.  
Let *Momus* carp, let Sycophants revile,  
At this thy plain but Heaven aspiring stile:  
We'll leave them as they are, and wave their scorn,  
In his good time God will exalt his *Horne*.

**I**n this thy heavenly wooer thou hast shown,  
Our Saviours mercy and his love in one.  
Here soul thy Christ to thee proposeth Heaven,  
Nay he doth wooe thee to't, let not sins leaven

H harbour in thee't obstru't thy way to bliss.  
O Soul admire that Christ thy wooer is!  
R ender him thanks for this his mercy great,  
N ever refuse so glorious a seat.  
E ternal horror will be thy retreat.

---

On the ensuing Poem.

**T**His Author minding God's great Love to us,  
Was thereby mov'd to represent it thus:  
No flaring dress nor gaudy Robes here worn,  
And yet enough to keep his Mase from scorn:  
Not *a-la-Mode*, yet handsome, neat and spruce,  
To gain respect, and stop or dam the sluice  
Of that prophane's, which licentious rimes  
Sets ope, in these our sad declining times;  
The wooing here Divine, no complement  
Needed nor us'd by way of supplement,



It treats of high and heavenly misteries,  
Brought down to suit meanest capacities;  
The heir of all God's first begotten Son  
Is here commended, yet when all is done  
That all's too short, his praises to set forth,  
Much here's exprest, but more admire his worth:  
Praised be God for this sweet Melody;  
Thanks also to that Instrument whereby  
The Match is here advis'd, well may he speed  
In such endeavours, and at every need,  
Find such supplies of mercy from the Lord,  
As he hath promis'd in his Holy Word,  
May they, too, profit who shall read these Songs.  
Praise be to God, to whom all praise belongs.

*James Horne.*

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*On the foregoing Commendations of the  
following Poem.*

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**O**thers affect that by some Learned men,  
Some Doctors, Students, Preachers, or the pen  
Of some great Person, what they put to Press  
Should be commended; or delight to dress  
It with some curious Frontispeice: my mind  
In good men's approbation more doth find  
It to content; that such as God believe,  
And his instructions likewell to receive  
Who godliness endeavour after, fleeing  
What ever things are therewith disagreeing,  
Commend my studies and endeavours: for  
Such Persons praises God doth not abhor.  
By such he'll be commended, when by those  
Who to true godliness are real foes:

( Though

( Though great, and rich, and learned too they be )  
To be extolled, much disdaineth he.

Nor did that Kingly Poet *David*, whose  
Praises were great in songs, who did compose  
The sweetest Poems, unto him invite  
The great or Learned Persons, that they might  
Turn in to him and his Companions be ;  
But such as fear'd the Lord, thereto did he  
Invite and call : they in God's mysteries  
Have the best judgment, are the truly wise,  
Nor God nor good men for their poverty  
Do any such despise, why then should I ?  
Better by one poor good man prais'd to be,  
Than by a thousand bad of high degree.

In such (though mean men in this World) God's treasures  
Have oft been put, and they of divine pleasures  
Have oft the largest deepest draughts ; the Saints  
Or holy men ( what ever outward wants  
Have them attended ) Christ's inheritance  
With all its glorious riches doth advance.  
If such then like my works, if what I've pen'd  
Those that be truly pious do commend,  
It is enough ; if they be pleas'd, I much  
Pass not for their accounts that are not such.  
Though that's the lot of goodness too, that oft  
Some such it praise too, who themselves are naught.  
Such virtu's beauty that it oft attracts,  
Their eyes and tongues, who yet refuse its acts.  
Who loving sensual pleasures, can't endure  
Themselves unto those labours to inure,  
Whence those good fruits are reap't, which who so taste,  
Shall joys enjoy which evermore shall last.  
Such forcedly, though th' act not, praise what's right ;  
But vertues soll wers praise her with delight.

*J. Horne.*

# THE Divine VVooer.

## Canto. I.

*Awake thou that sleepest, and stand up from the  
dead, and Christ shall give thee light, Eph. 5. 14.*

### The Call.

*The man upon his Soul doth call,  
To view it's state original,  
And what it's now through Adam's fall.  
The Soul it's bad estate espies,  
And ready to despair out cries:  
A Minister thereto replies.  
Directing it to Christ, He shews  
Of him the glad some heavenly news;  
Yea Christ himself for its love sues.  
Declares his worthy facts, his love,  
And what to close with him might move;  
And shews what doth it most behove.  
Then warns it of it's subtle foes,  
Who seek to bring to it great woes;  
And there this Canto hath it's close.*

*Man.* **R**owse up thy self my Soul, consider well,  
What of thy state I herein do thee tell;  
What was thy first condition, what it's now,  
That what behoves thee, thou mayst better know.

Good was thy state at first, before thy fall,  
For thou from God hadst thine original :  
A pure off-spring of his heavenly breath ;  
Thou wast ; not subject unto sin or death,  
Or grief, or fear, or any thing might harm thee,  
Till the old Serpent from thy God did charm thee.  
For we in Gods own image and likeness,  
At first were framed, and he did express  
Great love and bounty to us, he withheld  
Nothing of good from us ; our state excel'd  
All creatures here below, for to us he  
Gave the Dominion over Land and Sea,  
And all that in them were ; yea all above  
He made also for us, such was his love.  
A pleasant Garden, even a Paradise  
Of pleasures also, full of rarities  
He for us planted, and therein a Tree  
Of life, by which we might from Death been free.  
Yea whatsoever might yield us delight,  
To Soul or Body, touch, or taste, or sight :  
He therein did provide, with different sex,  
For more content, and off-spring, nought did vex  
Or cause disquiet then ; yea thou didst know  
The nature of all things, and couldst it show ;  
And such agreeing names on them impose,  
As might their inward properties disclose.  
Yea even with God himself, thou to converse  
Wast fitted, and his praises couldst rehearse.  
And hadst thou still obey'd his just commands,  
And had'st not broke by Sin, the sacred bands  
Of friendship wherewith to himself he ty'd thee,  
Nothing should ere have power had, to divide thee  
From his affections : nor should any thing  
Befall thee, but what good to thee should bring.  
But now alas ! thy state is altered,  
Since thou by sinning from thy God hast fled.

By listning to the Serpents subtilty,  
And giving heed to his false glozing lye.  
Of all the good thou had'st thou art bereft,  
And nought but what's bad now in thee is left.  
The Image of thy God wherein did stand  
Thy cheifest glory, thou hast marred, and  
Like to the Beasts that perish, now hast made thee,  
And Satans lies to ruine have betray'd thee.  
His poyson hath thy heart infected so,  
That nought but wickedness therefrom doth flow.  
So that of God thou nought deserv'st but hate,  
Yea and all creatures thee to ruinate  
May well conspire; since thou so wretchedly  
Hast turn'd away from God, their enmity  
Against thee is but just; that as before  
Thou wast Heavens favourite, and all things bore  
Respect unto thee; now they should neglect thee,  
And unto answerable woes reject thee,  
To what thy blessings were; for oh! my Soul,  
Thou art become a Dungeon very foul;  
Nasty, and dark, and loathsome, sin, and evil,  
Have got possession in thee; and the Devil  
Hath thee inslay'd so to his will and lust,  
That thou art full of all that is unjust,  
And hateful unto God; who therefore hath  
From Paradise expel'd thee in his wrath,  
And unto Death hath thee condemned so,  
That from the force thereof thou can'st not go.  
Of unclean Birds thou art become a cage,  
Thy lusts and passions in thee rule and rage,  
And drive thee to and fro, and thee expose  
Unto the Malice of Infernal foes.  
All thou do'st mean, think, love, or joy in now,  
What is it but what's vain and brutish? Thou  
In whom Gods Wisdom sometime had delight,  
Art now become a very loathsome sight;

Wholly for her pure fellowship unmeet,  
 And for his service ; for from Head to Feet,  
 Thou full of sores and ulcers art. In thee  
 Nothing that's right or lovely can He see,  
 Thou neither knowest him, nor thy self, nor how  
 Thou may'st thy self recover ; nor can'st thou  
 His favour re-obtain by any thing,  
 Which thou by way of off'ring can'st him bring.  
 For unto him no reall love thou hast,  
 Nor any virtuous thing ; of all good waste,  
 And empty now thou art : To Sathans power,  
 And to Gods wrath, obnoxious every hour.  
 Oh then how sad's thy state ? where ere thou go,  
 Thou art in danger of eternal wo.  
 While thou art in thy sins, over thy Head  
 Gods wrath doth hang ; his wrath whom Angels dread,  
 And all the Creatures ; and whose furious ire,  
 When poured forth is like devouring fire.  
 So as the Rocks are thereby rent, and fall  
 Asunder ; for it's able to turn all  
 Into its Antient Chaos, and to bring  
 The whole Creation to a mere nothing.  
 Bethink thee then my Soul what course to take,  
 Is there no way thy peace with God to make ?  
 Is there no way his wrath to pacifie ?  
 To scape his vengeance ? that thou may'st not die ?  
 Not die for ever ? while thou yet hast space,  
 Mayst thou not seek for and implore his grace ?  
*Soul.* And is it so indeed ? is this my case !  
 Doth sin in me Gods image so deface,  
 And render me so loathsom in his eye !  
 Is his wrath to provok't ! am I to dye,  
 By his just law so doom'd ! oh whither then  
 Shall I betake my self ! what can we men  
 Devise or do, whereby his anger we  
 May pacifie that saved we may be

From

From his destroying hand ? If I'm so vile,  
That all I think or do, sin doth defile.  
How is it possible that any thing  
I can perform, that may me safety bring ?  
If I had all the World at my command,  
To offer up to him, nought at my hand  
Needs He to take, whose all things are ; nor could  
I it so bring, as He accept it would  
From me that am so vile : but alas ! I  
Have nothing of mine own, but misery  
And sin ; I must therefore lye down forlorn,  
Bewailing that sad day when I was born ;  
And wishing that some Hills or Mountains might  
Fall on, and cover me from his dread sight ;  
That He might not how sinful I am see,  
Nor I Him, who so angry is with me.  
But oh alas ! these bootless wishes are,  
Nought they avail me, nothing but Despair  
Remains as my sad lot ; in wretchedness  
To perish evermore without redress.  
O wo is me ! what shall I think or do ?

I am undone, I sink, I perish : Oh !

*Minist.* Despair not Soul : But hear and listen well,  
Unto a true story that I shall tell ;  
Tidings of joy and gladness I do bring ;  
Tidings of peace, that well may make thee sing.  
Incline thine ear therefore and bend thy mind,  
That of my words thou may'st the comfort find.

Though thou most wretchedly, from thy Creator  
Hast run, and play'd vile prevaricator  
From his just laws ; hast sin'd against him still,  
And hast not set by his most holy will ;  
Unworthy art of love, most worthy wrath,  
Yet He to thee a strong affection hath ;  
Loves thee intensively and thy welfare,  
To bring about no cost or pains doth spare.



One only Glorious and dear Son hath He,  
 Begotten of him from eternity.  
 The brightness of his Glory, light of light,  
 The Image of his person, His delight.  
 His word eternal, his wisdom most pure,  
 By whom He all things made, and makes t' endure.  
 Yet him did He send forth when He saw fit,  
 To expiate the sins thou did'st commit ;  
 To ransom thee from thrall to Death and Devil,  
 To raise thee up, and free thee from all evil :  
 To bring thee from thy woful lost estate,  
 In which thou must else lain time without date.  
 And thee restore again unto his grace,  
 That thou might'st see his sweet and glorious face ;  
 Injoy his favour, sit under his wing,  
 And his high praises evermore might'st sing.

That glorious splendor of his Majesty,  
 Who in his Bosom was eternally ;  
 According to his will determined,  
 Was born of a poor Damsel, espoused  
 Unto a Carpenter of mean degree ;  
 Laid in a Manger, where there use to be  
 The Ass or Oxen feeding, other room  
 The Inn affording not for his welcome ;  
 When that poor Damsels time was come, that she  
 Of this unheard of birth untwin'd should be.

Even like as if some mighty Prince by birth,  
 Should quit his Fathers Pallace, and the mirth  
 He there injoy'd : should lay his robes aside,  
 His Princely robes ; and the better to hide  
 His high-born dignity, and great degree,  
 With Pilgrims or poor beggars rags, should be  
 Meanly attir'd, and so himself betake,  
 To travail through great dangers, for the sake  
 Of some of his poor subjects ; who allur'd  
 By some false Traytor had his Realm abjur'd :

Joyn'd



Joyn'd themselves in confederacy, to  
His Fathers and his own most hateful foe ;  
Till thereby they upon their heads had brought,  
By means of that rebellion they had wrought,  
Some dreadful punishment, and deadly thrall,  
Indangering the ruine of them all.  
That He might in that strange disguise unknown,  
Vanquish those foes who had them overthrown ;  
And unexpectedly a pardon bring,  
Unto them from their own much injur'd King.  
And by such love declared, win their mind  
Unto himself, that they with him combin'd;  
Might from those Traytors who had them seduced,  
Into his Fathers Kingdom be reduced ;  
Under his conduct as their Prince and guide,  
Whose love and care of them they had so try'd.

Even so this mighty high-born Son of God,  
Into this World down by a path untrod ;  
Descended in a garb unknown, wherein  
He wore the badges of our loathsome sin ;  
Cloath'd with great poverty, infirm and weak,  
Fil'd with reproaches which his heart did break.  
Through swelling Seas of sorrows travail'd He,  
In the strength of his love to seek up thee ;  
And save thee from that wretched state wherein,  
Thou ready wast to perish in thy sin.  
In this disguise made under law, and so  
Exposed to indure that curse and woe ;  
Which was thy due, when he was set upon  
By all the powers of Hell, the field He won  
In an unusual manner ; not by strength  
But weakness rather : where through He at length  
After some combates yielded up to Death,  
His spotless body, and his blessed breath.  
Wherein the laws demands He so fulfil'd,  
That it's condemning power thereby He kil'd ;

For

For so the bonds He cancel'd, and the debt  
 Discharg'd, that bound thee ore to death ; and set  
 Thee free from under Sathans power and force,  
 That thou may'st now again have free recourse  
 To thy Creators presence ; for He hath  
 By this his pilgrimage and Death, the wrath  
 Of his displeased Father pacified,  
 So that his anger He hath laid aside ;  
 And holds thee now no longer as a Foe,  
 Bound ore to Death, but freely lets thee go ;  
 Keeps thee not at a distance any longer,  
 But calls thee back ; and by his Son, who stronger  
 Is then thine enemies ( as by the way  
 And leader too ) by whom the weakest may  
 Strongly and safely walk, against the worst  
 Endeavours and resistance of that curst  
 Infernal cruie, who seek to keep thee back )  
 He thee invites, and prays thou wilt not slack  
 Thy pace unto him, but return again  
 Into his heavenly Kingdom there to reign ;  
 Over thine enemies in glorious state,  
 For everlasting time beyond all date.

That safely to him thou might'st back be brought,  
 This Royal Prince of glory, who thee bought  
 From thraldom by his blood, doth thee invite  
 To hear his pleasant voyce, behold his light  
 In which he sets himself, in glorious state  
 Before thy view, beseeching thee to hate  
 Those enemies who did thee overthrow,  
 And brought thee from so high to be so low.  
 And Him to listen to, believe, and love,  
 Who for thy sake descended from above ;  
 And worst of Deaths and dangers did sustain,  
 That He might thee restore to life again.  
 He with his words puts forth his mighty hand,  
 To turn thee and to make thee understand ;

To

To give thee strength to lean on him, and go  
The good way after him which He doth show.  
He loves thee dearly, wooes thee with his heart,  
Intreats thee from thine Idols to depart,  
Which will undo thee ore again, if yet  
Thou wilt thy self to their advise commit.  
Beseeches thee to save thy self, or rather  
Be sav'd by him, who came forth from his Father,  
To save poor sinners; bring them safe and sure,  
Unto those joys which ever shall endure.  
He condescends unto thee, though thou be'st  
Viler then any thing that here thou seest,  
As in thy sins, unworthy of him, yet He  
Disdains not to address himself to thee.  
Incline thine ear O Daughter, give good heed  
Unto those gracious words, which do proceed  
From his most holy lips, in such like wise

As here doth follow, do not them despise.

*Christ.* Dear Soul, the price of my most precious blood,  
Which I have shed for thee, and for thy good;  
For I my self a ransom gave for all,  
And now I to repentance do thee call.  
Hearken to me, and to my voice give ear,  
Turn not away from me; why should'st thou fear.  
To listen unto me: I am thy friend,  
Thy Lord, thy Saviour, did not stick to spend  
My life and blood for thee; and now I have  
Through painful cross, and through the silent grave,  
Obtain'd my Fathers Kingdom; am ascended  
Unto the throne of glory; where attended  
I am with millions of the heavenly Host,  
The glorious Angels, yea the Holy Ghost,  
Immeasurably upon me doth rest,  
And with all heavenly blessings I am blest.  
I'm heir of all things, yea in me doth dwell  
All fulness of the Godhead; Heaven, and Hell,

And

And Earth, and Seas, and all things else that be,  
Are put into subjection under me.

And all that I have suffer'd and sustain'd,  
'Twas for thee, and thy good; all I have gain'd

Thereby, I gain'd for thee, thee to possess  
Of endless joys and everlasting bleſs.

Behold me then, behold me, turn thine eye  
From other objects; see what Majesty,

What glory, and what beauty are in me,

What riches, and what fulness, and how free

I am, the same to all those to impart,

Who me imbrace, and love with all their heart.

Behold me then, dear Soul, and wistly view

My matchless virtues, see how good, how true,

How powerful too I am; I'm rich to all

In mercy, who sincerely on me call.

None that repair to me do I cast by,

But them relieve, and cure their misery.

I'm allsufficient, able every way

To make thee happy to an endless day.

Turn then away from empty things thine eye,

From lies, from falshood, and from vanity,

Which cheat thee, and deprive thee of all good.

Oh turn to Me, who for thee shed my blood;

Look towards me, dear Soul, behold and see,

Hath any other such things done for thee

As I have done? hath any condescended,

And stoop'd so low? hath any else expended,

And laid out so much, to obtain thy love

As I, that came to th'earth from Heaven above;

And laid down all my riches and my life,

That I might thee redeem from all that strife,

'Twixt God and thee, and take thee for a Wife?

That I might free thee from th' infernal foe,

That held thee captive, and fills thee with woe?

Can any give to thee such gifts as I?  
Can they advance thee to like dignity?  
Can any so enrich thee as I can?  
Can any thee so satisfie? what man  
Or Angel may with me compare? *O Who,*  
Can or will do for thee as I will do?  
Oh turn thee unto me my darling dear:  
Open thine eye on me, incline thine ear;  
Give me thy heart, it is thy love I seek,  
And I deserve it; I am lowly, meek,  
And merciful; no one is like to Me,  
Yet I have set my heart and love on thee.

See, See, I that am heir of all things, and  
Have Sovereign power, and all things do command:  
I who thee can save or destroy with ease,  
Can make or break thee, or do what I please;  
Who happy am without thee, and no need  
Have of thee, or of ought that can proceed  
From thee; do suit and court thee, and request  
That thou wilt love me, that thou may'st be blest.  
It's not to be by thee advanc'd; made great,  
Or rich, or safe, that I thy love intreat:  
But 'tis because I love thee, and do wish  
Thy everlasting happiness and bliss,  
It's not because that thou art fair and fresh,  
For thou art all deform'd, thou art but flesh;  
Defil'd with sin as with a Leprosie,  
Of which unless I cure thee thou wilt die.  
I can without thee live and happy be,  
For I my Fathers joyful face do see;  
Where fulness of delights I have, and where  
Dwells neither want nor grief, danger nor fear.  
But thou poor wretch can'st not without me live,  
It's I alone that life to thee can give:  
Yet I am free to give my self, and all  
I am to thee, or that as mine I call.

A Covenant I with thee will gladly make,  
 An everlasting Covenant thee to take;  
 And love and live with thee as mine, for ever;  
 To be thy Head and Husband; none shall sever  
 'Twixt thee and me; I will thy portion be,  
 And want of good things thou shalt never see.  
 For here and for hereafter, I'll take care  
 Of thee; and as my life I did not spare,  
 Thee to redeem from Death and Hell: so now  
 I will withhold nothing from thee, that thou  
 May'st want or need. I'll wash thee from thy dirt,  
 I'll make thee clean and handsom; I'll thee girt  
 With robes of glory, and with rich attire  
 (My righteousness and virtues) thy desire  
 I'll fill and satisfie. Thou shalt be fed  
 With finest of the wheat, with Angels bread;  
 With honey from the rock, butter and oyle;  
 The choicest things of Heaven, and thou the spoil  
 Of all thine enemies shalt take, and wear  
 Them as thy Ornaments; and thou shalt bear  
 My name upon thee, shalt my consort be,  
 Thou shalt in Me rejoyce, and I in thee.  
 I will thee joynture in my portion great,  
 And set thee with me on my Royal seat:  
 Bring thee unto my God and Father; He  
 Will entertain, imbrace, and welcome thee  
 In and with me: He'll the same love impart  
 To thee, wherewith He loves me in his heart.  
 He and all his is mine, and all shall be

Thine, that is mine if thou'lt accept of me.

*Minist.* Oh matchless match! Oh peerless Prince of life,  
 That wilt accept of such a homely Wife.

Come then, dear Soul, since Christ himself will give,  
 Give him thy self too and for ever live.

*Christ.* I'll feed thee with my flesh, and blood, my heart  
 And body too, I will to thee impart:

And

And no good thing will I with-hold from thee,  
But freely give't, if thou'lt accept of me.

Behold I stand with patience great and wait,  
With much long suff'ring, at the clos'd up gate  
Of thy hard heart, where I behold and see  
What is within, and whom thou hast with thee.  
How with thy mortal foes thou mak'st a rout,  
Sporting thy self, while me thou keepest out.  
While I with patience stand, I call and knock  
For entrance in, but thou the door do'st lock  
And bolt against me. Both by works and words,  
I call and knock; my very rod affords  
Low'd calls unto thee; if thou wilt me hear,  
And open unto me my Sister dear,  
I'll come in unto thee: I'll soon drive out  
That wicked company, that rebell rout,  
Which now oppresses thee, and do wound thee sore,  
Urging thee, against Me, to shut thy door.  
Yea I will soon subdue them unto thee,  
And thou from their dominion shalt be free,  
If thou wilt hear, and open unto me. }  
I'll come in to thee, I with thee will sup,  
I'll spread thy Table, I will fill thy cup,  
I'll put thee to no charge; I'll bring my meat  
And freely give to thee, that thou may'st eat  
And drink abundantly of that blest wine,  
Which will thee satisfy with joys divine.  
Open therefore to me my Sister dear,  
Open thy heart to me, Oh taste my chear.  
Give me thy self, let me thy body have  
And heart also, I will them bless and save.  
It's all I ask of thee, I crave no more;  
Give me thy self, do but thou me adore.  
Give me thy love and thy affections, and  
Be thou but subject unto my command.



Cleave to me with thy heart, put all thy trust  
 In me; believe in me, for I am just,  
 I will not fail or leave thee. But thou none  
 Must entertain besides me; I alone  
 Challenge thy love and service, and it's fit  
 That none besides me, none from me them get.  
 I parted for thy sake with all I had,  
 To ransom thee from thy forlorn and sad  
 Condition; and I, all that I again  
 Receiv'd have of my Father, not disdain  
 Upon thee to bestow; my self I gave  
 To ransom thee; my self I give to save  
 Thee too; and therefore I alone deserve,  
 That thou should'st me alone both love and serve.

The Devil and his works thou must forsake,  
 Thou may'st not serve him, his suggestions take  
 For truth, use divinations, witchcrafts, charms;  
 Inchantments, times observe for good or harms;  
 Consult familiar Spirits, believe his lies,  
 Ask counsel of the dead, Idolatries  
 Practise, or what ere crafts He doth devise. }  
 He in the disobedient beareth sway,  
 Inticing them to sin and go astray  
 From my right paths. Thou must resist him, and  
 In nothing yield thy self to his command.

Thou must forsake this wicked World likewise,  
 Not list'ning to their counsels, who despise  
 Me and my doctrine; nor associate  
 Thy self with them, who my good ways do hate.  
 It's pomps and pastimes, shows and braveries,  
 Vain customs, fashions and formalities,  
 Thou may'st not dote on; neither may'st thou take  
 My gifts or Ordinances, and them make  
 Idols, as is the guise of worldly men  
 Who do despise me, and my laws contemn,

Their



Their Silver, Gold, their Riches, Houses, Lands,  
Their Kings and Governors, and their commands  
They Idolize ; while after them they lust,  
And in them secretly do put their trust :  
Prefer them before me, and fear them so,  
That in my straight ways oft they durst not go.

The flesh with it's desires also thou must  
Renounce, even every sinful cursed lust.  
Thy brutish appetites to satisfy,  
In Drunkenness, Uncleaness, Gluttony,  
Excess of Riot, Sports or rich Attire,  
Or what else thy corruptions do desire.

My words thou must receive, and them hold fast,  
No Article of them thou by may'st cast.  
But howsoere thy reason they may pose,  
Thou in thy heart must truly with them close,  
And firmly them retain : My holy will  
Take heed unto, that thou may'st it fulfill.

No Gods but Me in my sight may'st thou have,  
However secretly ; for none can save  
Thee, but the holy Trinity, who all  
Do meet in me ; on none else may'st thou call,  
Or look, or trust to ; nor thy Conscience  
May'st yield to them upon any pretence.

No image may'st thou to thy self invent,  
Nor may thy heart or knee thereto be bent.  
No false imaginations of me, or  
Devised worships, for I them abhor.  
But worship God in Me, and as my Word  
Doth thee direct, for I'm a jealous Lord.

Thou may'st not take my holy Name in vain,  
Nor it with Blasphemies or false Oaths stain :  
Or with a vain Profession, without fruits  
Produced thereby, such as with it suits ;  
Or blemish it with any sinful way,  
For I'll not such hold guiltless. The seaventh day

Thou must observe, in me to take thy rest,  
 Who am the substance by that day exprest,  
 That I may sanctifie thee, thou be blest.

To Father and to Mother while they live,  
 And to all thy superiours thou must give,  
 Due honour and subjection too in me,  
 Giving to *Caesar* what things *Caesars* be.  
 To all men owing nothing, but to love  
 Cheifly those loving who are from above.

All Murther, with all Malice, Envy, Hate,  
 See thou avoid, with all Strife and Debate.

Thy body keep in Chastity thou must,  
 Flee Fornication and unlawful Lust.

Thou must not others Wrong, or from them take,  
 Ought that is theirs, nor them Calumniate.

But yield thy self to Me, and be content  
 With Me, and what I give; letting no bent  
 Of Avarice, possess or stain thy mind,  
*Thou shalt in me all satisfaction find.*

All which I certainly will work in thee,  
 If thou wilt but yield up thy self to Me.

I put on thee no hard nor grievous task,  
 What I require, I'll give too, if thou ask  
 It of me, and for it on me depend;  
 My Spirit to work it in thee, I will send.

And wherein thou through weakness goest astray,  
 The vertues of my blood shall take't away,  
 Be thou but upright, and chaste unto me,  
 I am and evermore will be for thee.

If thou refuse this offer, thou must die,  
 And perish in thy sins eternally.

None other Lords or lovers can thee save,  
 What ere they be, or seem they ne'r so brave.  
 For they be vanities of vanities,  
 Their strength is weakness, their promises lies:

Their words are wind, and all they meditate,  
Is from a feined love, a real hate.  
Their smootheft language is false flattery,  
Their best imbraces are but treachery.  
Their kisses of thee are but like to his,  
Who sometimes me betrayed by a Kiss.  
And when he said Hail Master, yet even then  
He me deliver'd up unto those men  
That sought my life; to whom he had me sold,  
For thirty pieces not of yellow Gold,  
But whitely silver: or like his who while  
He feined love to *Abner* did beguile,  
And smite him with a Weapon on his side,  
Under his fifth rib, that thereof he died.  
And on another time, as one well vers't  
In that accursed craft, *Amasa* pierc't  
With warlike Sword to th' heart, while friendlike He  
Saluted him; and as one with him free,  
Did with his right hand take him by his beard  
And kist him, till his blood him all besmear'd.  
Such are the soft imbraces of those foes  
To thee and Me, who do my words oppose;  
Suggesting to thee that I am austere,  
And put upon thee more then thou can'st bear.  
That they are thy best friends and wish thee well,  
And many pleasing stories to thee tell.  
As that thou art whole, strong, wise, holy, just,  
May'st live without me, may'st follow thy lust.  
That to deny thy self of thy desire,  
Is foolishly thine own death to conspire  
With me, who love thee not, but wish thy loss,  
And take delight to bring thee to the cross.  
Where like unto my self thou may'st be made,  
A publick scorn 'mongst those that drive the trade.  
Of robbing by the high-way-side, or those  
Who unto Kings and Magistrates are foes.

Rebelling against them and their commands,  
 And seeking in their blood to wash their hands.  
 Or else amongst such Hereticks most vile,  
 As make it their great business to beguile  
 Unstable Souls, leaving them in the lurch,  
 To perish in contempt of God and's Church.  
 Or those who God blasphem, and thereby draw  
 Upon themselves the sentence of the law.  
 To be expos'd to ignominious shame,  
 And unto after ages bear the Name,  
 Of some seditious Traytor, Heretick,  
 Blasphemer, Schismatick, or some such like :  
 And in the mean time, for sometime to lye  
 In some vile prison, and at length to dye  
 Upon a rack or gibbet, at a stake,  
 Or some such vile accursed end to make.  
 That by such ways conformable to me,  
 To whom such things besel made thou might'st be.  
 They therefore thee advise, my company,  
 And my instructions totally to fly ;  
 As tending to thy ruine, and t<sup>e</sup> embrace  
 Their better counsels ; utterly deface  
 The Image of my words out of thy mind,  
 That so thou pleasure, all thy days may'st find.

Oh ! see, say they, the glory and the wealth,  
 The sweet delights and pleasures, both by stealth  
 And openly, which those brave men enjoy,  
 Who turn their backs of God, nought doth annoy  
 Their calmer life ; they quietly do sail,  
 On fortunes streams ; with what a prosperous gale  
 Of popular applause, and smoothest ayr  
 Of most respective language, void of care,  
 Of melancholly dumps, of faces sowre,  
 Of nipping blasts which make the Soul to lowre,  
 Of scorns, and scoffs, reproaches, and derisions,  
 Of persecutions, nicknames (as precisians,

Round

Roundheads, or Puritans, or Sectaries,  
Or such like names, as witty men devise  
To brand my followers with ) as they did use  
My well deserving person to abuse ;  
When I in weakness amongst men did dwell,  
Oft they me Devil call'd for doing well.  
Or a Samaritane ( or misbeliever )  
Or glutton, wine-bibber, or a deceiver.  
Beware of them, for upon thee they'll throng,  
Thee to inchant with their bewitching song.

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C 4

*Canto*

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## Canto II. Temptation.

*Your adversary the Devil goeth about like a roaring*

*Lion, &c. 1 Pet. 5. 8.*

*See that ye walk circumspectly, Ephes. 5. 16.*

The Soul consid'ring what is said,  
Is somewhat chear'd, but yet afraid  
To entertain the motion made.  
And while loath to part with its lusts,  
Flesh, World, and Devil, on it thrusts,  
To blow 't away with their strong gusts.  
Presenting baits of diverse sorts,  
Whereof each one to sin exhorts;  
Christ warns of them, and gives supports.  
Himself, and Minister declare,  
What falsehoods in their speeches are,  
And how they seek the Soul to snare.  
God's Being, and his Providence,  
And divers other things from thence,  
The Soul against its foes to fence.  
They diversly to it do clear,  
And that all's judgment is not here,  
And so the Canto breaks off there.

(heard?)

Man.

Soul.

**C**ome Soul, what thinkst thou of what thou hast  
The tidings I confess my heart have chear'd,  
For now I see there's hope I may be saved,  
Though hitherto I much have misbehaved

My

My self in divers ways: though yet I fear  
 Least all should not be true in what I hear.  
 Can God so much good mean me? or if so  
 I know not how my pleasure to forgo,  
 Which I in other objects oft have found;  
 But hark me, thinks I hear another sound,  
 [Flesh, World, and Devil, all rush in,  
 Strongly inticing still to sin.]

**H**ark hither Soul, do not those praters hear,  
 For they all happiness from thee will tear.  
 Listen to us, we are thy friends; and tell  
 To thee the way wherein thou mayst do well.  
 Seest thou not plainly those wise men, who are  
 The Worlds profess'd adorers; and take care  
 Of no Religion, further then may stand,  
 With the profess'd Laws of every Land;  
 And hath an humane stamp upon it set,  
 Whereby it publick countenance doth get;  
 And is attended with the friendly love,  
 Or those in every age which are above:  
 How they besides the Rocks of Shipwrack ride,  
 And sail securely both with Wind and Tide.  
 They know not what the prison bands do mean,  
 Nor are they in those places often seen.  
 They weaken not their strength by taking care,  
 Least they should fall into the Devils snare;  
 Or sin against the Lord; or else by keeping  
 God's ways, or by temptations, fasting, weeping;  
 But their strength doth abide, they quietly  
 Do pass their days in wealth, until they dye.  
 Such troubles as those godly ones sustain,  
 They prove not; neither feel they any pain,  
 But what's to nature common: they'll be sure,  
 For Conscience toward God they'll naught indure,  
 And yet they serve God well enough, for He  
 Doth give them good success, as all may see.

Their



Their eyes with fatness often out do stand :  
 What their heart wishes for, with bounteous hand  
 He gives them ; for they live and become old,  
 They get great pow'r ; they Silver have and Gold,  
 Houses and Lands, and plenty of all things,  
 That either Earth, or Sea, unto men brings.  
 They children do beget, a prosp'rous breed  
 Often they see, that doth from them proceed.  
 Their Houses and their Families are sure,  
 And free from fear ; for why ? they dwell secure,  
 And they be freer from the angry rod  
 Of God, then they that talk so much of God,  
 And careful are his favour to obtain ;  
 They have less losses, sickness, grief, or pain :  
 Their Bull doth gender, and he doth not miss,  
 Their Cow doth calve, and not abortive is.  
 Their Corn and Cattel thrive, and they send out  
 Their little ones, who dance and play about.  
 They take the Timbrel and melodious Harp,  
 Joy in the Organs sound ; nothing that's sharp  
 Or bitter them befalls, in mirth they spend  
 Their days, and when they dye, like Lambs they end.  
 Thou fool, seest thou not plainly with thine eyes,  
 That these Men are no fools but truly wise !  
 Wilt thou be singular, and tread a path,  
 Which but few walkers in it always hath ?  
 That's full of difficulties, hard to find.  
 Hath many cross turns in't ; about doth wind ;  
 Is full of Bryers and of pricking Thorns,  
 Beset with Lyons, Bears, and Unicorns,  
 Dogs, Wolves, and Tygers, Serpents, Dragons sell,  
 Where Poverty, Reproach, Disgrace do dwell ?  
 Who would his safety for such dangers sell ?  
 Is it not better that thou keep the road,  
 And walk with company in a way broad,

And



And smooth and pleasant, strew'd with flowers sweet,  
Where thou shalt have innumerable feet,  
Of Kings and Counsellors, Learned and Wise  
Of Politicians, and of such as rise  
Unto the top of honour ; low and high,  
Both rich and poor ; the generallity  
Of all estates, degrees, and all Languages  
Of Nations, Families, both graver Sages,  
And younger Sparks ; where thou shalt never want  
Such men, as in thy way will thee warrant ?  
Oh wilt thou foolishly such a way balk,  
In a wild howling wilderness to walk,  
Where few have wandred ? in a path untrod,  
Under pretence of worshipping their God  
After his own mind ? where ( except a few  
Which this Worlds greatness and breeding near knew,  
Nor were up in a way of Learning train'd,  
Nor by fames trumpet ever have obtain'd,  
To be emblazon'd with men of renown,  
Or rank't amongst the worthies who the crown.  
Have worn upon their Temples, which she uses,  
To give her favourites by the nine Muses. )  
Scarce any's found, except some two or three,  
Who rank't among the greatest Hero's be,  
For some strange facts which are of them recorded.  
And yet their present ages scarce afforded  
Such honour to them ; because they did foil  
Their actions, by that humour which doth spoil  
All it possesses, because it declines  
The common road where the Worlds glory shines :  
Though they the hap had by the after ages,  
To be inrol'd among the wiser Sages.  
But think'st thou that the World is now the same,  
It was before it had the Christian name ?  
Nay sure, for then it was not as yet drencht,  
In that religious water which hath quencht

Its former fiery Meteors, and hath taught,  
How men may freed be from all that's naught,  
Though yet they practise it; for being wet  
With that same water, they a new form get.  
For that suffices any to make clean,  
Especially if they the golden mean;  
Of moral virtue joyn'd with pollicy,  
And a prudential conformity  
Unto the most and greatest therewith hold,  
And to reprove their faults be not too bold.  
Now the broad way is best, though heretofore  
When men were blinder and did stocks adore,  
The narrow way was best. The case is not  
The same it was, because we now have got  
God and the World in one so reconcil'd,  
That nothing may be counted now defil'd,  
But what the common road doth go beside;  
Yea now the World it self is Deifi'd:  
Its power, its ways, its pleasures, all are Gods;  
What now is joyn'd in one, set not at odds.  
Bow down and worship therefore without fear,  
The power, the greatness, and the customs here.  
Do as the most do, and as those that be  
The greatest in esteem, and thou shalt see,  
Nothing but good betide thee; what dissents  
Therefrom avoid. Be sure thou make no rents  
In that great body, nor to other spirit  
Incline thine heart, then what it doth inherit.  
Swim down the tide, fear not but it runs even,  
And carries thee the direct way to Heaven.  
Think of no other Heaven or happiness,  
Then what the World doth now and shall possess.  
Dream of no other pow'r of God, then what  
Doth in the Worlds great persons terminate.  
Nay give thy heart and senses scope, enjoy  
What pleases them, avoid what doth annoy.

Come

Come do as we do, be not overwise  
To think of things unseen, believe thine eyes.  
It's a fanatick fancy to believe  
In, and for things that thou canst not perceive  
By verdict of thy senses and thy Reason,  
Against their Sovereignty commit not Treason.  
Still those loud noises then, that thou dost hear  
So frequently to sound in fancies ear;  
Alluring thee to mind strange things unseen,  
Which they do promise thee; there ne'r hath been,  
Nor shall be greater happiness and blest,  
Then what thou now in this life mayst possess.  
For since the old Fathers have saln a sleep,  
We see all things their wonted courses keep.  
And all those glorious things they promised,  
Appear but fancies of some doting head.  
Let not vain hopes into thine heart intrude,  
And of thy present comforts thee delude.  
Nor let vain fears prevail upon thee, so  
As to cause thee those pleasures to forgo,  
Which here thou mayst enjoy; while thou do'st gaze  
After unseen enjoyments, and amaze  
Thy self with dismal fears; while Heaven and Hell  
Thou think'st on, thou thereby away do'st sell  
Those opportunities the World doth give,  
A merry pleasurable life to live.  
Take hold thou fool o' th' opportunity,  
And be not gul'd so as to pass it by.  
Go joyn thy self with yonder gallant boys,  
Go hawk and hunt with them, go taste their joys.  
*Roysters.* Come on, young man, with us, cast in thy lot,  
Do as we do, come, take a pipe and pot.  
Let's lay in wait for blood, let's take a prey,  
Let's rob some innocent that rides this way.  
We'll swallow them alive, whole as the pit;  
Rich spoils and booties to our selves we'll get.

We

We shall all pretious substance catch, and find  
Such booties as will satisfie our mind.

Cast in thy lot amongst us, lets have all

One purse, in whatsoever shall befall

We'll share alike ; come, we shall such fruits reap,

As will rejoyce our hearts and make them leap.

*christ.* Take heed, dear Soul, avoid them, do not go,

In the same way with them, it leads to woe.

However sweet and profitable, it

May seem to thee, thou there wilt ruine get :

For they do lay in wait for their own blood,

They'll loose their Souls in stead of getting good.

*Roysters.* Come let us feast and frolick, let us dine

At yonder Tavern, ther's a cup of Wine ,

Most rarely brisk, it moves it self ith' cup ;

It's generous Wine, and saith come drink me up.

Let's have a game at Billiards, or at Cards ;

Be merry now, think not of afterwards. (end ;

*christ.* Take heed, dear Soul, mind what will be the

Thou may'st thy self a while in pleasures spend,

But in the end thou wilt it sadly rue ;

Be warned by me, what I say is true.

The Drunkards and the Gluttons poor shall be,

They shall be cloth'd with rags. Look not to see

The colour of the Wine, or whatsoere

To sight or Taste delightful may appear.

T will sting thee as an Adder at the last ;

Bite as a Serpent when the pleasure's past.

Woe, sorrow, and contentions, and babling ;

Wounds without cause, redness of eyes 'twill bring ;

Hardness of heart too, so that on thou'lt go,

And nothing fear, till thou art drown'd in woe.

They that love pleasures, will be poor at last ;

And they not rich, who love good chear to taste.

*F.F.D.* While life, and youth, and strength, & wit do last,

Do not thou them in Melancholly waste.

In thinking of a God, and Heaven, and Hell,  
And such strange Objects, as no man can tell  
What kind of things they be ; embrace the breasts  
Of this brave World, frequent her costly feasts.

Let not the pleasant flowers of the Spring  
Pass by unpluckt, away thy fancies fling.  
Possess the joys this present World affords :  
Break thou the bands and cast away the cords,  
Which that religious Spirit doth bring, to bind  
Thy Soul withal so strait. Set not thy mind  
On those conceits it doth to thee suggest,  
Shake out those blacker motions from thy breast.

See yonder's a brave Damsel, a spruce Lass,  
Ready to court thee, can'st thou let her pass ?  
See what an amorous look she hath, her eyes  
Sparkle like Diamonds, beauty in her cheeks lies ;  
Her lips drop Honey, and her mouth's like oyle ;  
No Wen or blemish, her fair face doth soil.  
Her very garments sweet perfumes do breath,  
Sure she is more delightful underneath.  
What do'st thou think, that witty nature, made  
Thy senses and thy members to be laid  
Aside as dead, and stupifi'd, while yet  
Thou art alive ? shall such a fancy get  
Possession of thee, as thy self to make  
Like to those images thou do'st forsake ?  
That thou should'st eyes have, and nought with them see ;  
Ears, and not hear the things that spoken be ;  
Or what may please thee ? shalt thou have a tongue,  
And not say what thou wilt, or right or wrong ?  
What Lord should thee controul ? what hast a nose,  
And is't not made to smell, the sweetest Rose,  
The bravely sented posies, sweet perfumes,  
Which may disperse such vapours, as consumes  
Thy vital spirits ; or that do bind them, so  
That they are not at liberty, to go

After

After those objects which may please the sight,  
 And ravish all thy senses with delight.  
 Which nature doth present thee with ! what hast  
 Thou Nerves and Sinews, Flesh and Blood, to waste  
 In melancholly dumps, religious frames ;  
 In dwelling upon words, adoring names ?  
 Were they not made to touch, and taste, and feel,  
 The pleasures of the Flesh ? ar't made of Steel  
 Or Stone, that thou should'st not affected be,  
 With what Dame Nature doth present to thee ?  
 That patiently thou up thy self should'st yield,  
 To bear those burthens, which thou well might'st wield  
 Thy self from under ? as if thou wert made  
 To be an Ass, or like some Hackney Jade ?  
 Listen to that fine spritely Lass, and hear

Her court-like language boldly, do not fear.

*Harlot.* Well met, sweet Sir, I'm glad to see your face;

I love you at my heart, come let's embrace ;  
 Let's joyn our lips, fear not ; I'm all-ore sweet,  
 Nothing but pleasures dwell from head to feet.  
 I have peace-off'rings with me, I a feast  
 Have ready made for thee ; where's not the least  
 Thing wanting, that may give thy heart delight,  
 Come let me have thy company to night.  
 I have prepar'd my bed, with Tapestry  
 And with fine Linnen, there let's softly lie,  
 And take our fill of Love ; perfum'd it is  
 With Myrrhe, and Cinnamon, and Aloes.  
 Come then let's take our fill of Love and Pleasure,  
 There's none to interrupt ; we may have leisure,  
 The good man's gone from home, nor will he yet  
 Return again ; we time enough may get  
 To satisfie our selves, with all delights

Which Love afford us may, these days and nights.

*chr.* Take heed, dear Soul, to my good counsels ; Let  
 That Harlots speeches no advantage get

Upon

Upon thy heart ; give me thine eyes and heart,  
Let not my words out of thy mind depart.  
For Harlots are deep ditches, narrow pits,  
He scarce gets out again, that in them gets.  
Her lips drop like the Honey-comb, her mouth  
Is smoother then the Oyl, but yet in truth  
Her latter end more bitter is then gall.  
Unhappy Man who into her doth fall ;  
His after-misery no tongue can tell,  
For why ! Her guests are in the Depths of Hell.  
Look off from her to me, far better I  
Thy hearts desires and wants can satisfie.  
If thou lovest beauty, beauty dwels in me ;  
I'm fairer then mans children : Look and see,  
I'm white and Ruddy ; God and Man in one,  
With me to be compared there is none.  
If pleasures thee delight, with me is pleasure,  
My ways are all delightful above measure.  
For I those that inbrace me do possess,  
With rich assurance of eternal blefs.  
The pleasures of this World, in endless pain  
Do end, my pleasures evermore remain.  
They do give Life in Death, and ever dwell  
With mine when rais'd again ; when those in Hell,  
Shall ever more lie down who me despise,  
To everlasting torments they shall rise.  
Let neither riches, honours, pleasures, or  
What ere this World can give inchant thee ; for  
With better riches, honours, pleasures, I

Will satisfie thee to Eternity. ( death,

*F.W.D.* Poor Man ! what can'st thou hope for after

When nature spent with sorrows, shall thy breath  
Yield up into the gentle air to vanish,  
And thy dead corps, the living men shall banish  
From their society to lie and rot,  
Within its grave till it be quite forgot ?

D

Think'st



Think'st thou it possible that after it,  
 Unto the Earth or Sea men shall commit  
 And there it is consum'd to slime or mold,  
 Or eat of Worms or Fishes, rise it should?  
 Or that thy vanish't breath and rotted flesh,  
 Can life resume again, and live a fresh,  
 Either in joys or pains? Let Reason rule.  
 Let not fond faith, worse then the Horse or Mule  
 Thee make, by giving credit to such things,  
 As from deluded fancy only springs.  
 For they enjoy those pleasures and contents,  
 Which bounteous nature unto them presents.  
 Shall man alone who capable was made,  
 The World more to enjoy, be so betray'd  
 Into a fancy, by too light belief,  
 With his own senses so to play the thief;  
 As them to rob of all those pleasures rare,  
 Whereof above all other things they are  
 Most apprehensive? Oh no! stop thine ear,  
 Against those sounds, that thou so oft do'st hear  
 From that same Spirit, which oft is Wisdom stil'd,  
 Of such as by her sayings are beguil'd.  
 Come, give thy self the reins, and do not fear,  
 Come, come, we say, and taste the dainty chear  
 The World presents thee; Waters stoln are sweet,  
 Pleasures they have, who Bread in secret eat:  
 Who satisfie their senses to the full,  
 And please their appetites, untill they lull  
 Their minds a sleep from those fanatick fears,  
 Which make men spend in grief their youthful years,  
 This World's the Paradise, where grow all fruits  
 Fit for delight, and thy desires best suits.  
 Come pluck, and take, and eat of them thy fill,  
 None other after these succeed there will.  
*Christ.* Thus oh my Dear, thy subtle enemies  
 Suggest unto Thee, setting forth their lies

With



With fair pretences both of love and reason :  
But trust them not, their words are full of Treason.  
These are the same that thee at first deceived,  
Oh let them not be any more deceived.  
Unto thy misery they Thee betray'd,  
And like to Beasts which perish they thee made ;  
So that unless I had thee ransomed,

Thou in their snares hadst wholly perished.

*Minist.* Their voice and language doth of him proceed,  
Of whom in the beginning thou do'st read ;

The subtle Serpent who of old allur'd,  
Mankind unto his snares, and so procur'd  
His utter ruine ; drew him into sin,  
By which a flood of miseries came in.  
By him was hatch't and begot in mans mind,  
A spawn or seed like to himself in kind,  
Whose Head's the carnal mind, its Heart is lust,  
These with the old Serpent combin'd, do thrust  
Men into mischief ; and while these to guide  
Him do presume, they lead him quite aside.  
For they are void of truth, a hellish light  
Possesses them ; like unto that ith' night,  
Which *William* with a wisp some men do call,  
An *ignis fatuus*, which leads to fall  
Into some dangerous downfal, ditch, or pit,  
Those who as their sure guide do follow it.  
Such error is, or *Fleshly Wisdom* which  
Stept up in place of truth, both poor and rich  
Misleading to their ruine ; because blind  
It is, and knows nought of Gods holy mind :  
And yet conceits it self the only wise,  
And that it sees aright with open eyes.  
And knows what's good, what's evil, and can tell  
A man the way how he may prosper well.  
Especially if it improved be,  
And somewhat more then ordinarily

Inlarg'd; with learned Sciences, and Arts,  
 Which when they added be to nat'ral parts,  
 Do much adorn a man, and make him shine,  
 And lift him up, as if he were Divine,  
 Both in his own esteem, and others eyes,  
 Who as a Demi-God account him wise;  
 Though when all this subserves the flesh and evil,  
 It brings men to be fitter for the Devil.  
*chr.* This carnal wisdom's that that doth mislead  
 The world; this the false Prophets which are dead,  
 Misguided, and seduced, while thereon  
 They lean'd, and learn'd there-from their vision:  
 The which while unto others they it told,  
 They led them into mischiefs manifold.  
 Yea 'tis no other then that foolish Woman,  
 Which *Solomon* speaks of, which doth undo Man.  
 The worldly spirit that is clamorous,  
 And lowd, and subtle, and industrious,  
 To call in passengers, who go right on  
 The path that leadeth to Salvation,  
 To her deceits; which though she nothing know  
 Aright, preterdeth unto men to show  
 The better path: Yea the old Serpent, by it  
 Deludeth those that simply magnifie it.  
 And who with these posselt are, hearten on  
 Themselves, and others to destruction;  
 While by their fond inticements, and their rude  
 Examples, wicked counsels, and most lewd  
 Temptations, many poor Souls they draw in,  
 Into the snares and false deceits of sin.  
 To turn their backs on me, and on my calls,  
 Despise my counsells, and leap o're the walls  
 And bounds I set, to keep them from the ways  
 Which lead to utter ruin, all their days.  
 But oh, dear Soul, beware and take good heed,  
 Of all the flatt'ries which from them proceed.

They

They speak of pleasant things, their words are smooth,  
They tickle thee, and in thy sins thee sooth,  
Their way is easie, broad and wide ; but mind  
And I will tell thee what an end thou'lt find,  
If thou adhere to them they will deceive thee,  
And of all happinefs they'll quite bereave thee ;  
And to eternal woe they'll surely bring thee,  
And to provoke me quite away to fling thee,  
Into that lake prepar'd for those that scorn

My Counfels : *Better thou had'st nere been born,*

*Minist.* That thou may'st this believe, I will thee shew

Wherein they do abuse thee, and what's true.

Attend unto me therefore yet again,  
And mind how we the matter do explain.

Do'st thou not hear, how they in their discourse  
Do talk of nature, thereby to inforce  
Thee to conceit that there's no God : but that  
All things that are, do happen by some fate  
Or fortune, or some other way, which by  
The name of Nature they call wickedly.  
Though sometimes too, the word God, they do rame,  
The better thee t' insnare thei talk to frame.

Lift up thine eyes, Behold the Heavens above,  
The Sun, the Moon, the glistering Stars, which move  
In their due constant motions, and do give  
Their light and influence to all that live.  
See what great glory is on them. How rare  
Their beauty, and their comely order are.  
Doth not their glory, beauty, order, all  
Their motions, and their influences call  
Thee to confess a greater power, which gave  
Them what Beings, and what virtues they have ?

Look down below, behold the Earth which bears  
So many various creatures on't, and wears  
Such party colour'd garments, and brings forth,  
Upholds, and cherishes of diverse worth,

Innumerable things, inanimate,  
 Stones, Mettals, Minerals, and animate ;  
 Indued with various formes, and different  
 Degrees of life ; ( which both the continent  
 And Isles produce ) either Vegetative,  
 As Plants of divers kinds, or things alive,  
 Which Sense and Loco-motion have, as Beasts,  
 And Birds, and creeping things, things reasonless.

Behold the Seas, their ebbings, flowings, waves,  
 Where many thousands oft have made their graves ;  
 Where fishes of all sorts do swim and play,  
 Where many gallant Ships do find a way,  
 Through divers dangers all-about to coast  
 From port to port, to seek out where the most  
 Advantage to their owners they <sup>may</sup> make,  
 For all the pains and hazards they do take.

Behold thy self, and mankind, who obtain  
 An higher excellence of life, the main  
 Endowments of a reasonable Soul,  
 And understanding whereby to controul  
 The greater creatures, which both Land and Sea  
 Produce ; and into all the things that be  
 Assay to peirce, and there about discourse  
 And descant, which is better which is worse.

From whence are all these things ! who to them gave  
 Those various formes and properties they have ?

Can't be so blind, as not clearly to see  
 By all these things, that there's a Deity ?  
 An unseen Power and Mind that is most wise,  
 And is Almighty too ? that could devise  
 So glorious and so great a Fabrick, and  
 Them in that order set wherein they stand ?  
 What ! can it be believed to be true,  
 That by some Atoms which together flew,  
 By some strange hap, their Beings they received !  
 Whence came those Atoms ! or can't be believed

That

That these things could each other make ! whereas  
We see that Man can nothing bring to pass,  
Or make of nothing ; though he greater be  
Then any other thing that thou can'st see ;  
In active power to contrive and do  
Such things as th' other can't attain unto ?  
Nay he can neither life give, nor preserve  
Unto himself or others ; they much swerve  
Who think there is not some thing far above,  
Which doth him marvailously in his love  
Uphold, and save through all the dangers great,  
Which death and ruin often to him threat.

Now if thou this believe, which all things Preach,  
That there's a glorious God ; ( which to impeach,  
Is the great thing thine enemies endeavour,  
That so they might thee wholly from him sever )  
Consider well, why should He man endure,  
With such like faculties by which, what's true,  
What's false, he may inquire and search into,  
And understand, as it is given also ?  
By which also he's capable of choice,  
And may obey or disobey the voice  
Of such a law, or rule as may impose  
Upon him to do these things, forbear those ?  
At least when, and so far as he's set free,  
From such intanglements as on him be.  
Is it not, that as he hath power to give  
Laws to himself and others : He might live  
Under the Law of that great power Supreme,  
Which over all the rest advanced him ?  
When he commands his fellows, shall not he  
By his Creator too commanded be ?  
Shall he receive from him such benefits  
As to oblige him, and be lawless ? Its  
But meet he should acknowledge him, from whom  
His life, strength, reason, and his knowledge come.

And who all things daily provides and gives,  
Of his mere bounty whereupon he lives;  
Seeing he is made capable thereof  
As no creature besides is. Is't enough  
That he live as the Beasts, after his will  
And brutish appetite, who hath the skill  
To act much higher, and hath such a spirit  
As may be made Religious, may demerit  
Gods bounty by ingratitude; or can  
So well or ill act towards God or Man,  
As to offend his maker, or obtain  
Approvement from him? shall it be in vain  
That he is capable to understand  
And to receive of God divine command?  
Why should it not be believed be, that when  
God such capacities hath given to men,  
He should so further gracious to him be,  
As to reveal himself to him, that he  
Might exercise his heart and mind, to have  
The pleasure him to know, who to him gave  
Those other excellent endowments, which  
Do him above the rest advance, inrich,  
And dignifie? that unto him he should  
His will and his commandment unfold;  
That he might ordred be by him, and give  
Obedience to him, so as he might live?  
Doth it not God become to be so good  
To mankind? or shall it be understood  
To be an happiness to man, to be  
Lawless and from ingagement God-ward free?  
That he like to brute Beasts without controule  
Be led by Lust, and so debase his Soul,  
And rob it of its glory, which consists  
In fellowship with God. Oh how great mists  
Do overspread their minds, who do account  
The way unto the top of blest to mount;

Is to live like the Beasts, to satisfie  
Their appetites a while, and then to die ;  
At most to use their reason like to men,  
In things humane and earthy like them, when  
They capable are of Divine converse,  
And may after a sort their minds immerse  
Into the things of Heaven ? Oh crooked minds,  
And void of judgments, which such pleasures finds  
In things that perish, and condemn the prize  
Which would immortalize them, were they wise !

But mind again, how they in all they said,  
Have the old Serpents head further bewray'd,  
Whose grand design it was with man at first,  
That he might make him like himself accurst ;  
Into mans mind t' insinuate amiss,  
That God who made him did envy his bliss.  
As if't had bondage been, to be forbid  
To do the thing, which when done, him undid.  
What else do they, when they do represent,  
As if it were matter of discontent,  
Not to have liberty at will to use  
Thy parts, and senses so as them t' abuse,  
By serving lawless brutish lusts, which take  
Thy mind and soul from him, who did thee make.  
As if they were as dead and useless quite,  
Unless they be exorbitant, and might  
Have liberty to do, and act those things  
Which God offend, and men to ruine brings !  
Do they not therein, greatly injury  
Gods goodness, and great liberallity ;  
While wickedly they from thy view withhold  
Those many uses more then can be told,  
Which God affords to man, in all those things  
Which to God glory, and to man good brings ;  
Both unto other men and to himself,  
What ! is there nothing else besides the self,

And

And garbifh of the World, for mind, and fenses;  
And members to be us'd in ? vain pretences :  
God gives the hearing, taste, fmell, touch, and fight,  
Both for neceffity, and for delight ;  
Though not to fatisfie that brutifh luft ,  
Which dwells within man and makes him unjuft.  
May'ft thou not fee the wondrous works of God,  
And ufe thine eyes to look out all abroad  
Upon them ? may'ft thou not with them his words  
Perufe, which lively instances affords,  
Both of the ways and ends of good and bad,  
How well good men have fared, and how fad  
The end of evil men ? may not thine eyes  
Behold thy way and work, and fee what lies  
Before thee, or discover foes or friends !  
What to thy well-fare, or thy ill-fare tends ?  
May'ft thou not with them too, bewayfe with tears  
Thy many fins, and mifpent days or years ?  
May'ft thou not ufe thine ears, God's words to hear,  
And fuch instructions, as unto his fear  
May thee provoke ; and his commandments too,  
Which fhew thee what thou fhould'ft, or fhould'ft not do ;  
That from deftruction they might keep thee, yea  
Both what divine are, and what moral be ?  
Are not thy other fenses too allow'd  
Of God, for to diftinguifh in that crow'd  
Of objects, which prefent themfelves unto thee,  
What is good for thee, or what may undo thee ?  
What thou may'ft chufe as things that wholefome are,  
And what refufe as things that may impair  
Thy health or fafety ? fo thy palate meats  
Diftinguifhes ; thy feeling, colds, or heats,  
Soft, hard, rough, fmooth, and other properties  
Which diversly in divers bodies lies,  
And render them as good and grateful, or  
As things may hurt thee, and thou them abhor.

Thy



Thy nose and smell is given thee, that thereby  
 Thou may'st distinguish things which differently  
 Do smell, that thou may'st this chuse, that refuse.  
 How many ways may'st thou thy senses use,  
 With God's allowance to thy benefit,  
 And give him thanks and praises too for it  
 Great use of them to every thing he gives,  
 Which in the World, indued with them lives.  
 But unto mankind for more noble ends,  
 Then other creatures can have, to what tends  
 Unto God's praises and mans happiness,  
 To seek and walk in the way unto blest.  
 Yea man perceive may from th' use of his sense,  
 That there's a good God, and wise providence.  
 As also man his mind, his heart, his brains,

May exercise in what to blest pertains.

*Christ.* Yea God who all things made for man at first,  
 And blest them to him, till the cords he burst

Of such ingagements as between them were,  
 By casting from him God's most holy fear,  
 Hath by my Death and Blood again restor'd,  
 That use of all things to him, may afford  
 Much benefit unto him many ways,  
 And give him cause with joy his Name to praise.  
 All things are cleansed now by my dear Blood,  
 And lawful made for man to do him good,  
 God him allows a sober use to have,  
 Of all things which at first he to him gave,  
 According to the uses he ordain'd  
 Them to at first. He only hath restrain'd  
 The lawless use, which goes beyond the bounds  
 Which he hath wisely set, and so confounds  
 Mens properties and rights, to what he gives,  
 And so each other of their right deprives ;  
 Or what doth cherish his concupiscence  
 And hellish lust, which ( as experience

Doth

Doth often show ) both leads into excess,  
 Robbing God of that part he should possess;  
 And dangerous diseases breeds, whereby  
 Mans days are shortned, and he worse doth dye.

How many men through a voluptuous life,  
 Giving themselves to pleasures ; or through strife,  
 Which love of riches or ambition breeds,  
 And such pursuit of them as right exceeds,  
 And bounds of due sobriety, have brought  
 Innumerable troubles on them oft ?

And have by divers Deaths with greater pain  
 Been snatcht away, then many do sustain,  
 Who suffer for the truth of God, because  
 They dare not violate his sacred laws.

Is it not now become an usual word,

*More perish by the Throat, than by the Sword.*

And yet of those who by the Sword do dye,

Most perish by some lust most usually,

By which they pull it on them, with more shame

Oftimes too, then the men who for my Name

False judgment undergo ; and what more just,

Then that they who through voluntary lust,

Have hated all my counsels and commands,

Should meet with such like measures at my hands ?

Which yet is but a very small pittance,

Of that sad doom and most direful vengeance,

Which hangs over the scorers ; as I may

Further declare, in what I have to say.

## Canto III.

## Providence and Judgment.

*The Lord is known by the judgments that he executeth, Psal. 9. 16.*

*Of Providence and Judgment too,  
This Canto fullyer doth show,  
That men must reap as they do sow.  
Which by examples manifold,  
Both in the bad and good is told,  
Where all God's justice may behold.  
Yet that nor good nor bad have here,  
Their full rewards, is here made clear,  
Till Jesus Christ to judge appear.  
Which that he shall is here exprest,  
The Resurrection, and the Rest  
Of the just too made manifest.*

**I**T being reasonable, that the Lord  
Who doth such eminent favours afford  
To man, should give to him a holy law,  
Requiring that of him he stand in awe;  
Him worship and obey with thankfulness,  
For all the love he doth to him express:  
He will too (as with men its usual)  
Him in due time forth unto judgment call,  
And render to him as his works shall be  
Rewards and punishments; as ye may see  
All Laws and Governments are guarded so,  
By promising rewards, and threatening woe;

To

To those that under them do live, as they  
 Those laws do either keep or disobey.  
 To what good purpose should laws order'd be,  
 If they who break them may yet escape free;  
 And not for any thing they do, sustain  
 Due punishment by either loss or pain;  
 And if th' observers thereof be neglected,  
 And nothing better be therefore respected?  
 Even so God who his laws unto man gave,  
 Observes too how men do themselves behave:  
 Whether they do submit their necks unto them,  
 Believe his sayings readily to do them;  
 Or whether they the reins to lust do give,  
 And to themselves and their corruptions live.  
 And them accordingly he will reward,  
 As they regard him, or him disregard.

See'st thou not this discovered oftentimes,  
 While evil men who do commit great crimes,  
 Though they do think themselves to be secure,  
 Are brought most heavy judgments to endure?  
 Is not God by his righteous judgments known,  
 While wicked men are thereby overthrown  
 In their devises? witness that great flood,  
 Which overflow'd the old World, and which flood  
 Above the highest mountains, when the World  
 Which wicked was, was into ruine hurl'd;  
 For those abominations which they  
 Committed stubbornly from day to day;  
 Refusing by good *Noah* to be warn'd,  
 Yea me in him they set at naught and scorn'd.  
 For it is I the Wisdom and the Word,  
 Of the Almighty and eternal Lord,  
 Who by my Spirit do dwell in holy men,  
 And lead them forth with boldness to condemn,  
 And fault the Worlds great wickedness, because  
 They take no heed unto my righteous laws.

It was my judgment executed in  
Those five great Cities famous for their sin,  
*Sodom* and her near neighbours overthrown,  
By Fire and Brimstone, so as ne'r was known  
Before or since; because they cast away  
My counsels from them, would not me obey,  
The Word and Wisdom of my Father high,  
Who to the sons of men do use to cry.  
To shew them what is right and what is wrong,  
What doth to them, and what doth not belong.  
My words those sinful Cities thrust away,  
And after strange flesh vilely went astray :  
Pride, idleness, and riotous excess  
Was in them, and the poor they did oppress ;  
And lewdness they committed, therefore I  
In flames of Fire from Heaven did make them fry.  
What should I mention *Egypt's* haughty King,  
Who proudly my commands away did fling ;  
And with his people, badly did intreat  
My people, and did them abuse and beat ?  
How did I judge them and with plagues them break,  
Because their bad ways they would not forsake,  
Making them warnings to all Tyrants, that  
In after ages me and mine should hate ?  
I Plung'd them strangely into that great flood  
Or Sea, whose waves mean while on both sides stood  
Of my Elect, whom I had chose to be,  
A special lot or people unto me ?  
What should I speak of *Saul*, and *Ham*, and  
The Jewish Nation? for in every Land  
Such monuments of judgment oft have been,  
In whom and what beset them, 't may be seen  
That there's a God above, whose eyes behold  
The proud who him contemn, and are so bold  
To break his laws, and walk in their own pride.  
*Nought can them from his powerful vengeance hide.*

Where-

Whereas on th' other side He doth protect,  
 And shew his favour unto his Elect,  
 His worshippers, all such as do him fear,  
 And to my wholesom counsels do adhere.  
 Though He be pleas'd their faith sometimes to try,  
 Them from the dross of sin to purifie.  
 And divers ways to exercise them, till  
 His gracious purpose He on them fulfil;  
 That so their vertues might more brightly shine,  
 And God more fully shew his pow'r divine,  
 In their support, and in that inward might,  
 Wherewith He them indues in the Worlds fight.

When all the old World, who from me had swerv'd  
 Was drowned, how was righteous *Noe* preserv'd,  
 And in an Ark was with his household kept,  
 From that great deluge, which the wicked swept  
 Away without escape? so Righteous *Lot*,  
 When *Sodom* was consum'd was not forgot;  
 But by an Angel was deliver'd out,  
 From that strange show'r of fire, which round about  
 All things burnt up, so soon as he from thence  
 Was carry'd out. And what a sure defence  
 To *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob* too,  
 Was the Almighty Lord when they did go  
 Into strange Countries, few, and strangers? how  
 Did he defend them, because they did bow  
 To him, and his words keep? yea how did God  
 Rebuke Kings for their sakes, and with his rod  
 So frighted them, that they durst nothing do  
 Against them, which their harm might tend unto?  
 How did he help chaste *Joseph*, and him keep  
 In those great sufferings, and those dangers deep,  
 To which his envious brethren did him sell,  
 And by his wanton Mistress him befell,  
 Who falsely him accus'd, because he did  
 Refuse her unclean lust, of God forbid

To satisfie, at her unchaste request,  
 Preferring a clean conscience in his brest,  
 Before the amorous kisses of a whore,  
 Which would have ruin'd him for evermore?  
 How did the Lord in him his power display,  
 And goodness too, both in the time he lay  
 In prison-house, where irons pierc'd his Soul?  
 (God gave him patience in that sad, and foul,  
 And painful tryal, and was with him so  
 As that he savour found, the Jaylour fro)  
 And when God from the prison him released,  
 Having him thereby tryed as he pleased?  
 For unto such great honour he him brought,  
 As never by him could have been forethought.  
 To make him Ruler over all the Land  
 Of Egypt, that all men might understand,  
*That though God try his friends, and them prepares  
 Thereby for mercies, yet he for them cares.  
 And when they fitted are, he them advances  
 Above their foes designs, and all bad chances.*

Did he not Israel in Egypt too,  
 And in the Wilderness cause him to know,  
 To be their mighty helper, and their aid,  
 Their strong Redeemer from those griefs, that made  
 Them sigh and grone; and from those dismal fears,  
 Which them encompassed for many years?  
 How did he bring them out, from that hard Land  
 Of bondage, by his great and mighty hand?  
 What wonders wrought he for them at the Sea  
 And in the Wilderness? what things did he  
 In leading them there-through, by day and night,  
 Both by a shady cloud and fiery light?  
 In giving them from Heaven Angels bread,  
 Wherewith for forty years they were all fed?  
 In causing flinty Rocks to give them drink,  
 When they through thirst seemed to be at pits brink?



How did he by a Serpent made of brass  
 Erected, heal their wounds? and made them pass  
 Safely through mid'st of swelling Seas and floods,  
 Drave out seven Nations, and their lands and goods  
 Divided to his people to possess,  
 That they his Name for evermore might bless :  
 And all might see, *That they who serve God, have*  
*A great preserver, who them all will save,*  
*And recompence with good? and that To Bliss*  
*The only certain way to serve God is.*

How did he ruddy David while a youth,  
 Because he served him in upright truth,  
 Take from the sheep-folds, and with oyl anoint him,  
 And to rule over Israel appoint him?  
 And though he from Saul's envy suffred much,  
 While he Gods favour did unto him grutch,  
 And many dangers too of death sustain'd,  
 Before the Crown and Kingdom he obtain'd;  
 Yet how did God him keep, uphold, and save,  
 In many a desert, mountain, hill, and cave;  
 Till having humbled him, he his promise  
 Remembred, and cut off his enemies;  
 Gave him the Sovereign power and government,  
 So that he ruled long with great content;  
 Inlarg'd his Territories, and increast  
 His power among the great ones of the East?  
 Till in his great prosperity, he fell  
 Into the sins whereof the Scriptures tell.  
 When that it might appear, that God regards  
 Mens actions, and unto them gives rewards  
 And punishments, according thereunto  
 He met with sad corrections, and much woe;  
 Though mixt with mercies manifold, because  
 He did through grace repent, and to my laws  
 Return. How strangely did he *Mordecai*  
 And the Jews help, whom *Haman* sought to slay,

Turniag

Turning upon his Head, those evils which  
 He for them had devis'd ? into the ditch  
 He for them dig'd ; he himself was cast down,  
 That thereby both Gods favour and his frown  
 He might at once declare. How helped he  
 Those worthies which are call'd the children three ?  
 They walkt in mid'st of fiercest flames, no smell  
 Of fire their garments had, when they down fell  
 Dead at the furnace mouth, who cast them in.  
*Such difference is 'twixt righteousness and sin.*  
 How helpt he *Daniel* in the Lyons den,  
 And him deliver'd, when those very men  
 Destroy'd were, who devis'd his ruine ? How  
 Did he oft help his servants when brought low,  
 In times of *Macchabees*, and all along  
 When they disperfed were, and suff' red wrong ?  
 How helped he the holy men that dy'd  
 In faith of me, whom the World crucifi'd,  
 Through many Storms and Tempests, by the rage  
 Of persecutors rais'd in every age ?  
 For love of me, they willingly did yield  
 To Death, so as by Death they won the field.  
 Triumphant over every worst torment,  
 That was devised by the curst Serpent,  
 And his enraged instruments ; until  
 By their deaths and their doctrine, they did fill  
 The World with fruits, and made proud error fall,  
 Before the truth confessed by them all.

For those same ignominious Deaths and crosses,  
 Those heavy sufferings, and most grievous losses,  
 Whereat the World doth stumble, and whereby  
 They with the Devil in confederacy,  
 Endeavour to affright thee from my Word,  
 More comfort and more glory far afford,  
 Then all those pleasures, and those braveries,  
 By which they do bewitch the mind unwise,

Yea many have more peace and joy exprest,  
 In cruel Deaths through me, then they who rest  
 And quiet in the World injoy, as far  
 As a glow-worm's exceeded by a Star  
 Of greatest magnitude ; or by the Sun  
 Which with great glory doth its courses run.  
 Which moved *Moses*, though both Learn'd and Wise,  
 The riches of all *Egypt* to despise,  
 And all its pleasures, to take part with those  
 Who suff'red great oppressions from their foes  
 For sake of me ; because he well perceived  
 That greater glory then can be believed  
 Is thence received ; yea more then can be found,  
 From all the best injoyments of this Round.

Who are more honour'd in this World's esteem,  
 Then they who do their life and blood out teem ;  
 And many watchings, fastings, combates great,  
 And hardships suffer, which each hour them threat,  
 To do their Countrey service, or maintain  
 Its liberties, or greater rule to gain  
 Unto it ? and shall those, who for the sake  
 Of their most high creator, undertake  
 His truth and Kingdom to assert, be thought  
 The only persons to be set at nought ?  
 Or be the worse accounted, because they  
 Do many cruel things sustain all day ?  
 Are they not therefore far more worthy praise,  
 For suff'ring so great things so divers ways ;  
 The worst of Deaths and Torments, that the wit  
 And malice both of Men and Devils, knit  
 Together could devise ; and bear the shame  
 Of vilest imputations for my Name ?  
 Shews it not forth their greater love to me ?  
 And is't not meet I should so loved be,  
 Who for their sakes my state of glory left,  
 And suffered my self to be bereft

Of all things, even of life ; and to sustain  
The greatest agonies in Soul, and pain  
In body, even the dreadful curse to bear,  
Of God's most righteous Law, because they were  
Thereof the breakers, and thereby concluded  
To be from Gods most joyful sight extruded ?  
Is it not too, a commendation to  
My person and my kingdom, that they so  
Dare suffer for them ? for therein they show,  
That they such excellencies in them know,  
That for the sake thereof they do contemn,  
The greatest mischeifs can be done to them,  
Rather then be thereof depriv'd ? yea sure  
The patience too wherewith they do endure ;  
Their gloryings also and great joys therein,  
Which often in that case exprest hath been ;  
Unlike to those who suffer otherwise,  
Some excellency clearly testifies  
In what they suff' red for ; and that they found  
Some such strong satisfactions to abound,  
As nothing in this World can them afford,  
But only the Divine power of the Lord.

And sure if they who for their Countrey dye,  
With Monuments and Trophies gloriously  
Are honour'd ; and the more by how much they  
More willingly, and greater suff'rings may  
Have undergone : those ignominious things  
Which the confession of my doctrine brings,  
Through Sathan's and the World's malice upon  
My followers ( as oft times it hath done )  
Their glory, and their praise esteemed should be.  
And so they are esteemed too of me  
And of my Father, who will recompence  
Such glory to them, as such patience  
And love to him and me may challenge ; yea  
According as of us they taken be,

Of our great grace and favour, who account  
 Them worthy of such glories, as surmount  
 All humane merit, and ( though they do owe  
 Such service to us, yet ) great things bestow  
 By way of recompence ; such as surpass  
 All humane understanding, as far as  
 The Heavens exceed the Earth, or th' Ocean large  
 Exceeds the compass of some Boat or Barge.  
*For 'tis the glory of the Majesty  
 Of God to give rewards exceeding high.*

*As Kings give gifts like Kings, and not like those  
 Whose greatest riches is a suite of cloaths.*

*Min.* For though the righteous God his judgments now  
 Both on the good, and on the bad doth show ;  
 Yet they are but a small part of that Doom,  
 Which shall at length to either of them come.  
 A little demonstration of a Judge,  
 And of a judgment, which shall them that grudge  
 Against Gods Being and his Providence,  
 ( Which both of good and bad hath perfect sense )  
 Wholly confute and strike into silence.  
 A Judge who judgment too doth execute,  
 According to mens doings and their fruit.  
 But yet that all the Judgments doth not here,  
 Pass upon Good or Bad may hence appear.

Firstly, for that all those who wicked be,  
 And whose great wickedness all men may see,  
 Receive not here condigne punishment  
 For their offences ; but oft having spent  
 Their times in vanity, the poor oppressing,  
 And widdows of their rights too dispossessing ;  
 Contemning God, yea who blasphem'd his Name,  
 Women and Maids defil'd, and in the same  
 Have gloryed, and many other crimes  
 Have perpetrated, yet such ostentimes

Are taken hence with no such stroke as may  
 It evidence that God on them doth lay,  
 The punishment of their offences great;  
 But they dye quietly in their own seat:  
 Even as that gluttonous rich man, who far'd  
 Deliciously each day, and never spar'd  
 To satisfy his lusts, but yet the poor  
 Suff'ed to lye neglected at his door;  
 Even he his days in pleasures spent, and when  
 His time was come to dye, like other men,  
 He died, and was buried in great state,  
 So as men could not therein see Gods hate.  
 Can it be thought the righteous Judge of all,  
 Will suffer those whom he doth wicked call,  
 And against whom his wrath's upon record,  
 To scape unpunished and break his word?  
 Will he be partial? punish but a few,  
 The greatest part dispense with of that crue?  
 No verily; *There is a time to come,*  
*When every wicked man shall have his doom.*

Again, when every wilful breach of law,  
 Doth dreadful punishments upon men draw;  
 Who so offend and are impenitent,  
 Can it be judg'd to be sufficient  
 For millions of such sins, that one such stroke  
 Should take away the sinners, who provoke  
 God every day to strike? shall such an end  
 As something of just vengeance doth portend.  
 Not very much beyond the common fate  
 Which all mankind abides, be for the hate  
 Of God and goodness, which they always bear  
 From day to day; yea oftentimes many a year,  
 Full recompence? for how much greater pain  
 Did *Pharaoh*, when drown'd in the Sea sustain,  
 Or *Haman* when he was hang'd up on high,  
 Then is the common pain of all that dye?

There was some publike shame and sodainnets,  
And some such violence as might expresse,  
A righteous hand of God ; but yet the same  
Occurrences of violence and shame,  
Are but what men by their laws oftentimes  
Do judge men to, for some such hainous crimes  
As treason and rebellion against them :  
And shall such persons as do God contemn,  
Sustain no greater punishment then they  
Deserve, who mortal men but disobey ?  
Nay verily, but as God greater is  
Then greatest men, so they who do amis  
Against his law and government, shall such  
Great punishments sustain, as do as much  
Exceed the punishments from men, as he  
Exceeds them in his power and high degree,  
And what befalls them now, is far from all  
The punishment that shall upon them fall.

Besides, though they who serve God, find supports  
In their afflictions, and have great comforts  
From him, when they are persecuted for  
His name and truth confessed by them : or  
For tryal of their faith, or for increase  
Of virtue, or to cause that they may cease  
From what offends him, though they do sustain  
Much trouble and affliction, grief and pain :  
And though oftentimes he signally them save  
From greatest dangers ; yet they sure shall have  
Far greater things then those, a recompence  
Beyond what here they have ; for they go hence  
Oftentimes with great reproaches, crosses, shame,  
And dye reputed worthy of great blame :  
Yea are cut off by cruel Death, because  
They durst not violate Gods holy laws.  
Can it be thought that that great God, whom they  
So constantly through so great griefs obey,



Will not their service and their love regard,  
 So as the same openly to reward ;  
 With such rewards as with his greatness suite,  
 And may to all eternity confute  
 His enemies, that do blaspheme his Name,  
 And put his service to rebuke and shame ?  
 Yes verily, as his with patience  
 Bear greatest troubles, with great confidence  
 Of an after reward sufficient,  
 To recompence the blood which they have spent,  
 And all that they have parted with and boru  
 For his Names sake, a Crown that shall be worn  
 By them to all eternity, a Crown  
 Of heavenly glory, eternal renown ;  
 A recompence beyond the thoughts of man,  
 Yea such as no Angel express it can,  
 They shall receive from him ; who notice takes  
 Of all their sufferings, and inquiry makes  
 After their blood. *He'll not their hope deceive,*

*But give them even beyond what they believe.*

*Christ.* Know then dear Soul, that there's another day,  
 A time when Heaven and Earth shall flee away,  
 When God shall judge the World in righteousness,  
 And give to them who here his truth confess  
 Unspeakable rewards ; and the unjust,  
 Into eternal fire and torments thrust.  
 Unto which purpose I who was abas'd,  
 And suffer'd so great things for to lay waste,  
 The pow'r and kingdom of the enemy,  
 And for the sakes of sinful men did dye,  
 And being raised up, went up on high,  
 And am set down in royal Majesty  
 On Gods right hand, shall in great glory come,  
 To execute the judgment and the doom,  
 Of my eternal Father, and to give  
 Rewards to men according as they live.

*Those*

*Those who with hate repay me, I'll destroy  
And fill my lovers with eternal joy.*

And who so fit as I man's Judge to be,  
Who am both God and Man, and all things see  
In God and Man? Being Gods glorious Word  
Made of man Flesh, and am made sovereign Lord  
Of Men and Angels, and do fully know  
What God hath done for man, what man doth owe  
To God again? Man may be sure I will  
Not undeservedly him destroy or kill,  
Seeing I his most loving Saviour am,  
Who him to save down from my Father came:  
Yea into Death and Hell went down, that I  
Might thence redeem man, and left him on high.  
Nor can I be unrighteous, both for that  
I'm one with God, and all unright things hate:  
And 'twas unrighteousness for to destroy  
That I appear'd; in righteousness I joy.  
Yea 'tis a just reward, that I who were  
Unjustly judged and condemned here,  
Should be exalted to that glorious height,  
To sit as Judge of what is wrong, what right,  
And judge my Judges; yea since I thereby  
The power have to forgive sins; who as I  
So fit to judge? To which in Gods season,  
I shall appear in glory on the Throne,  
With honour and with Majesty bedeckt,  
When all before me without all respect  
Of persons, I shall call both quick and dead,

And give to them as here they have lived.

*Minist.* For whereas thy malicious foes suggest,  
Among the other things they have exprest,  
That it's a fancy to conceit, that they  
Who in their graves are quite consum'd away,  
Should ever possibly be rais'd again,  
To live in glory or to suffer pain;

It's like the rest of what blind error saith,  
 Leaning to its own thoughts, devoy'd of faith,  
 By which the reason should be rectifi'd,  
 And which in all things it should make its guide.  
 For as man's things, only man's spirit can know,  
 So none but God's spirit can his matters show.  
 But when the fallen fool saith in his heart  
 There is no God, how can he but depart  
 From that divine light of his holy Word,  
 Which right direction only doth afford?  
 But seeing there's a God, a power divine,  
 As all things both in Heaven and Earth combine,  
 To manifest a glorious power, that made  
 The Heavens, the Earth, the Seas, and them hath stay'd,  
 And held up to this moment; can it be  
 Unreasonable thought by men, that he  
 Should act like to himself, and such things do  
 As may his power and greatness clearly show?  
 And is't a greater or unlikelier thing,  
 The dead and rotten back to life to bring;  
 Then 'twas at first all things to make of nought?  
*Can any thing for God too hard be thought?*  
*For him that is Almighty? is't not right,*  
*To think that Greatest things become his might?*  
 Yes verily; It's like himself to do  
 Such mighty things, as far surpass and go  
 Beyond the shallow model of man's wit  
 To comprehend; and what can be more fit,  
 For his Almighty power to bring about,  
 Then from their graves to make the dead come out  
 To judgment? and such recompence bestow,  
 As may his heighth and greatness greatly show?  
 And seeing it may well supposed be  
 That unto man (as was foreshew'd) he  
 Would give his precepts, and his mind declare,  
 With motives to obey him, such as are

Great

Great, and his Greatness do become, why should  
 It once be doubted of what he hath told,  
 But that it's true and right? what is't because  
 They are so great things that he saith? why, pause  
 A little on't again, and see if that  
 Can any just ground be to stumble at:  
 Such declarations, promises, and threats,  
 Because they may be rank't among the Greats.  
 As if with Greatness, great things did not suit,  
 Or such a Tree could not bring forth such fruit.  
 Nay verily those things God best become,  
 That are so great as wholly to strike dumb  
 The mouth of Reason, and to pass the mind

Of men and Angels their method to find.

*chr.* Believe it then dear Soul, that there shall be

A Resurrection of the Dead, by me

Who am the Son of God, and do possess  
 The fulness of his power and happiness.  
 I by my Death have so the law fulfil'd,  
 Which bound men o're to Death, that I have kil'd  
 Its power to hold men under; yea I have  
 Not only my self risen from the grave,  
 But have a passage also from it made  
 For all mankind; because the sin that laid  
 Mankind so low, I have destroyed so,  
 That it shall not them hinder thence to go.  
 Yea being raised and gone up on high,  
 I have received highest dignity  
 Over all things, in Heaven, in Earth, in Hell;  
 The fulness of the Godhead doth all dwell  
 In me. I have the keys of Hell and Death,  
 All things above, and all that is beneath,  
 Are subject to my power, and as I have  
 Destroyed by my Death both Death and Grave,  
 So I can them command, and in due time  
 Will do it also: Neither Grace nor Crime

Shall

Shall thereby be from their reward back kept:  
But at my voice who ever there have slept,  
Or yet shall sleep, shall from their graves come forth,  
Even from the East, and West, and South, and North.

They shall not keep my worshippers, and them  
Who for my sake their own lives do contemn,  
That they should not receive those great things which  
I promised, wherewith them to enrich,  
And gloriously to honour and advance,  
Even an everlasting inheritance,  
Where they in glory great shall ever shine,  
And shall possess the Kingdom that is mine.  
Shall me behold, and with me joy for ever;  
Where mixture of adversity shall never  
Impair their happiness, or it abate.

Where they shall be void of all strife and hate,  
Of enmity, and envy, death or pain,  
And without all disturbance ever Reign;  
Fulness of joy and glory in the sight  
Of God they shall enjoy, with full delight.  
Rivers of pleasures shall them satisfie,  
Of which they all shall drink eternally.

No tongue can utter, no heart can conceive,  
The joy and glory which they shall receive,  
And have for ever who on me believe.

When I that joyful sentence utter shall  
*Come oh ye blessed of my Father all,*  
*Inherit ye the Heavenly Kingdom, now*  
*Before the world's foundations for you*  
*Prepared;* for when I hungred ye me fed,  
When sick and prison'd ye me visited;  
Ye gave me drink when thirsty, entertain'd me  
When I a stranger was, and men disdain'd me.  
When in my members thus it was with me,  
Even with my meanest Brethren here that be,

Ye shew'd me favour. *Come therefore possess*  
*My Kingdom now in everlasting Bless.*  
 The World despis'd you, and thrust you away,  
 Accounted you accursed; oft ye lay  
 In Streets, and Prisons, poor and thinly clad.  
 But now the time is come, wherein I glad  
 Will you for ever make; ye shall be now  
 Exalted high, when they shall all lye low.  
 I'll feed you with my fat things, not disdain you,  
 But in joys and glories entertain you.  
 My glory shall you cloath, and ye in white  
 Shall with me walk, because ye did the right.  
 Now you shall no more thirst, for I'll you make  
 Of the fountains of living water take  
 And drink your fills; nor shall you hunger more,  
 I'll feed you at my Table; nor be poor  
 For I'll enrich you. And ye who were strangers  
 Wandring about, expos'd to many dangers,  
 I'll take you now to me, and sit ye shall  
 Upon my throne of glory eternal.  
*Oh come ye Blessed of my Father, now*  
*Possess the Kingdom fore-prepar'd for you.*

*Canto*

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## Canto IV.

### The Dreadful Canto.

The last judgment and Doom of the Wicked.

*Our God will come and will not keep silence, a fire  
shall devour before him, and it shall be very tem-  
pestuous round about him, Psal. 50. 3.*

*This Dreadful Canto doth relate  
The doleful Doom and sad estate,  
Of such as God and goodness hate.  
How Christ and his shall laugh at them,  
As they with scorn did them contemn,  
When he to woe doth them condemn.  
What horreur at the glorious sight  
Of Christ, and his shall on them light,  
And how it shall them all affright.  
What doleful wailings they shall make,  
When they go down into the Lake  
Of vengeance, which none ere shall shake.*

**N**OR on the other side shall Death, or Grave,  
Or Hell, be able those my foes to save  
From my just judgments, who my counsels slight,  
Hate my reproofs, and my good Spirit despise,  
Who do the World and their own lusts prefer,  
Before me and my grace, loving to err  
From my good ways, refusing to return:  
They shall be rais'd again, and judg'd to burn  
In that eternal Lake of wrath and woe,  
Which was prepar'd for the Infernal foe;  
The Devil and his Angels who seduced  
Them to rebel, and not to be reduced.

Before



Before my dreadful judgment seat, they shall  
 Stand trembling then, yea then both great and small  
 Shall judg'd be ; and when my Saints rejoyce  
 Then they shall weep and wail, hearing that voice  
*Depart ye cursed ;* ye who have refused,  
 My profer'd grace, and all my love abused :  
 Who would not come to me when I did call you,  
 Though I did tell you then what would befall you.  
 Ye who then put Me from you, and to me  
 Did say *Depart*, for we desire not thee  
 Us to instruct or teach, or to reprove us,  
 We care not whether thou do'st hate or love us.  
 We value not thy love, nor fear thy wrath ;  
 We will not know thy ways, nor tread thy path.  
 Thy words do cross our wills, we'll break thy cords ;  
 Thou shalt not reign o're us, for we are Lords ;  
 We're owners of our selves, and all we have :  
 We need not thee, nor like that thou us save  
 From our corruptions ; for we like them so,  
 We take thee that reprov'st for our foe.  
 Thy company we like not, nor that sort  
 Of frantick fools, who do with thee comport,  
 Pressing thy laws ; we hate them in our heart,  
 And put them from us, let them too depart.  
 They are a burthen and a trouble to us,  
 And we'll destroy them, least they should undo us.  
 This then your manner was to me and mine,  
 Ye were contented we should starve or pine.  
 When we were hungry, ye would not us feed ;  
 Nor would ye give us drink, when we did need ;  
 Nor when we wand'red, would ye take us in ;  
 Nor cloath us, when we naked were and thin ;  
 When we were sick or cast in prison, ye  
 Neglected us to visit or to see.  
 Nay ye did thrust us from you, ye did beat us,  
 And by your cruelties did slay and eat us.

Ye

Ye mockt our counsels, because being poor,  
We trusted in the Lord, did him adore :

*Depart from me therefore, ye cursed crue,*

And from my lovers. Take ye now your due,  
With your curst Counsellors, the Devil and  
His wicked Angels, whose will and command  
Above mine ye prefer'd. For ever be

*A seperated company from me,*

*And from all mine, in that great dreadful lake  
Of Fire and Brimstone ; where I'll vengeance take*  
For all your wickedness, and great despite  
Ye shew'd against me, and those who did right.  
Ye trod me under foot, my blood ye slighted  
As common, and my spirit of grace despited.

Now I will tread you in my wrath ( for I  
The wine-press of the wrath of God mighty  
Do tread ) I'll in my fury trample you,  
And all to pieces crush and squeeze you now.

What ! think you now a share with us to have,  
Whom ye thrust from you, when we counsel gave  
To leave your evils, and with us take part ?

Ye judg'd our counsels over sharp and tart,  
To your pride and corruptions ; when ye were  
Ashamed of me, and my reproach to bear ;  
Ashamed of my followers, because they  
Reproached were, poor and despised lay,  
Would ye now fain your selves insinuate

With us, when we are glorious ? 'Tis too late :

We will not own you now, but are asham'd

Of such accursed caytiffs, who are nam'd

Ungodly, wicked, unclean, hypocrites,

Ambitious, worldlings, proud men, Sodomites,

With many another such like wretched name,

As into my Book of life never came.

Away ye Caytiffs, as ye sow'd, now reap ;

As ye have brew'd, now drink. Go howl, and weep,

Lament your folly, cry now Fools we are,  
 Who counted us the fools, and did not spare  
 To make us cry and weep, and sigh and groan,  
 And unto God make our complaint and moan,  
 When ye us slighted and abused so,  
 As made us with sad griev'd hearts to go.

*Solace your selves together in those flames  
 Of dreadful fire, which all proud rebels tames.*

Ye laught at us, and in our griefs took pleasure;  
 Now we will mete out to you the same measure.  
 When we were from our houses hal'd and outed,  
 Of Synagogues for righteousness, ye shouted;  
 When we were mockt and scorn'd by men, ye shouted,  
 And when we answer'd for our selves, ye flouted.  
 When we condemned were, and cast in bands,  
 Then ye rejoyced much and clapt your hands.  
 When we were hang'd, and burn'd, and crucifi'd,  
 Then ye did triumph o're us, us deride.  
 These trusted in the Lord, ye us'd to say,  
 These were the persons us'd much to pray.  
 In houses to that purpose they would meet,  
 And oft of God be talking in the Street;  
 Let's see now where their God is, and what he  
 Can and will do for them to set them free.  
 Let's see if he them from our hands can save,  
 Let him deliver them, if them he'll have.  
 Now we again do over you rejoyce,  
 At your distress we now lift up our voice.  
 We triumph over you, and do deride  
 Your folly, madness, stubbornness, and pride.  
 Now we your confidences boldly flout,  
 And over your destruction we do shout;  
 To see our mortal foes who were so stout,  
 From God and all his holy ones thrust out  
 Into eternal torments; we'll now taunt  
 Your Idols, and those places ye did haunt,

To work your wickedness; where be your Gods  
Whom ye did use to worship, and with odds  
Prefer before your Saviour? what's become  
Of all your stocks and stones, and Idols dumb?  
Where are those mighty men, under whose wing  
Ye put your trust? of whom ye us'd to sing?  
Whose power and greatness ye did magnifie,  
Trust in and fear, and lift up to the sky;  
Whose Laws, and whose commands, ye did prefer  
Far before me and mine! ye did deter  
My people from their service to me, setting  
Their greatness and their threats before them, getting  
Commissions from them us to persecute:  
Why do ye not to them now make your suite,  
And pray them to befriend you in your needs,  
And bear you out in all your wretched deeds;  
Ye acted against Gods, and against us,  
For which ye stand by me condemned thus?  
Where are your potent Kings and Emperors?  
Your Popes, your Cardinals, your great Doctors?  
Your gallant Lords and Ladies, Learned men  
Of whom, and whose authority ye then  
Did make your boasts, and with their names us frightened?  
And in whose countenance ye much delighted?  
Where are their Crowns? their Scepters? & their Miters?  
Their crosier Staves? their Councils? and their Writers?  
Their dreadful weapons which they oft abused  
Against us, from those ends they should have used  
Them to (as against thieves and high-way robbers,  
Seditious persons, felons, and disturbers  
Of publick peace by wicked acts, abusers  
Of Gods good creatures, and of men mis-users.)  
What is become of all that greatness now,  
Before the which ye us'd your selves to bow,  
And flusht with which, and leaning whereunto  
Ye did your pleasures, sought us to undo?

Let them arise and help and save you now,  
 But ah alas! themselves too are brought low.  
 They're turn'd off from the stage, and their high looks  
 Are humbled, all their weapons, and their books  
 Of Learning, Wit, of Merriment, of Laws  
 ( In which they being searched, many flaws  
 Were found ) are all consumed and quite burn'd,  
 And they themselves too, many of them turn'd  
 Into destruction with you, and their pride,  
 Their pomp, and their high looks we now deride.  
 Their gallant garbs, their feather'd caps, their train  
 And pompous equipage are now all vain,  
 All nought avails them, but they must abide  
 The due deserts of all their lordly pride,  
 Their riots and oppressions, wantonnesses,  
 Their beastly lusts, and all their great excesses,  
 With whatsoever they have done amiss.  
 Now they may see their folly, now we hiss  
 At all their madness, whereby they abused  
 Those many mercies they enjoy'd, refused,  
 The bless they might have had, and walked in  
 Their brutish lusts, and wallowed in their sin;  
 Rejecting and contemning me and mine,  
 And would not to my words their ears incline.  
 Where now are all those treasur'd heaps of store,  
 Your Lands and Lordships upon which ye bore  
 Your selves in your abuses? where now are  
 Your silver and your gold, and jewels rare?  
 Your stately palaces, or seiled houses?  
 Your down beds, gay attire, and your fair Spouses?  
 Your pomps and pageants? yea your punks and whores,  
 With whom you lost your souls, and oft with fores  
 Did mar your bodies? where's your hawks and hounds?  
 Your monstrous oaths, your Damm'es, blood, & wounds?  
 Where are your great attendants? where those laws  
 By which ye us condemn'd and kil'd, because

We cleaved to our God, and would not start  
From his commands; or 'cause we did depart  
From that excess of riot, or false way  
Of worship, wherein ye did go astray?  
Where are they all become? will none of them  
Help you at this strange turn, when we contemn  
And slight you? where be all those men of law,  
Who could by their fine subtle pleadings draw  
And wrest the laws to speak what ere they pleas'd?  
Have they not now a word whereby you eas'd  
May of your torments be? what are they dumb,  
And mute, and tongue-less at this turn become?  
Can ye not bribe them now, as ye did use,  
When many a poor man ye did abuse,  
Oppress, impoverish, and undo? we fear  
The sight of other Angels, now do blear  
Their eyes, that they cannot behold your case,  
Or they 're afraid to look the Judge i'th' face.  
They 're found so false, that they 're turn'd o're the bar,  
Or what befalls them, that they are so far  
From pleading now your cause? what do they know  
The Judge is so impartial, that how now  
To bribe or to pervert him they are pos'd?  
Or is the air so cold, their tongues be froz'd?

Where are those flaunting Preachers? smooth Divines,  
Those witty fellows, who use with the times  
To turn their tongues, and fond distinctions find,  
Their own and other Consciences to blind?  
Dispense with my commands great men to please?  
Cast burthens upon others, themselves ease?  
Make oaths to bind or loose as they see good?  
Or as it with their own preferments stood?  
Loos'd subjects from their due obedience  
Which I requir'd of them unto their Prince?  
And Princes oft provok't to persecute  
My people who with their wills did not suit.

Make error pass for truth, and truth for error?  
 Made void my threats, and fill'd their own with terror?  
 Make sad the hearts of my poor servants by  
 Urging mens precepts, and the authority  
 Of their old councils 'gainst them, to make good  
 The doings of those men who fought their blood?  
 Can they not now alledge some Fathers old,  
 Some Council, or some custom, why ye should  
 Not be thrust down to Hell? can they not find  
 Some good distinction now my eyes to blind?  
 Can they not now pervert some Scripture, to  
 Make void my judgment and prevent your woe?  
 Is all their skill and Learning laid a sleep?  
 Or are they fain themselves to howl and weep,  
 Because they minded not my work to do,  
 To seek, that they themselves my grace might know,  
 And others thereof might with them partake,  
 But their lusts minded, and my laws did hate?

Where are your lofty looks? your grievous words?  
 Your strength of hands? your ponyards, and your swords,  
 Wherewith ye us'd to terrifie us, and  
 Obtain your pleasures, or force your commands?  
 Can ye not now out-brave the Judge, whom ye  
 Did vilifie and scorn, when him ye see  
 Both in himself and members, at the bar  
 Of your Injustice stand? whom ye did mar  
 With spittings, taunts, and many foul affronts?  
 What have ye now at length left off your wonts?  
 Can ye not lay about you, beat away  
 Your enemies? for so we are to day,  
 This day of vengeance; because formerly  
 Our friends ye would not be, but did deny  
 Me, and mine hate. Can ye not with strong hand  
 Defend your selves, or break that chain or band  
 Of God's most righteous and most dread Decree,  
 By which bound to perpetual woe ye be?

Were



Were ye not wont to boast your selves, and say  
Our tongues they are our own, and what Lord may  
Controule us or command us? what's become  
Of those your lawless tongues? are they quite dumb?  
What? not one word to say, wherefore ye should  
Not be thrust down, into that dreadful hold  
Of damned Spirits, whose suggestions ye  
Prefer'd and followed far before me.

Some of you did suppose your fleshly birth  
Of *Abraham* or others, who on Earth  
Were godly persons, or were men of might,  
Would help you now, although that which was right  
Ye put away; and others of you thought,  
Because ye did some good works; as ye taught  
My laws or heard them, or profess my name,  
Or built some Hospital for blind and lame,  
Or did a Chanter found, or give a gift  
To build a Church or it adorn, you shift  
Might off my judgment; though I did foretel  
That they would nought avail, unless ye well  
Demean'd your selves. Can ye not those pleas now  
Make good? or what before ye would not know,  
Do you now well perceive at length I can't  
By any thing, a liberty to grant  
To sin be bribed? did ye think such things,  
As oft times blear'd the eyes of mortal Kings,  
And of their Judges (as affinity  
Or gifts, or some great services whereby  
They might oblige them) would with me prevail,  
So far as to give leave without all fail,  
Some secret sins to harbour in your brest,  
And that nevertheless ye might be blest?  
And therefore you presum'd unrighteously  
To live and practise, and my words cast by.  
Where they against some of your lusts did stand,  
Or something which ye lik't not did command.

Thence many of you did the poor oppress,  
Sought your own glory, liv'd in covetousness;  
And thought to scape my judgments, if you gave  
Part of your unjust gaine your souls to save.  
Some of you Preach't my Statutes, but refus'd  
Them to obey, but all my grace abus'd.  
Or if in some things ye seem'd to obey,  
Somethings forgive, or give, or fast and pray;  
Yet secretly ye did your neighbours cheat,  
Oppress your servants, wrongfully them beat;  
Defraud the labourers of what they earn'd,  
Took part with thieves when ye have them discern'd,  
Or kept a whore in secret, or did love  
To practise closely, what ye did reprove  
More openly in publick; sought the praise  
Of men in what ye did; did slanders raise  
Against your Brother, thereby to deprive  
Him of the comfort, which he did derive  
From the love of his neighbours, while he kept  
That credit with them, which ye from him swept.  
And think ye, that I who for all sins dy'd,  
And in my word against all testifi'd;  
To nourish any of them would give way,  
Or that the workers of such evils may  
Indure in my pure sight? ye're much deceived  
If any such things of me ye believed.  
I did not come to save by halves, and make  
Clean of some spotts, procure that men forsake  
Some evils, and retain some others; no  
I came and taught, that men should all forgo,  
For love of me and righteousness; and I  
Afforded that effectual grace, whereby  
Ye might have perfectly been purified,  
And all ungodliness and lusts deny'd?  
Which seeing it hath not been done by you,  
I from my presence you for ever throw.

Oh what amazement, and what horreur, then  
Shall seise on, and surprize those wretched men,  
When they shall see me in my Majesty,  
( Which then shall visibly to ev'ry eye  
Be manifest, though now they will not see,  
What of it in my works and words may be  
Discerned by them ) when they shall behold  
That all is true of me that they were told ;  
Yea that it shall many degrees exceed  
All they had heard, and by what they did read  
Recorded of me, either could conceive,  
Or firmly of me in their hearts believe.  
When in my Fathers glory, they me see  
Attended with those Angels, all that be  
Mighty in power, and in holiness  
Compleat ! oh who their horreur can expresse !  
When me they see in so great glory, as  
The pomp of all this World doth more surpass,  
Then doth the Sun in all its brightest shine  
Exceed the smallest rust-light ; and when mine  
Whom they in scorn contemn'd, and spitefully  
Intreated, they shall see exalted high !  
How shall they gnash their teeth for envy, and  
For grief, that their own light did stand.  
And for a little seeming joy and pleasure,  
A puff of honour or some earthy treasure,  
Which then are past and gone, never to be  
Recal'd again ; and which they then shall see  
Were nought but vanity and lies, and bibles,  
Affording little when they were but troubles ;  
And nothing then but anguish in the thought,  
That by such empty things they should be caught ;  
And should so foolishly such glory sell,  
For such poor toys as leave them then to Hell ?  
Yea when they see my angry face, my brow  
Against them knit, and call to mind how now

I like

I like a Lamb behave my self, and wait  
 With much forbearance, at the clos'd-up-gate  
 Of their hard hearts, and do all meekness show;  
 Great evils passing by, to anger slow:  
 And see me arm'd with vengeance, and appear  
 In flaming fire; and when the voyce they hear  
 Of that most dreadful sentence fore-exprest,  
 Who can conceive what anguish in their brest  
 They then shall feel? what griefs shall them possess,  
 Or what shall be their doleful wretchedness:  
 When fore against their wills thrust from me, they  
 Down to the Lake shall go, and such things say.

Oh wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, and well-a-day,  
 Wo, wo, oh wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, who may  
 Our misery conceive? oh wretched state,  
 What heart can reach it? what tongue it relate?  
 Wo worth the time that ever we were born!  
 Wo worth the time that ever we did scorn,  
 And turn our backs upon the word of God!  
 Hated to be reprov'd, slighted his rod!  
 Wo worth the time that ever it was said  
 Such and such men were born! oh had we made  
 Our graves within our Mothers wombs! or that  
 Our Mothers or our Nurses had forgot,  
 To give us nourishment! or else had dash't  
 Our heads against the Stones, and our had pasht  
 Our wretched brains, by which we did devise  
 Those ways of sinning, those deceits and lies;  
 Which we prefer'd before Gods holy truth,  
 Which we heard or might have heard, from the mouth  
 Of God and of his servants; oh accurst  
 Those times in which, those ways by which we burst  
 The cords of God's law, and his love asunder!  
 Oh might we hills and mountains now lye under,  
 And bear their weight upon us, might we be  
 Hid from that angry face which now we see!

Accursed

Accursed be those eyes wherewith we saw,  
 Those vain delights and objects which did draw  
 Our minds from God, and from his word and ways.  
 Oh had we rather been blind all our days !  
 Accurst those objects all, accursed too  
 Out ears, wherewith we heard those things, that do  
 Increase our misery ; refus'd to hear  
 Those things which might have mov'd us God to fear, }  
 And kept us from sustaining torments here.  
 Accursed be those falsehoods did us snare ;  
 Wo, wo, accursed be those who did spare  
 And not destroy us in our infancy.  
 Accursed be our tongues which us'd to lye,  
 And swear, and brag, insult, blaspheme, deride.  
 Oh had we pluckt them out : wo worth our pride,  
 Our lust, our wantonness, our avarice,  
 Accursed our ambition, and all vice.  
 Accursed be our lewd companions in  
 Our wickedness ; accursed who to sin  
 Did us intice, incourage, or compel.  
 Accurst the places wherein we did dwell  
 And act it ; cursed be our hands which wrought  
 Iniquity ; accurst our feet which brought  
 Us to the Taverns, Whore-houses, and Plays,  
 In which we spent our times, consum'd our days.  
 Accursed all our members and our parts,  
 But above all accursed be our hearts ;  
 The magazines of mischief, where we fram'd  
 All sorts of wickedness that may be nam'd,  
 Which thence to every part and member flow'd.  
 Wo, wo, they be accurst, had we bestow'd  
 Our riches on the poor we had done well,  
 For our abuse of them we be in Hell.  
 For them we sware and ly'd, and strove, and fought ;  
 For them we ran, and rode ; for them we wrought.

For

For them we spent our time, and strength, and lost  
Our wretched souls, which to redeem them cost  
The blood of Christ; they help't us to be proud,  
They lifted up our hearts, to them we bow'd.  
They were the Gods we worship't, and for them  
God's word, and ways, we did slight and contemn:  
We talkt of God sometimes, and outwardly  
We worshipped him with lips and body;  
But it was riches which possesst our heart,  
And moved us from God's truth to depart.  
Or else our pleasures, or our dignities,  
Our honours, and preferments. But they lies  
Do now appear to be, oh woe to us  
That we for such things fool'd away Heaven thus,  
And plung'd our selves into this woful Lake,  
Where we this doleful lamentation make.  
Wo worth the time, that we despised those  
Who us admonish't, counting them our foes,  
When with their hearts they sought to do us good.  
Had we them heard we might have understood,  
That goodness in Gods ways, which would have made  
Us for the sake thereof, aside t' have lay'd  
Our sins. But wo is us, we fools them counted,  
But now we see how they on high are mounted:  
Whereas we fools in midst of flames do lye,  
Dying perpetually yet never dye.  
Wo worth the time that we did slight the poor,  
Neglecting them when they were at our door.  
And to the hungry did not deal our bread,  
Nor cloath the naked, nor sick visited.  
Wo worth the time we slothful were, and spent  
Our time in idleness and merriment:  
And thereby gave advantage to the Devil,  
To rob us of all good, fill with evil.  
Wo worth the time we did our selves content  
To hear, or Preach God's word, but never meant

It to obey ; or else therefrom we fell  
Through carelesness, when we had begun well.  
Wo to the pomps and worldly vanities  
Which did bewitch our hearts, our ears, our eyes.  
Wo worth the time we clos'd our eyes, and when  
Our hearts we hardned ; cursed be the men  
Who did mislead us, and contemn the truth,  
Or that perverted us, debauch't our youth,  
Or any other ways were instruments  
Of bringing upon us these punishments.  
Wo worth such Kings, and Counsellors, as made  
Us to commit such things as have betray'd  
Our souls to Hell, while we them judg'd wise,  
And flatter'd them we did God's laws despise.  
We took them to be Gods on Earth, their will  
We thought a law, which we ought to fulfill,  
Without considering whether their command,  
Did or did not with Gods law and will stand.  
Wo worth the publick places of resorts,  
Wo worth the Chancery, and the Innes of Courts,  
The Universities and places where  
We learn'd to gent it, and our selves up bear  
By our great breeding, learning, learned pride,  
To contemn honest Christians, and deride  
The simple meaning man, whose care it was  
To fear the Lord and their time well to pass.  
Wo worth our curious Arts, Opinions,  
And thoughts that we alone were wisdoms sons ;  
Alas ! we see for all the Learned Schooles,  
We were simplicians, and did play the fools.  
Wo worth contentious Lawyers, who did set  
Us upon strifes, our monies for to get.  
Fomenting differences and causless Suits,  
Whereof we with them now do reap these fruits.  
Wo worth the foolish fashions and devices,  
Which Sathan introduc't to nourish vices,



Wo worth the play's and interludes, that we  
 Did take delight and spend our time to see :  
 Where we did learn much wantonness and lust,  
 And how to scoff at honest men and just.  
 Wo worth the Taverns, Alehouses, and Innes,  
 They were the shops where we did trade in sins.  
 Wo worth the pleasant Wines, strong Ale, and Bear,  
 And other liquors, wherewith oft we were  
 Made like the Beasts ; and wherewith flusht, we sung  
 Our songs against good Men, making them dung.  
 Wo worth the Whores and Harlots, with whom we  
 Consumed our estates, and wofully  
 Mispent our times ; debauched our selves, and spent  
 Our bodies, and our strengths, with great content.  
 Wo worth their rowling eyes, their wanton glances,  
 Their flatt'ring speeches and lascivious dances.  
 Their smoothe fore-heads, and their painted faces,  
 Their light behaviours, their flanting laces.  
 Their beautiful eye lids, their cheeks so fair,  
 Their naked bosoms, and their well set hair.  
 Accursed their temptations, and their Arts,  
 To take our minds, and draw away our hearts.  
 Accursed their allurements, and embraces,  
 Their whorish fore-heads, and impudent faces.  
 Wo worth our wanton hearts, and wandring eyes,  
 That were allured by such vanities.  
 That look't upon such objects, and did lust,  
 Such things with them to do as were unjust.  
 That by our wanton carriages and doings,  
 Our painted speeches, and our earnest woings,  
 Did draw poor silly women into snares  
 And oftentimes surpris'd them unawars.  
 Wo worth those flames of lust wherein we burn'd ;  
 Wo worth us that therefrom we never turn'd.  
 For now we burn in Hell, in endless flames,  
 Of such a vengeance as our lust quite tames.

Wo worth our ceiled Houses, rooms so warm,  
Our costly furniture, they help't to charin  
Our hearts and our affections them unto,  
That we could not abide them to forgo;  
When we were call'd for Christs sake them to leave.  
Our love to such things helpt us to bereave  
Of better satisfactions, where we see  
Yon then despised men in glory be.

Wo worth unrighteous laws, and them that did  
Them wickedly devise, us to forbid  
Christ to confess according to his will,  
And armed us with power his Saints to kill.  
Branding them as Male-factors, or as those  
Who did their lawful Governours oppose.  
Wo worth Seditious persons, who did band  
Themselves against the powers of the Land,  
Ordained of God to govern, on pretence  
Of Reformation using violence.

Sheathing their Swords in Kings and Rulers sides,  
Or it assaying; by which means the tides  
And floods of high severity was rais'd  
Against such quiet innocents, as prais'd  
Both righteousness and truth, and prayed for  
Redress of evils, but yet did abhor  
Rebellious courses thereunto to take,  
Or any such disturbances to make;

Only from such defilements they abstain'd,  
As being practis'd would their souls have stain'd.  
Whether by custom or authority  
Commended or commanded, though thereby  
They being also lookt upon as men,  
Who did the lawful Governours contemn,  
Were by us sundry ways wrong'd and abus'd,  
Imprison'd, persecuted, and misus'd.  
And godliness was for the sakes of some,  
Who themselves misbehaved, made to come

Into

Into suspicion, and neglected so  
 As with the stream of vice we chose to go;  
 And to assure those over us, that we  
 From all seditious practises were free,  
 Of false misguided zealots who did not  
 Christ's doctrine follow, but it quite forgot,  
 And his instructions (not by carnal sword  
 To force his kingdom up; but by his Word,  
 And by a patient suffering, whatsoever  
 For his Name sake they should be made to bear)  
 We thought it best for us to Swear and Rant,  
 Carouse or Whore, or Warrants out to grant  
 Against Religious persons, because they  
 Did meet in private oft to hear or pray;  
 Whereby we ran into th' other extrem,  
 And made our selves as bad or worse, then them  
 Seditious persons, with whom now we bear  
 This dreadful Doom to be tormented here.  
 Accursed be those persons who presum'd  
 Upon their greatness; and thereby assum'd  
 To Lord it over our poor Consciences,  
 And bow them to their wills on vain pretences.  
 Wo worth also those persons who were stil'd  
 The Ministers of Christ, and yet beguil'd  
 Our now lost souls by their great ignorance,  
 Their blindness, and their supine negligence;  
 Feeding themselves, and vexing us with Suits,  
 Or bringing forth many unrighteous fruits:  
 Neglecting us to teach or Catechise,  
 And by their life and doctrine make us wise.  
 By their perverting of the Scriptures, and  
 By their false glosses, bearing us in hand  
 That if we were Elect we must be saved,  
 However we our selves then misbehaved.  
 And that some men were then rejected to  
 From all eternity, and unto woe

Destined

Destined that for them there was no grace  
Nor possibility to have a place  
Amongst the saved ones ; which made us bold  
Our sinful courses and vain ways to hold,  
Believing that if saved we might be,  
We must be turn'd in irresistibly :  
And if not so, we should but toil in vain  
Against the stream, from vices to abstain ;  
And to obtain the Kingdom of the just,  
For do we what we could, perish we must.  
Or otherwise their life and doctrine did  
Imbolden us to do the things forbid.  
They made us to believe, that because we  
Baptised were with water, we must be  
Happy at last, if we did but comply  
So far with the Churches authority,  
As therein to be kept: though we did rest  
But in formalities, we must be blest.  
Or if but once we true believers were,  
We could ne'r fall away , of that no fear  
However we might sin, and do such things  
As upon others swift destruction brings.

Wo worth false Prophets who have us deceived,  
While we them as true Prophets have believed ;  
Because they were the men that had the voice  
Of those that were impowred to make choice  
Of men to teach us, and had publicly  
Approvement by humane Authority,  
Though they were Ministers only of men  
And knew not God, how could they teach us then  
Gods truth sincerely ? They were but time-servers,  
Men pleasers, and from God's good doctrine swervers,  
And of the Souls of men they were the starvers.  
Wo worth them that they did not us reprove  
When they did see us sin ; they no such love

Had to our Souls; but seeking gain from us  
They sooth'd us up, and now we are lost thus.

Wo worth the loose Professors, Hypocrites,  
Who oft lay'd stumbling-blocks before our sights;  
While they did their profession foully stain  
By falshood, cheating, or behaviours vain;  
Which made us all Religion to detest,  
And think those who had none to be the best.

Wo worth our manifold Idolatries,  
Wherein, forsaking God, we worship'd lies.  
Made Idols of the Angels, Devils, Men,  
Both dead and living: yea and now and then  
Our fancies, bellies, works, them bowing to,  
And other creatures looking help them fro.  
Our worshipping the Beast and his Image,  
Our beastly wills, and those in every age  
Who lording it over our Conscience,  
Imposed on us their own will and sense.

Wo worth those superstitions, and devis'd  
Ways and conceptions, whereby men disguis'd  
God and his worship, causing us full low  
To those things God forbid, our selves to bow.

Wo worth our taking of God's name in vain,  
By oaths and perjuries, and by prophane  
Abuses of it, and formality;  
While resting in the formes, we did deny  
The power of godliness, and not such fruit  
Bring forth, as with that worthy Name did suite.

Wo worth our breaches of Gods Sabboaths, and  
Our disobedience to the command  
Of Kings and Princes, which they lawfully  
Imposed on us: that Authority  
We did despise, contemn the Magistrates,  
Seditions, and Rebellions, wrought in States.  
Our Parents disobey'd, or did not give  
The honour due to them while they did live.

Wo worth our envy, murder, strife, debate,  
Our malice, slanderous words that sprung from hate,  
Wo worth our fornications, uncleanness,  
Our thefts, oppressions, bearing false witness.

Wo worth the time that we were discontent  
With what God of his goodness to us sent,  
And coveted our Neighbours ; wo that we  
Did in our selves trust righteous to be,  
Did justifie our selves in our own eyes,  
Thought our selves wise and good , Did Christ despise.

Accursed be these wicked wretched Devils,  
For they inticed us to all these evils.

Accursed be the Heavens over our head,  
Accurst the Earth whereupon we did tread.

Accurst the Sun that gave by day its light,  
By which such objects were unto our sight  
Made visible, as moved us to do

The things that have occasioned this woe.

Accursed also be the Night and dark

Thereof, wherein what places we did mark,

I'th' day time we brake through, or went unto,

The deeds of darkness therein for to do.

Accurst the bread we eat, the nourishment

Our food afforded ; oh him that it sent,

Who made the Heavens and Earth, and Seas, and all,

And suff' red *Adam* into sin to fall ;

And gave such laws as would not sin permit,

And that doth now so greatly punish it.

Oh wretched *Caystiffs* that thus blaspheme God !

Because we feel his just deserved rod.

Oh 'tis our selves that we may blame for this !

We, we were wicked, and we did amiss.

God we despised, his will we contemned,

We lifted up our selves and him condemned.

All might have been to us too for mercy,

As well as unto those that are on high.

God gave us Heaven, and Earth, and Seas, and all  
 The creatures that therein were, great and small,  
 Of his great bounty for to do us good,  
 But we abus'd them and against him stood.  
 We lov'd them more then him who gave them, and  
 Priding our selves in them, we his command  
 Did disobey. Him who is infinite  
 In greatness, and in goodness, we did slight;  
 Did chuse what wrong was, and refus'd the right,  
 Against such things 'twas just there should be laws;  
 The penalties are just also, because  
 He's infinite in greatness we abused;  
 And his infinite goodness we refused.  
 Yea he was infinitely merciful,  
 For he his Son sent down, us for to pull  
 Both from our sins and miseries, and he  
 Was ready us to succor. But we, we,  
 Neglected him also, his help we scorn'd,  
 Slighted his mercy; and though often warn'd,  
 We would not be admonish'd by him, but  
 His gracious counsels all we from us put.  
 Oh what good days, what opportunities  
 Did he afford! but we did them despise.  
 At such a time, in such a place, we heard  
 What us almost perswaded to regard,  
 His counsels: but we stopt our ears and quencht  
 Those motions, oft we went our ways, and drencht  
 Our wits in Wine or Ale, or went away  
 Unto our Farms, our Merchandise, our play.  
 We were not well at quiet, or at rest,  
 Till we those motions had shakt from our brest,  
 Which we did hate like Serpents; oh had we  
 Been willing to have let them there to be.  
 Had they abode with us, they might have brought  
 Us to repent of those bad things we wrought.

When



When we should have God's word heard, oft we went  
 To other places, and our times mispent :  
 Or if we went and heard we did not mind,  
 That we God's gracious will therein might find,  
 We soon forgot it, or did rest in knowing  
 But practis'd it not, as nothing owing  
 Of duty ; when we should have pray'd and wept,  
 We turn'd away, or lay'd us down and slept.  
 At such a time we did our ways discern  
 And see their vileness, and began to learn  
 The knowledge of the Lord, but liked not  
 It to retain, and therefore soon forgot  
 Those things again ; we threw the glass away  
 That shew'd our spots : Wo, wo, and well-a-day,  
 'Tis we, 'tis we are guilty ; oh what sense  
 Have we now of it in our Conscience !  
 Oh how it gnaws us as a worm, and tears  
 Our bowels worse then Lyons teeth or Bears !  
 Oh now we see that God was good indeed  
 In all he did ! our woes from us proceed.  
 It was not long of him or of his creatures,  
 Their parts, their sweetness, beauty, goodness, features.  
 Nay, Nay, these Devils though they at us thrust,  
 By their inticements moving us to lust ;  
 Are not the reason of our punishment,  
 For God against them did us so prevent,  
 That had we him but minded and obey'd,  
 We had resisted them also, and made  
 Them flee away. But wo, wo unto us,  
 We were the reason why we perish thus.

Though it be true that we in Adam fell,  
 Yet we are not for that damn'd to this Hell.  
 Though thereby we fell into death and grave,  
 Yet Christ from that Destruction did us save.  
 So as from them we were rais'd up again,  
 And shall not those things any more sustain ;

That Death and Hell have given us up, and we  
 Now in a worser pit tormented be,  
 Though we were dead in sins and trespasses,  
 And could not our selves quicken or redress.  
 Yet Christ who died for us, and doth live,  
 Did by his quickning Spirit such power give;  
 When he did call us in the day of grace,  
 That then we might been able to imbrace  
 His counsels and instructions. *'Twas our will,*  
*Our wilful choice of evil did us kill.*  
 The creatures which we sinned by were good,  
 Had we by Christ's assisting power, withstood  
 Our lusts, and the temptations of the Devil,  
 Christ would us have defended from all evil.  
 Oh had we now again those things which we  
 Abus'd to our destruction, we would be  
 More thankful for them! and would better use them,  
 And not as we have done before abuse them.  
 How would we serve the Lord with all our store  
 Which we unjustly kept or spent before!  
 Oh we would be more righteous and more just!  
 Deny our selves, and would not serve our lust.  
 Oh had we but those opportunities  
 We have mispent before, we would be wise!  
 How would we hear and read, and fast and pray,  
 Watch against sin, our Idols cast away?  
 None should by force or flattery, withdraw  
 Our hearts and service from God's holy law.  
 We would obey the Laws and Magistrates,  
 So far as in the Lord we might. Debates  
 And strifes, and hatred, avarice and lust,  
 We would detest with all that is unjust.  
 Oh how would we serve God! we would him fear,  
 And have a care never to come more here.  
 But now it is too late, the Door is shut,  
 The time of grace is past, and we are put

Here

Here by an irreversible Decree

Whence never more delivered we shall be,

This is that Tophet prophecy'd of old,  
'Tis large and deep indeed, for it doth hold  
Innumerable more then may be told.

And for the King, the greatest sinners it  
Prepared was, and they are in this pit.

The cursed Serpent with his Angels all,  
Who did from their first habitation fall.

And mightiest men who mightily have sin'd,  
Most mighty miseries do herein find.

The mighty Spirit of God, his mighty Power,  
Like to a stream of Brimstone, every hour

Doth feed these dreadful flames; while it doth show  
And make us feel, that we do justly owe

The bearing of these torments: because we  
Rebel'd against his light and would not see,

But wilfully reject his profer'd grace,  
Would not his counsels nor his love embrace.

Which things he doth to us so evidence,  
And set so strongly on our conscience,

That we can't now out of our breasts them shake

As we were wont; Oh none these flames can flake,

These flames of wrath! God's wrath did burn before

But Christ did quench it by his sufferings sore.

But we by our rebellions, have again

New kindled it, and we must bear our pain:

No other Sacrifice doth now remain,

For Christ will no more dye for us: Oh we

Must bear for evermore God's just decree.

Had we been but admonish'd before

The time of grace was out; before the door

Of mercy was bar'd up, we might have lived;

But now of all hope we are quite deprived.

Now we be helpless, hopeless, easless too,

Nothing can now avail that we can do.

Nothing is here but wrath, nothing of love;  
 No help, nor hope of help now from above.  
 And all our earthly comforts are quite fled,  
 With which we all our days sins committed.  
 While we did live on Earth, we had our health,  
 Meat, drink, cloath, fire, warm lodgings, houses, wealth,  
 Yea many of us rich attire did wear,  
 Had great attendance, lived without fear.  
 And if at any time we were not well,  
 Yet many mercies still with us did dwell.  
 We had our beds to ease us, neighbours and  
 Friends oftentimes were ready at our hand.  
 Servants to wait upon us and attendus,  
 Chyrurgions and Physitians to amend us.  
 We had our mitigations, intermittings,  
 Changes of postures, lyings, walkings, sittings;  
 Varieties of meats or drinks, to see  
 Whether with this or that we pleas'd might be,  
 But now alas! these comforts all are gone,  
 And mitigation of our pains here's none.  
 No variations here to lessen grief,  
 No intermissions, nothing for relief.  
 We us'd to guzzle down excessively  
 Cup after cup, but now we are thirsty  
 For something to refresh and cool the tip  
 Of our now flaming tongues; but none may dip  
 His fingers end into cold water, but  
 All means of easing us are hence out shut.  
 We cannot now call for this or that meat,  
 This or that cooler to allay our heat.  
 No sweet perfumes, or odoriferous smell,  
 Nothing but Brimstone and the fire of Hell.  
 Immixed wrath, and which doth yet extend  
 Our misery, there is thereof *no End*,  
*Eternal punishment, eternal grief;*  
*Oh never, never end, never relief!*

Oh might we live ten thousand years as slaves,  
Might we but then go back into our graves!  
Or twenty times ten thousand years might lye  
In these most dreadful flames might we then dye!  
Were we but mortal as we were before,  
But oh this *Endless Wo*, this *Evermore*,  
It sinks and breaks us; Yet we cannot dye  
To sense of torment to *Eternity*.  
This us up swallows; 'tis the *Hell of Hell*,  
And passeth all things else that we can tell.  
Wo, wo, wo, wo, oh wo and well-a-day,  
Wo, wo, unto us; wo, wo, wo, who may  
Our misery conceive; oh doleful state!  
No heart can it conceive, no tongue relate.

Oh doleful state of those that wicked are!  
Hear oh dear Soul, be warn'd, and keep thee far  
From what doth lead thereto; be rul'd by me,  
And this Condition thou shalt never see.

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Canto

## Canto V.

## Or the Joyful Canto.

The joys of Heaven, and Songs of the Righteous.

*Awake and sing ye that dwell in the dust,*  
Isa. 26. 19.

*This Joyful Canto doth declare  
The happy state, and great welfare,  
Of those that in Christ's joys shall share.  
What songs may fit that happy state,  
Though their enjoyments then so great  
Will be, as no pen can relate.  
First songs the Father chiefly eyes,  
The second the Son magnifies,  
And praises his great victories.  
The third songs wholly to this tend,  
The Holy Spirit to commend,  
And then this Canto hath an end.*

**B**UT on the contrary the Righteous men  
Shall have great pleasures and rejoycings, when  
They go into eternal life; then they  
Shall shout and sing, and well they may thus say,  
Oh, oh, oh, Hallelujah! oh this day!  
Oh, oh, Hallelujah, Hallelujah! who may  
Our happiness conceive? oh happy state

What heart can reach it? what tongue it relate?  
*Minist.* Yea well they may as Harpers strike their string,  
And with great triumph thus, and better sing.

**H**allelujah, oh happy day,  
That ever we were born!  
Oh well are we that we do see  
This everlasting morn!

**II.**  
Oh what are we  
That we should be  
Thus lifted up on high?  
We did not merit  
Thus to inherit  
Honour and dignity.

**III.**  
Bless be the Lamb  
That here we came  
Rais'd up from Death again.  
'Tis by his blood  
We have this good  
Ever with him to reign.

**IV.**  
Blessed for all that did befall  
Be God for evermore:  
Oh blessed be, that one in three,  
Whom ever we adore!

**V.**  
Who can set forth  
His wond'rous worth?  
It doth all things surpass.  
It doth exceed  
All that we read  
And all that ever was.

**VI.**



## VI.

Oh happy we who do him see,  
 Who all perfection is.  
 No Potentate, no Monarch great  
 Ever had joy like this.

## VII.

Rivers of pleasures  
 Beyond all measures,  
 Unto our lot doth fall.  
 No mixture is  
 In this our bliss,  
 But it is blessing all.

## VIII.

All things we have  
 That heart can crave,  
 And more then heart can reach :  
 None ever could  
 This joy unfold,  
 None ever could it preach.

## IX.

Our joy surmounts  
 On all accounts,  
 All that we could believe :  
 All praise is due  
 To God most true ;  
 He did us not deceive.

## X.

Oh glorious sight !  
 Oh great delight !  
 None ever did behold  
 So rare a sight,  
 A light so bright ;  
 Our glory can't be told.

XI.

All's infinite,  
All is delight;  
We have no sorrow here:  
Nothing of dark  
No fading spark  
All is most bright and clear.

XII.

All, All is love,  
All things above,  
And all that is below:  
We see no evil,  
We fear no Devil;  
Nothing but good we know.

XIII.

Nothing but joy,  
Nought to annoy,  
Here we are void of fear.  
For we are sure  
We shall endure  
For ever happy here.

XIV.

Oh Majesty!  
Oh glory high!  
What one is like to thee?  
We've our desire;  
Thee we admire.  
To all eternity.

XV.

Our blessedness  
None can express;  
It is an ocean great:  
All that excels  
For ever dwells  
In this most glorious seat.

*The Divine Word.*

## XVI.

Blest be the Lord?  
 Blest be his Word.  
 Blest be his holy Spirit.  
 How happy we  
 In this One-Three  
 Our portion to inherit.

## XVII.

Oh mighty King  
 Everlasting  
 Beginning thou had'st none.  
 When nothing were,  
 Then thou wast there;  
 Thou wast thy self alone.

## XVIII.

In thy self blest  
 Thou had'st thy rest,  
 Of us thou had'st no need.  
 Thou did'st possess  
 Full happiness,  
 Thou'rt happiness indeed.

## XIX.

Of thy good will  
 It to fulfil,  
 The Worlds foundation sure  
 By thee was lay'd,  
 Thou it up-stay'd  
 At thy will to endure.

## XX.

The Word thou said'st  
 All things thou mad'st.  
 Oh blessed be that Word,  
 Which did Being  
 To every thing  
 In thy good time afford.

XXI.

Blest be that love  
That did thee move  
Before the World was made;  
To be the seat  
Of thy works great  
Or its foundations laid.

XXII.

To think of this  
Eternal bliss  
And it prepare for us.  
Oh what were we  
That then by thee  
We should be car'd for thus.

XXIII.

Blest be that thought  
That us out sought  
And our great happiness;  
We do admire  
The great desire  
Thou had'st us thus to bless.

XXIV.

Could we be dear  
Who nothing were  
Unto thy Majesty?  
Thou did'st possess  
That word express  
Which was with thee on high.

XXV.

All things were made  
By him, and lay'd  
On their foundation fast.  
That they might stand  
At thy command  
And at thy will might last.

## XXVI.

'Twas for his sake  
That thou did'st make  
Invisible Beings,  
The Angels, Thrones,  
Dominions,  
And all visible things.

## XXVII.

That him thou might,  
And his great height,  
Most gloriously display:  
And his fulness  
Thereby express,  
That others know it may.

## XXVIII.

But chiefly man  
When thou began  
Thou graciously did'st view:  
For him all which  
The Seas did rich,  
And on the Earth that grew.

## XXIX.

Yea the Heavens bright,  
With all their light,  
And all the hosts therein;  
Thine hand did frame,  
And gave the same  
To serve and honour him.

## XXX.

Whom thou in thine  
Image divine  
Did'st good and upright make:  
And from his side  
Did'st frame a Bride  
Whom he to him did take.

XXXI.

A comely pair,  
And very fair,  
For though they naked were,  
They found no shame  
While void of blame,  
Nor had they any fear.

XXXII.

A Sabboath day,  
For rest had they  
The seventh, when thou didst rest  
From thy works all,  
Both great and small,  
And therefore thou it blest.

XXXIII.

A day wherein  
They without sin  
Might with thy Majesty  
Have sweet converse,  
Thy praise rehearse,  
And view thy great glory.

XXXIV.

A Garden sweet,  
With pleasures meet,  
Thou put'st them in also,  
Wherewith delight  
Thy will they might  
Learn of thee and it do.

XXXV.

Of life a Tree  
Was given by thee,  
That they might live for ay.  
A River large  
Which did discharge  
Its streams forth every way.

## The Divine Woer.

XXXVI.

All things that might  
 Give them delight  
 Thou on them didst bestow  
 One only Trade  
 Withheld by thee  
 Was, good and ill to know.

XXXVII.

Thou gav'st them food  
 Was only good;  
 Not good and evil both.  
 If both they would  
 Know, thou them told  
 Thou would'st with them be wroth.

XXXVIII.

Thou death didst threat,  
 If they would eat,  
 That so thou might'st them fear;  
 That free from ill  
 They might live still,  
 And from death keep them far.

XXXIX.

Yet them to try  
 Thou prov'dst them by  
 A Serpent subtly wise:  
 Who thee did fault  
 Them to assault,  
 And cheated them with lies.

XL.

The Woman first  
 The bonds did burst  
 Wherewith thou didst them rye  
 Unto thee fast.  
 The Man did taste  
 By her means; both did dye.



XLI.

How happy a state  
Did'st thou create  
And set them in, while they  
Were innocent,  
Without intent  
Thy laws to disobey?

XLII.

Man then was Lord  
Of what thy word  
Created for his sake  
Of all things he  
Had leave from thee,  
But one Tree, to partake.

XLIII.

Pleasures he had  
To make him glad,  
Sabboath and River too:  
A spotless Wife,  
A Tree of Life,  
What should'st thou for him do?

XLIV.

How great his good!  
How might he stood!  
How was he bound to thee!  
His glory much,  
No creature's such.  
But oh more happy we!

XLV.

Our state exceeds,  
Beyond all needs,  
There was a Serpent there:  
They did aspire  
To be yet higher;  
But here's no Tempter here.

*The Divine Wooer.*

## XLVI.

We are not in  
 Danger of sin  
 Nor need we to aspire:  
 Here's injoyment  
 Of all content  
 We nothing more desire.

## XLVII.

Tempted we were  
 But before here  
 We came to be thus blist;  
 Our tryal's past,  
 Sathan's down cast,  
 And we his snares have mist.

## XLVIII.

Now we do rest  
 For ever blest  
 From all temptations free:  
 Our danger's past,  
 Our joys shall last,  
 To all eternity.

## XLIX.

This is the day  
 That we did pray  
 And wrestle to obtain:  
 From sin set free  
 With thee to be  
 And never part again.

## L.

Nothing we want  
 That thou did'st grant  
 To Adam heretofore:  
 Yea he far less  
 Then did possess  
 Then we now evermore.

LI.

We have a Rest,  
A day that's blest,  
A Sabboath day to be :  
With thee we'r blest,  
Thou art our Rest,  
And change we ne'r shall see.

LII.

Hallelujah,  
Oh blessed day !  
Who can thy glory speak ?  
This Sabboath we  
Perpetually  
Keep, and it never break.

LIII.

Therein we sing,  
To thee our King ;  
Thy glory we behold.  
Our work is this  
Thy Name to blis,  
Thy praises to unfold.

LIV.

A Paradise  
Wherein there lies  
All pleasures sweet and great :  
With liberty  
Perpetually  
Thereof to take and eat.

LV.

An Heavenly Tree  
Of life have we  
Which doth us ever feed :  
It doth us give  
Ever to live  
And nothing can we need.

## LVI.

A River pure,  
Of Waters sure,  
Doth clear as Chrystal run,  
We with it meet  
In every Street:  
Our City needs no Sun.

## LVII.

God is our light,  
He shines most bright,  
No Cloud doth him obscure:  
All things we see  
Just as they be,  
Our knowledge is most sure.

## LVIII.

Its always full,  
Its never dull;  
Our comforts ever flow.  
Our Suns bright beams,  
Our Rivers streams,  
No damp, no ebb, do know.

## LIX.

All manner fruits  
Which with us suits,  
And may give us delight;  
Our Tree doth bear  
Throughout the year,  
Most pleasant to our sight.

## LX.

All is most sweet  
With which we meet;  
Here's nothing sharp or fowre.  
Pleasures we have,  
We can't more crave;  
They're constant every hour.

LXI.

We need no Wives  
To make our lives  
More comfort us afford:  
We never dye  
Nor company  
Need we at bed or board.

LXII.

No different sex  
Nothing to vex,  
Nothing to tempt we know.  
All perfect is,  
All's full of blifs,  
Our tides are never low.

LXIII.

We do all reign  
And Lords remain  
Over all creatures:  
We never shall  
From our heighths fall,  
Our Kingdom ever dures.

LXIV.

We have no night  
Nor borrowed light,  
No Moon or Candle here:  
For it alway  
Is perfect day  
The Sun is not so clear.

LXV.

Oh blessed King  
From whom doth spring  
This state of happiness;  
We'll sing thy praise  
All our All-days  
Thy goodness we'll confess.

## LXVI.

When *Adam* fell  
 What tongue could tell  
 What was our misery?  
 In him we were,  
 He did us bear,  
 And in him we did dye.

## LXVII.

Branches were we  
 Of him the Tree,  
 The root wherefrom we grew  
 A flood of woe.  
 Did us ore flow  
 When his fall made us rue.

## LXVIII.

Our root did rot  
 Having forgot  
 The hand that did it plant,  
 The branches must  
 Then turn to dust  
 For they their life did want.

## LXIX.

In him we fell  
 As low as Hell;  
 Death upon us did seise,  
 Woes in us bred,  
 Away quite fled  
 All comfort, joy and ease,

## LXX.

Great was our fault  
 At one assault,  
 And when ingaged thus;  
 God to reject  
 And in effect  
 To thrust away from us.

LXXI.

Great misery  
Therefore did lye  
Upon us by desert;  
Of good bereft  
To be quite left  
To utmost grief and smart.

LXXII.

We were beguil'd,  
Sin us defil'd  
And had so filthy made,  
That God and we  
Could not agree:  
Of him we were afraid.

LXXIII.

Mortallity  
Did by and by  
Seise on us; oh what pain  
Did we procure  
For to endure  
Till dust we turn'd again!

LXXIV.

Yea God we lost  
Which was the most  
Sad loss could us befall:  
His wrath also  
We fell into,  
And into deadly thrall.

LXXV.

We lost that light  
Which gave us sight  
And ceast to understand:  
And led by lust  
Became unjust  
Subject to sins command.



## LXXVI.

The old Serpent  
A false light lent  
Which made us judge amiss,  
And in vain things  
To seek the springs  
Of everlasting bliss.

## LXXVII.

By those inflav'd  
We misbehav'd  
Our selves in every thing;  
We acted evil,  
We serv'd the Devil,  
Took him for guide and King.

## LXXVIII.

Lust was vice-King  
That was the spring  
Of actions light and grave,  
Our subtlety  
That was the spy  
Which us false counsel gave.

## LXXIX.

These did conspire  
To make us higher,  
In our false fond conceit:  
For Heaven they show'd  
False pleasures strow'd  
And therewith did us cheat.

## LXXX.

Oh woful plight!  
Oh ruful sight!  
This was our fallen case:  
In thralldom dwelt  
Seldom it felt  
But took it for solace.

LXXXI.

In darkness deep,  
In dangers steep,  
Perplexities and fears:  
In depths of Hell  
Then did we dwell  
And spend our woful years.

LXXXII.

God was but just  
Us out to thrust  
From him, we left him first:  
And then a Hell  
Of woe befell  
Because of him accurst.

LXXXIII.

In which sad state  
Objects of hate  
And enemies to God,  
Without his sight  
And destroy'd quite,  
We ever had abode.

LXXXIV.

But that the Lord  
Though he abhor'd,  
Then fellowship with us,  
Yet pittiful,  
In love did pull  
Us out, and help us thus.

LXXXV.

The mighty Word  
Of this great Lord  
By whom he did us make;  
That Wisdom high  
Our sins did spy,  
But not with them partake.

LXXXVI.

## LXXXVI.

A fountain pure  
 He did endure,  
 In whom God took delight;  
 He was beloved  
 And well approved,  
 For he did always right.

## LXXXVII.

Angels some fell  
 And down to Hell  
 Were thrust 'cause they rebel'd:  
 God past them by  
 And let them lye  
 In chains of darkness held.

## LXXXVIII.

But he by whom  
 All good doth come,  
 Most holy did abide.  
 By him God now  
 His love did show  
 And mercy glorifi'd.

## LXXXIX.

Him he decreed  
 In this our need,  
 That saved we might be,  
 To be sent forth  
 This one of worth  
 Able to set us free.

## XC.

The Womans seed,  
 Of *David's* breed  
 To be: He was ordained  
 A man of grief  
 To bring relief  
 That we might be regain'd.

XCI.

Oh loving Lord!  
Oh mighty word!  
The source of all our bliss!  
To be ador'd  
With one accord  
For evermore in this.

XCII.

This grand devise,  
Ground of our rise,  
Let men and Angels praise:  
Angels admir'd  
And much desir'd  
This to behold always.

XCIII.

This we admire  
This with desire  
Now fully satisfi'd  
We look upon,  
We make our song;  
Its praise we cannot hide.

XCIV.

Here fully we  
Behold and see  
Gods admirable love;  
And perfectly  
We here descry,  
All his perfections move.

XCV.

In this we live,  
This all doth give,  
Which we injoy and have.  
Can we forget  
To set forth it  
Which did us help and save?

## XCVI.

This God fore-told;  
 This all forth-held  
 Both Law and Prophets too;  
 This all upheld,  
 This we beheld  
 To raise us up from woe.

## XCVII.

This with a blow  
 Did overthrow  
 The Devils Kingdom quite;  
 This did destroy  
 What did annoy,  
 What kept us from the light.

## XCVIII.

This to declare  
 Let us not spare;  
 This is the mystery  
 We now behold  
 And can unfold  
 With all its treasury.

## XCIX.

With eye to this  
 The God of bliss  
 Ere since our dreadful fall,  
 Before it was  
 Yet brought to pass  
 In act, did order all.

## C.

What mercies we  
 Receiv'd, we see  
 Proceeded all here-fro:  
 We that have bliss  
 They who did miss  
 Beholden were hereto.

CL.

Though justice them  
Who did contemn  
And slight it doth destroy;  
To us that live  
Mercy doth give  
And Justice too all joy.

CII.

Mercy did all  
Respect ith' fall  
And help for them provide;  
They who refus'd  
And it abus'd  
His justice must abide.

CIII.

Those things that we  
Could not so see,  
While mortal flesh we had,  
(For then our sight  
Was not so bright  
Though we saw what did glad).

CIV.

These things we now  
Do clearly know  
Their reason now we see.  
Our vails are gone,  
Darknesses none  
Within our hearts now be.

CV.

We see it's true  
In time most due,  
God sent his only Son  
Of woman made,  
As he had said,  
As ne'r before was done.

## CVI.

Angels it see  
 And did agree  
 With joy it to declare:  
 Angels and we  
 Agreed now let  
 And knit together are.

## CVII.

Though in our flesh  
 Us to refresh,  
 It was that Christ appear'd:  
 For us to dye  
 Our death thereby  
 To vanquish which we fear'd.

## CVIII.

Angels had not  
 Our flesh, or spot  
 Of sin therein, as we:  
 Yet they who stood  
 Ith truth were good  
 And joy'd our good to see.

## CIX.

Under the Law  
 The Word us saw;  
 Under the Law came he;  
 That he that way  
 Our debts might pay  
 And by Death set us free.

## CX.

Our bands to break  
 He did them take  
 And with them he was bound:  
 God's cords we burst,  
 Christ was accurst,  
 That he might heal our wounds.



CXI.

We were condemn'd  
Who had condemn'd  
God's holy Word and will:  
He was condemn'd,  
Misus'd, condemn'd,  
Our evils did him kill.

CXII.

For us he dyed,  
Being crucified  
Sustain'd a cruel death:  
Was broke with grief  
Us'd as a thief,  
Till he gave up his breath.

XVIII.

His grave was made  
And body laid  
With the rich and unjust:  
His honour high  
Despis'd did lye,  
All cover'd up with dust.

CXIV.

Oh wondrous fight!  
Oh love most bright!  
Never the like was seen.  
That one so high  
So low should lye  
Poor caytiffs to redeem.

CXV.

Of men what one  
For men undone  
His Son would so abase?  
For enemies  
That him despise  
That they might be in place!

## CXVI.

Yet such a love  
The Lord above  
To us when poor did show:  
For bankrupt us  
He made him thus  
To pay what we did owe.

## CXVII.

His wisdom here  
Did strange appear  
The World was pos'd hereby:  
Its eye was blind  
And could not find  
Hereof the mystery.

## CXVIII.

This it befool'd,  
This it quite gull'd,  
This cross so cross did lye;  
They stumbled here,  
And could not bear  
That 'twas God's Son did dye.

## CXIX.

It did deride  
And crucifi'd  
This mystery again;  
As if that he  
God could not be  
That such things did sustain.

## CXX.

This wisdoms height  
Did dim the sight  
O'th' Serpents eye so sore,  
He could not see  
Those heights here be  
Yet did against them roar.

*The Divine Wooer.*

III

CXXI.

This brake his head,  
This down did tread  
His craft and power, who  
Had man brought down  
And quite ore-thrown  
Into a pit of wo.

CXXII.

Here wisdom we  
And power did see  
When God did clear our eyes;  
The law fulfil'd  
Its curse was quel'd  
When Christ from grave did rise.

CXXIII.

For here it was  
That God did pass  
Sentence upon our sin:  
He judg'd it here.  
Christ did it bear  
For us who fell therein.

CXXIV.

This vanquish'd Death,  
Appeas'd wrath,  
Did justice satise:  
Pardon for more  
Then *Adam's* score  
Was purchas'd hereby.

CXXV.

Great pleasure here  
(As did appear)  
God took, who the third day  
Without delays  
Did him up raise  
From the grave where he lay.

*The Divine Wooer.*

## CXXVI.

And did him take  
Even for the sake  
Of what he suffered  
To be on high  
In his body,  
And of all power the Head.

## CXXVII.

Here God did lay  
A certain stay  
And sure foundation  
Of all his acts  
And mighty facts  
For man's salvation.

## CXXVIII.

Of all our hope  
The under-prop,  
While we had not attain'd :  
Of all the bless  
We do possess  
Now we the end have gain'd.

## CXXIX.

Here lay the ground,  
Here God did found  
Our flidden hearts and feet,  
Hence all the flood  
Of all the good  
Wherewith we ere did meet.

## CXXX.

Yea on this ground  
God did new found  
The Earth and World again :  
Both as it was  
Till it did pass,  
And as it doth remain.

CXXXI.

Here he fulfil'd  
What was forth-held  
Of a prepared Feast.  
All ready here  
That might us chear  
So as no want i'th' least.

CXXXII.

The holy Spirit  
As he did merit  
Fully God did him give.  
That for his praise  
He might us raise  
From Death, and make us live.

CXXXIII.

From darkness great  
Wherein we sate  
From Death to Life, from Thrall  
To Liberty,  
Of his mercy  
Thereby he did us call.

CXXXIV.

He sent forth light,  
He gave us sight,  
And turn'd our hearts to mind  
What he held forth,  
That so its worth  
And goodness we might find.

CXXXV.

He gave his speech  
And did beseech  
Us to consider well:  
He gave an ear  
That we might hear  
The things that he did tell.

*The Divine Wooer.*

## CXXXVI.

Full oft when we  
 His light did see  
 We winked with our eyes:  
 It did displease us  
 It did dis-ease us  
 Faulting our vanities.

## CXXXVII.

Ofttimes we heard  
 But then we fear'd  
 Least what we heard should mar  
 Our false pretences,  
 Wrong confidences,  
 And put it from us far.

## CXXXVIII.

Ofttimes we felt  
 The power that dwelt  
 In him and in his truth:  
 Almost we turn'd  
 And yet oft spurn'd;  
 Thus dealt we from our youth.

## CXXXIX.

Oh how we lov'd  
 What he reprov'd!  
 How loath with it to part!  
 From idols vain  
 How loath t'abstain  
 Although they caus'd us smart.

## CXL.

But oh his love!  
 That did him move  
 To pass by our misdeeds,  
 He did forgive,  
 And made us live,  
 His graciousness exceeds.

CXLI.

In misery  
That we should dye  
He had no will at all.  
He interceded  
And for us pleaded;  
And yet again did call.

CXLII.

His patient  
Good deportment,  
His lamb-like gentleness,  
His suffering long  
Our many a wrong,  
Oh what tongue can express!

CXLIII.

How oft his love  
Did our hearts move  
And make us to him look?  
How oft did we  
Look back to see  
The Idols we forsook?

CXLIV.

It was the strength  
The power and length  
Of his dear love unto us,  
His words of grace  
His pleasant face  
His constancy to wooe us.

CXLV.

His excellence,  
His love immense,  
The freeness of his grace  
Which caught our heart  
And made us part  
With all him to embrace.

## CXLVL

Oh had he not  
 Ofttimes forgot  
 Our great unkindnesses:  
 And look't away  
 From what each day  
 We acted quite amiss.

## CXLVII.

If with his eyes  
 Iniquities  
 Against us he had markt,  
 How we rebel'd  
 Our lusts fast held,  
 The light he gave us darkt.

## CXLVIII.

We had been then  
 Like yonder men  
 Who cast out of his sight,  
 Do yell and cry  
 Most hideously  
 Throughout their endless night.

## CXLIX.

But there is none  
 Save him alone,  
 None like him constant is;  
 His constancy  
 Was our safety  
 And brought us to this blifs.

## CL.

Can it be told  
 How manifold  
 Our stubbornnesses were?  
 Our great neglects,  
 And disrespectts  
 Committed year by year?



CLI.

How much to do  
He had to wooe  
Before he did obtain?  
How oft in heart  
We did depart,  
When wooed, from him again?

CLII.

What vanities  
Did draw our eyes  
From looking him upon?  
How often we  
Refus'd to see  
His great salvation?

CLIII.

How dull we were  
His voice to hear,  
How oft we stopt our ears?  
How we gave way  
Day after day,  
To lusts, or cares, or fears?

CLIV.

How oft, when he  
Had cleans'd us, we  
Did us again defile?  
How oft confess  
Yet not redrest?  
How much we hid through guile?

CLV.

A spring of sin  
We had within  
Running continually;  
No good in us,  
How marvailous  
Was his love and mercy?

## CLVI.

To each good deed  
That did proceed  
From us through his good grace  
Sin did adhere  
And it besmear  
Such was our wretched case.

## CLVII.

But oh his love  
Did not remove!  
But constantly abide;  
Love made him blind  
And not to mind  
Our sins but them oft hide.

## CLVIII.

So as that God  
Ofttimes his rod  
Forbore on us to lay:  
And passing by  
Iniquity  
He turn'd his wrath away.

## CLIX.

A fountain great  
He open set,  
And there us purifi'd.  
And if he chode  
Yet love he show'd  
And did not always chide.

## CLX.

Sometimes he hid  
His face, and did  
An angry count'nance shew.  
That he might make  
Us sin forsake  
And be to him more true.

CLXI.

Oft by some cross  
Some grief or loss  
He made us him to seek,  
And then we felt  
His love to melt  
How gentle he and meek.

CLXII.

His loving mind  
Unto mankind  
Appearing did us save.  
That did us make  
Those things forsake  
Which did us fore-inslave.

CLXIII.—

Nor did he grieve  
Us to receive  
When unto him we came.  
But readily  
Did justifie  
And wash us in his Name.

CLXIV.

He by his power  
Us every hour  
Did keep in his great love.  
Which every way  
He did display  
As he did see't behove.

CLXV.

What he did by  
Pleading on high  
God's mercy to obtain;  
And what from thence  
He did dispence  
Made us with him remain.

## CLXVI.

To him to cleave  
Him never leave :  
Or if we went astray,  
Our good shepherd  
Did us regard  
And reduce to his way.

## CLXVII.

His love us drew,  
And made us true,  
And hid us when we fail'd :  
Him to forgo  
Who lov'd us so  
Nothing with us prevail'd.

## CLXVIII.

To him we nought,  
That good was, brought,  
No good thing we could do :  
He who us bought  
All in us wrought  
And helpt us against our foe.

## CLXIX.

What we did want,  
He did us grant,  
We could but ask and have ;  
Asking aright  
And in his light,  
Yea much unaskt he gave.

## CLXX.

He to us gave,  
He did us save  
Or else we had been gone ;  
He did begin  
And never lin  
Till all things he had done.

CLXXI.

He in his armes  
Kept us from harmes  
He did us safely bear :  
He did us feed,  
Keep, save, and lead,  
Untill he brought us here.

CLXXII.

Something we wore  
On *Adam's* score  
As we from him did spring :  
So long as Death  
Held us i'the' Earth  
From whence he did us bring.

CLXXIII.

The Serpents seed  
Which he did breed  
Within us and without,  
Did dog us too  
Us to undo  
And compast us about.

CLXXIV.

Through Christ our shield  
We won the field,  
He was our Captain brave :  
Down fell our flesh  
We sprung up fresh ;  
He brought us out from grave.

CLXXV.

Oh faithful friend  
Unto the end  
Who did us never fail ?  
Through him we stood  
'Gainst all the flood,  
He made us to prevail.

CLXXVI.

## CLXXVI.

Our Prophet he  
 Who made us see  
 The way of truth and right.  
 He sent that guide  
 That did abide  
 With comfort, strength, and light.

## CLXXVII.

He did as Priest  
 Upon his Breast  
 Us in the Heavens present:  
 Our good procur'd,  
 Our weal assur'd;  
 Our evils did prevent.

## CLXXVIII.

He was our King,  
 All good did bring:  
 Gave Laws, made us them chose.  
 Rul'd with his arme,  
 Kept us from harme,  
 Subdued all our foes.

## CLXXIX.

Yea all our wound  
 He up hath bound  
 As our Phisitian good.  
 Our maladies  
 With remedies  
 He cured by his Blood.

## CLXXX.

Yea Prophets he  
 Made us to be,  
 And Heavenly Priests and Kings:  
 To offer praise,  
 And raigh always  
 Over all other things.

CLXXXI.

Oh happy we  
This day that see  
When nothing doth annoy !  
We have no pain  
Nor grief sustain ;  
But we are fil'd with joy.

CLXXXII.

Oh blest be he  
By whom this we  
For ever do possess ,  
Let creatures all  
Before him fall  
And him for ever bless.

CLXXXIII.

But we much more  
Will him adore  
Who are his choice delight :  
Whom he doth fill  
Of great good will  
With pleasures in his sight.

CLXXXIV.

Were every part  
Of us a heart  
Yet he should have them all.  
Were each a tongue  
And his praise sung  
By each, 't would be too small.

CLXXXV.

To this our King  
who did us bring  
To this All-Happiness,  
Let's sing a song  
Eternal-long  
His praises to express.  
Hallelujah.

*Another*

*The Divine Wooer.**Another to Christ.*

I.

Oh holy glorious King  
The Mighty Prince of Peace!

Thou art the Lamb, by whom we came  
From sin to have release.

II.

To thee we owe our selves,  
To thee all praise is due:

To thee O King, we'll praises sing  
A song of praises new.

III.

Oh mighty Word of God,  
Gods dear, and only Son!

Thou did'st us know when we were low,  
When we were quite undone.

IV.

Thou had'st no need of us,  
For thou wert God above:

And we nothing to thee could bring,  
And yet thou did'st us love.

V.

Thou in the form of God  
Wast high and rich indeed:

Therefore of us who were but dust  
Thou could'st not stand in need.

VI.

Thou, thou, all glorious art,  
The Father thee possessest

When he began his works, even then  
Thou laydest in his Breast.

VII.

Before his works of old  
Were either fram'd or wrought,

The ancient hills, or fruitful fields,  
Or Earth, thou wast forth brought.

VIII



*The Divine Wooer.*

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VIII.

The Father purposed  
His purposes of old  
In thee ; who art, and do'st impart  
His wisdom manifold.

IX.

When he the Heavens prepar'd,  
And the foundations lay'd  
Of the vast Earth, in joy, and mirth,  
Thou ever by him stay'd.

X.

Before the World was made,  
The day, or darksome night ;  
Fountain or deep, or Mountain steep,  
Thou, thou wast his delight.

XI.

By thee the Worlds he made,  
And all things more or less ;  
Without thee nought to pass was brought,  
Thou worthy art of bless.

XII.

By thee he made us men,  
And in thine Image clean ;  
All things we see, were made for thee,  
And all the things unseen.

XIII.

Thou art the heir of all,  
And in thee all things stand,  
The Life that lasts, and Death out-casts ;  
Thou all things do'st command.

XIV.

Thou art th' eternal truth,  
The everlasting light,  
The unity ; all without thee  
Be falshood, strife, and night.

R

XV.

VIII

## XV.

The Angels thou did'st make,  
Those which did not abide,  
Worthily fell down into Hell,  
The recompence of pride.

## XVI.

We by thee made, fell too  
By listning to the lies  
Which th' old Serpent, did first invent,  
Aspiring to be wise.

## XVII.

Wisdom we had in thee,  
And wise thou did'st us make;  
Wiser to be foolishly, we  
Presum'd thee to forsake.

## XVIII.

While we thy holy Word  
And thy command divine  
Departed fro, and our selves to  
The Serpent did incline.

## XIX.

Great was the misery  
Which we were plung'd into,  
For from thee gone God we had none:  
Our state was full of woe.

## XX.

God gave us what was meet,  
And that whereby we might  
The Tempters wiles which did beguile us  
Have all avoyded quite.

## XXI.

Our fall was of our selves,  
It did not come from thee:  
We willingly the way to dye  
Did chuse; but thou wert free.

XXII.

Yet blessed be that will  
That did permit our fall:  
And whatsoere permitted were  
To any of us all.

XXIII.

For now we see 'twas well  
That God did so permit,  
And not withhold that Serpent old  
From tempting us to it.

XXIV.

For hereby he hath shew'd  
His attributes most clear:  
How foolish we, how dear to thee  
And unto him we were.

XXV.

That so we in our selves  
No more might put our trust,  
Or listen to what led us fro  
Thee, to fulfil our lust.

XXVI.

Yea thereby to himself  
Our hearts he doth indear,  
While we do see what for us he  
Hath done, while such we were.

XXVII.

And so it hath ingag'd  
Us wondrously to thee:  
That thou so high vouchsafest to dye  
To set such caytiffs free.

XXVIII.

When we all helpless were,  
And hopeless were become,  
Thou did'st us save, our foes out drave,  
Brought'st us to thy kingdom.

## XXIX.

There's nothing in these acts  
But big with love it is;  
From first to last, we love do taste,  
And thee for ever bliss.

## XXX.

No shorter date can be  
Sufficient to express  
Our hearty sense of so immense  
A love; and it confess.

## XXXI.

Yea wisdom too we see  
In suffering that our fall  
It was, O King, glory to bring  
To thee in our recal.

## XXXII.

That thou might'st be made known;  
And the Father in thee;  
That thy love might shine forth most bright,  
And we more happy be.

## XXXIII.

We never can express  
Our thanks sufficiently,  
That thou O King did'st back us bring,  
And to that end did'st dye.

## XXXIV.

Let's then strike up our strings,  
As Harpers full of skill,  
And sing our song All our ay-long,  
Till we do sing our fill.

## XXXV.

What one is like to thee,  
Oh holy glorious one!  
What did thee move us thus to love,  
When we were all undone.

CXXXVI.

Thou in thy self wast blest,  
Thou character exprest  
Of Gods person, his only Son,  
His Glories full brightness.

XXXVII.

It was exceeding love  
And goodness to us when  
Th' dust we lay, and were but clay  
To make us living men.

XXXVIII.

In thy divine Image  
And to be like to thee  
A living soul, and to controule  
All things in Earth and Sea.

XXXIX.

How could the dust deserve  
To be preferred so?  
It was only thy pleasure high  
Thus thereunto to do.

XL.

Yet as it did no good  
Such favour to procure,  
So it no bad within it had;  
For all thy works were pure.

XLI.

Whereas we not only  
Void of all goodness were;  
But had done ill, yet 'twas thy will  
Favour to us to bear.

XLII.

All those expressions great  
Of love, when we were dust,  
We valued not, but quite forgot  
To satisfie a lust.

## XLIII.

The Serpent, who no good  
Had done for us at all,  
Far before thee preferred we  
When we from thee did fall.

## XLIV.

For without any shew  
That it was true he said  
We took his lye, threw thy truth by;  
Thy love aside we laid.

## XLV.

Oh great ingratitude!  
Folly and madness great!  
So easily to throw thee by,  
And suffer such a cheat.

## XLVI.

Whereby we were defil'd  
And made thine enemies:  
Very unjust and fil'd with lust  
And all things good despise.

## XLVII.

Yet that thou might'st us save  
Thou wast content to be  
For us made flesh, in our likeness,  
Such sin except, as we.

## XLVIII.

Thou did'st not take the form  
Of some great King or Lord;  
Like a servant, poor and in want,  
Thou we'rt of men abhor'd.

## XLIX.

In which abas'd forme  
Great grief thou did'st sustain;  
Yea for our good to shed thy blood  
Thou didest not disdain.

L.

Oh wond'rous love, indeed  
That one so great and high,  
Who did proceed from God, should bleed  
And for us sinners dye.

LI.

Besides reproaches, blows,  
Abuses, shame and scorn,  
Thy bloody sweat, agony great,  
Whereby thy life was worn.

LII.

The curse which was our due  
Thou also did'st endure:  
In the grave lay, till the third day  
Our freedom to procure.

LIII.

Yea also thou went'st down  
Into the lower Hell  
As one bereft of God, and left;  
Thy griefs no tongue can tell.

LIV.

It was no gain from us  
That thou could'st get thereby;  
When we most had we could not add  
Unto thy Majesty.

LV.

But how much less when we  
Had lost what thou did'st give,  
And nothing had, but what was bad  
And were unfit to live!

LVI.

Oh what was sinful man  
That thou should'st him so love?  
At such a cost to save the lost  
What pitty did thee move?

## LVII.

How can we but confess  
That thine of right we are?  
Since thou us made, thy life down laid,  
Us when sinners to spare?

## LVIII.

And yet that was not all,  
Thy love did so exceed;  
'Twas not only least we should dye  
That for us thou did'st bleed.

## LIX.

Thou like to us was't made,  
And our deserts did'st bear,  
That we might be made like to thee,  
Thy robes of glory wear.

## LX.

Oh depth! oh heighth of love!  
None may compare with thee;  
So low to lye, that we so high,  
Who were so low, might be.

## LXI.

Which thing to bring about  
God raised thee again;  
For pangs of death, or Hell beneath  
Could not thee long detain.

## LXII.

Because thou art the life,  
The life eternal, and  
Against that life no mortal strife  
Of Death or Hell could stand.

## LXIII.

The Serpent and his slaves,  
Did strive thee down to hold;  
But all in vain, thou rose again,  
As was of thee foretold.



LXIV.

Oh mighty conqueror !  
A glorious conquest here,  
Thou o'ercame evil, sin, World and Devil,  
Triumphantly did'st bear !

LXV.

This was the glorious fight,  
This was the day indeed  
Which God did make for his Names sake,  
This did from him proceed.

LXVI.

These were the wars of God,  
A battel bravely fought,  
'Twixt th' innocent, and the Serpent,  
Whereby our peace was wrought.

LXVII.

No war was like to this,  
This the foundation laid  
Of all the blows and overthrows  
Upon the foes since made.

LXVIII.

Those were the mortal foes  
Of God and mankind too ;  
'Gainst God's glory and Man's safety,  
Their malice they did show.

LXIX.

Oh Prince of might elect,  
God's dear and only Son,  
Thou them withstood unto thy blood,  
Wherethrough the field was won.

LXX.

This field for us was fought ;  
Their helpless prey were we.  
But thou them foil'd, and their plot spoil'd,  
Ransom'd we were by thee.

## LXXI.

We were thy lawful prize  
And thou our lawful Lord;  
Oh happy day then all did say  
Who did believe thy word.

## LXXII.

How deadly was that thrall  
In which before we lay!  
No Tyrants fell be so cruel  
To use their slaves as they.

## LXXIII.

Here was the coming in  
Of all our future good:  
Our hopes of all that since did fall  
On this foundation stood.

## LXXIV.

We never had come here,  
Or this glory possesse,  
Unless thou Lamb had'st overcome  
And given us this conquest.

## LXXV.

Here through thou took'st the spoiles  
Of all thine enemies;  
And went'st on high triumphantly  
With those thy victories.

## LXXVI.

Oh who this victory,  
This Conquest gotten thus,  
Can set forth as suits it's worth?  
Here's work enough for us.

## LXXVII.

Thy mighty arme O Lord  
Did to thy self obtain  
This victory, though we thereby  
The benefit did gain.

LXXVIII.

Thy glorious Father who  
Had chosen thee to this;  
Who thee beheld, and in't upheld,  
Then took thee up to blifs.

LXXIX.

Oh how his soul was pleas'd  
To see this field thus won:  
Such conquest got, over that plot,  
Which had us all undone!

LXXX.

Oh how he did delight  
Thee to receive up then!  
Placing thy Throne his right hand on  
Above Angels and Men.

LXXXI.

And as he had thee chose  
This battel for to fight;  
So, did he chuse thee still to use  
In all his acts of might.

LXXXII.

He made thee to be Lord  
O're all things low and high,  
That they should be subject to thee  
To all eternity.

LXXXIII.

And that thou might'st us bring  
To all this happiness,  
Thee he appointed, and eke anointed  
To glorious Offices.

LXXXIV.

A Prophet he thee made  
To us to prophecy:  
To shew the way which to thee lay  
And guide us in't safely.

## LXXXV.

And our High-Priest. to be,  
 Having such sacrifice  
 Up-offered, so accepted  
 As God will ne'r't despise.

## LXXXVI.

And that thou may'st always  
 Before his face appear,  
 For men to plead and intercede,  
 Their sins away to bear.

## LXXXVII.

And be the way whereby  
 We might an access have  
 To th' holy place, to see God's face;  
 And fully us to save.

## LXXXVIII.

And also to be King  
 Of Saints and Nations too:  
 Such to protect as be subject,  
 And all their foes ore-throw,

## LXXXIX.

To all which Offices  
 As Man he thee ordain'd,  
 As a reward of that most hard  
 Service which thou sustain'd.

## XC.

And that unto all these  
 Thou might'st well furnish'd be;  
 That his fulness thou should'st possess,  
 He granted unto thee.

## XCI.

Of which he did thee judge  
 Most worthy, so do we  
 Angels and Men, both now, and then  
 That thou should'st highest be.

XCII.

Thou only worthy art  
Oh Judah's Lyon stout!  
To take that Book and on it look  
That's seal'd within, without.

XCIII.

The Book of Prophecy  
Or of God's counsels deep,  
That none unseal 't could, or reveal 't,  
None now have cause to weep.

XCIV.

Thou Lamb was't found most meet  
To open it and read:  
It to unfold thou may'st be bold  
Who for our sins did'st bleed.

XCV.

And by thy blood us bought  
From every Land, to be  
God's Priests and Kings; and o're all things  
On Earth now reign do we.

XCVI.

Yea all the Angels too  
Fully agree to this;  
That thou who was't slain for us, hast  
Most worthily all blifs.

XCVII.

Power, wisdom, riches, strength,  
Who may like thee possess?  
Thou art worthy Kingly glory,  
And as a Priest to bless.

XCVIII.

That what thou did'st obtain  
Thou may'st distribute too;  
Such honour bear as every where  
Thy Fathers will to do.

## XCIX.

For such was this exployt  
In which thou won't this field,  
That every thing to thee as King  
All honour well may yield.

## C.

And worthily thou hast  
In all thy power behav'd  
Thy self in all did since befall,  
Wherein thou hast us sav'd.

## CI.

For other battels yet  
Remain'd for thee to fight  
In which thou too thy love did'st show  
Thy wisdom, strength and might.

## CII.

When thou had'st won that field,  
And right to us had'st got;  
Such yet our state we did thee hate  
Or to thee yielded not.

## CIII.

Although the Serpent had  
No right to us at all,  
His arms were gone, law he had none,  
To keep us still in thrall.

## CIV.

Yet by his subtilty  
He still did hold us fast,  
And to him we subject would be  
And freedom would not taste.

## CV.

For what we had from him  
Received formerly,  
Did yet remain in every vein  
Working effectually.

CVI.

We yet were ignorant,  
Errour our minds possess;  
Lust in us lay and bare the sway,  
No good was in our brest.

CVII.

For yet we knew not thee,  
Who such things for us wrought;  
Yea falsly we conceiv'd of thee  
In our vain mind and thought.

CVIII.

Oh what a do had'st thou  
To gain us to thee here,  
For through the lies of th' enemies  
We much bewitched were.

CIX.

So much adhered we  
To their false flatteries,  
Our eyes we clos'd, our selves oppos'd  
Against thy verities.

CX.

Against us then to fight  
We caus'd thee, that we  
Our foes might leave, and thee receive  
Our God and guide to be.

CXI.

Though not against us so  
As what did us mislead,  
And us detain'd fast bound and chain'd  
Did'st thou therein proceed.

CXII.

It still was thy design  
Our sinful souls to save;  
But to destroy what did annoy  
Our souls, and them inslave.

CXIII.

## CXIII.

A double edged sword  
 Proceeded from thy mouth,  
 One edge kil'd sin, and did us win  
 To love thee and thy truth.

## CXIV.

The other edge cut down  
 Those who held fast their lust,  
 Cleaving to it into the pit  
 Of wrath thou them hast thrust.

## CXV.

And such our folly was,  
 Our loathness sin to leave,  
 That with th' unjust we might been thrust  
 Our portion to receive.

## CXVI.

But blessed be thy love  
 The spring of all our good,  
 And blest thy truth which from thy mouth  
 We heard and understood.

## CXVII.

And blest thy patience,  
 And thy forbearance great,  
 Away to throw us thou wast slow,  
 But thou did'st for us wait.

## CXVIII.

Oh had'st thou been but quick  
 Our many faults to mark,  
 We had our lot with those forgot  
 Who perish in the dark.

## CXIX.

And blest thy holy Spirit  
 Which so thy truth display'd  
 That by his hand it's understand  
 At length he us all made.



120.

Blest be thy wisdom too  
And thy great skilfulness;  
In ordering all that did befall  
In all occurrences.

121.

Thou hast the Learned's tongue  
In skill thou art expert,  
Both to embrace and hide thy face  
To kill and to convert.

122.

Thy way is in the deep  
Thy footsteps who hath known?  
Hadst thou nere frown'd and us nigh drown'd  
We had been overthrown.

123.

By Chastisements, Reproofs,  
Darkness and waters deep  
Thou hast us oft sought out and taught,  
And us from Hell dist'd keep.

124.

By them thou us hast oft  
So nurtur'd from our youth,  
As us inclin'd and bow'd our mind  
To listen to thy truth.

125.

Which through thy gentleness  
And grace therein display'd,  
Though oft withstood yet 'twas so good  
As us 'tobedient made.

126.

Thou rest'st on prosperously  
In meekness truth and love,  
Which did us melt when we it felt  
And our hearts to thee move.

Such were the ways whereby  
Our hearts thou didst subdue;  
Error expelling and Satan quelling  
And making us anew.

Though divers methods thou  
With us was pleas'd to take,  
As thou didst see might meetest be  
Thy people us to make.

When thou didst us espouse  
To thy self by thy grace,  
Us in thee planting, and to us granting  
To have a fixed place.

Wherein thy love was rich  
Surpassing every thought,  
That we of thee branches should be;  
Who formerly were naught.

For we deserv'd have been  
Cut down and wholly cast,  
Into the fire, to have the hire  
Of all our evils past,

Herein thou didst again,  
A noble conquest make:  
Us from our sin we lived in,  
Unto thy self to take:

Oh noble Conqueror,  
Thy power and might we see;  
Oh Lord of Hosts throughout all coasts:  
What one is like to thee.

134.

Herein we do admire  
The force of thy great love,  
Our stubborn hearts, and bad deserts,  
Which got so much above.

135.

And here began our bliss,  
Our happy state, in which  
Thou didst us bring unto a spring,  
And Fountain sure and rich.

136.

Here our new life began,  
Because we planted were;  
Into a stock which did not mock,  
But made us fruit to bear.

137.

A Root most free of Sap  
And living juice where from;  
We did inherit both Life and Spirit,  
Yea all good thence did come.

138.

A Root which did us bear,  
And give us living fruit;  
Thy word declar'd it, thy Arm-unbar'd it;  
And made us with it sure.

139.

Thence all our Springs were found;  
And all our fruits were good;  
For all our own away were thrown,  
Being unfit for food.

140.

Oh what an happy state,  
Were we advanced to,  
When into thee planted were we;  
And made in thee to grow.

L 2

143

141.

We one with thee became ;  
 And of thy bliss partook ;  
 Better we had , and what did glad ;  
 More than what we forsook.

142.

God pittied us before,  
 But now he did us own ,  
 He in his love , did us approve :  
 And of him we were known.

143.

The special love that was,  
 Thy lot thou didst impart ,  
 Gods loving face, that secret place ,  
 Which thou hadst in Gods heart.

144.

This was a happy Change,  
 While we in *Adam* were :  
 Our case was sad, and very bad ,  
 But now 'twas blessed here.

145.

We had not God before ,  
 Because we had not thee ;  
 In whom he is and gives his bliss :  
 Then wretched men were we

146.

For though thou wert the hope ,  
 And help of lost mankind :  
 Yet without Thee, hope had not we ;  
 Nor solid peace of mind.

147.

But when in Thee thou gavest ;  
 Sure title to all good :  
 Because in Thee, the living Tree,  
 And Root of life we stood.

*The Divine Wooer.*

143

148.

We were to Thee espous'd,  
And Thou our Husband wert :  
In thine Estate, for love and hate :  
We thenceforth had our part.

149.

Thy Father ours became ;  
Thine Angels were our guard :  
Thy Riches ours, thy Wisdom Power :  
And thine was our reward.

150.

Thine Enemies thence were ours,  
And thy friends our friends too ;  
In Thee Elect God did respect,  
And favour to us show.

151.

Yea hence is all the joy,  
And glory we possess ;  
Hence Worlds abuse, and Gods good use,  
In joy and happiness.

152.

Thence God us took for Sons ;  
All former things were gone ;  
No wrath abode, his love He shew'd,  
His face upon us shone.

153.

But Thou hadst other fights,  
Wherein a share had we ;  
At thy command, with Thee to stand,  
Against the Enemy.

154.

In which Thou wert our help,  
Our Captain and our Guide :  
Thy grace and love, they did us move,  
Still with thee to abide.

L 3

155

155.

The same that did at first,  
Our hearts to thee subdue;  
Was it prevail'd when I oes affaild,  
And made us to Thee true.

156.

In which thy grace supply'd  
What in us wanting was;  
Our weaknesses, Miscarriages;  
There through thou by didst pass.

157.

Doubtless had'st thou not been  
So cloth'd with Charity;  
Our many halts, Retreats, and Faults;  
Had made Thee cast us by.

158.

But none is like to Thee,  
No Captain so will bear,  
His Soldiers faults, retreats, and halts;  
Or can their hearts so chear.

159.

Thou wast the prize for which  
We fought, thy prize were we:  
Our Enemies Plot was us t'have got  
Quite out again from Thee.

160.

Therefore they us inticed,  
To leave the Faith wherein,  
We one with Thee were made, and free  
Were set from all our sin.

161.

That was the bed of love;  
The bond of Amity.  
Therefore from that, to separate  
Us sought the Enemy.

162.

By many a Stratagem,  
He did us oft assail,  
By flatteries, and batteries;  
Yet could he not prevail.

163.

Although he had the world  
As a great Magazine,  
Of fiery Shafis fit for his Crafts  
Our souls to undermine.

164.

From whence on either side,  
He did us oft assault,  
With pleasing sights, or dreadful frights;  
Yea we had many a fault.

165.

From which he oft-times rais'd,  
By his great policy  
Such over casts and dreadful blasts,  
As made us like to fly.

166.

Oft-times us to allure  
To take part against thee,  
Pleasures He brought into our thought,  
Or glory made us see.

167.

And sundry other things,  
Which with our flesh did sute,  
From Trees to fight fit for delight,  
Moving to pluck the fruit.

168.

Sometimes to puff us up,  
That down he might us throw;  
Our godliness, gifts, parts, graces,  
Or works he would us show.

169.

## The Divine Woer.

169. !  
 Sometimes again by Cheats,  
 Which he thereto abus'd :  
 Some crooked way, He torth would lay,  
 Which was of Thee refus'd.

170.  
 Sometimes this art he us'd,  
 The easlyr us to take,  
 As if of light, an Angel bright  
 He were, He shew would make.

171.  
 Oft-times He also shew'd,  
 What dreadful things should be,  
 From instruments of his intents,  
 If we would cleave to Thee.

172.  
 The world he stir'd to wrath,  
 Against us for thy sake ;  
 So that of mocks, Scourges or Stocks,  
 Oft times we did partake.

173.  
 Yea many hardships thence,  
 He pressed us withal ;  
 By many losses, and divers crosses,  
 Moving from Thee to fall.

174.  
 Not only our Estates,  
 He sometimes from us caught ;  
 But even our blood, like to a flood,  
 Was powred out full oft.

175.  
 But Thou by thy good grace,  
 And help which thou didst give,  
 Our Enemy, did make to fly,  
 And made our Souls to live.



*The Divine Worker.*

149

176.

Armour of righteousness;  
On each hand us did send;  
Thy glory bright, stood on our right;  
O' th' left wrath without end.

177.

If to Thee and thy Word,  
Thy right and perfect ways;  
Firm we would cleave, and not thee leave,  
Thou shew'dst us endless praise.

178.

But if Thee we would leave,  
And turn to vanitie;  
For worldly good, or fear of blood,  
We endless torments see.

179.

Which things eternal while,  
Thou mad'st us keep in view,  
Things temporal, we slighted all;  
And not from Thee withdrew.

180.

Thou wert our strength and stay;  
Our help was of thy grace:  
Through thy defence, no fond pretence,  
Did move us out of place.

181.

Here also Thou didst get.  
The conquest o're our foes;  
The victory, and the glory,  
Unto thine honour goes.

182.

We had been wholly foild,  
And driven from Thee again;  
But that our heads thou covered'st,  
And didst our hearts sustain.

113

183.

To thee we give the praise  
Of our safety untill,  
Through manifold perils untold,  
Our days we did fulfill.

184.

When yet one combat more,  
Abode us generally :  
To yield our Breath, passing through death ;  
And in the grave to ly.

185.

Nor had we any might,  
Against that Enemy :  
Give way must we, to Gods decree ;  
That mankind once must dy.

186.

Whereto by several ways,  
We did arrive at length :  
Diseases some made thither come,  
Or some decay of strength.

187.

By persecutions some,  
Through many deaths, much pain,  
Who for thy name, slaughter and shame;  
Did valiantly sustain.

188.

For every one of which,  
Praises to God and thee,  
The lamb, by whom, all that did come,  
Well ordered was we see.

189.

Through thee it was for good,  
That such things we did bear ;  
Yea sins also whence griefs did flow,  
As they permitted were.

190.

By our unrighteousness,  
And our offences sore,  
Thy righteousness, was more expresse,  
And our engagements more.

191.

Thou turnst them all to good,  
Though from us they were ill:  
And thou thy praise from thence didst raise,  
By thy great power and skill.

192.

It was for good that Death  
Thou didst to us ordain:  
Diseases, pains, and such remains;  
As brought to dust again.

193.

For by the thoughts thereof,  
And sights, and feelings too;  
Thou didst us wake, more hast to make,  
To scape from endless woe.

194.

They moved us the less,  
The flesh and world to mind:  
And unto thee the more to flee,  
And seek thy Grace to find.

195.

They made us less to prize,  
What did from thee allure:  
Death did present, their injoyment  
Failing and unsecure.

196.

They made us less to dread,  
What men us scared by;  
While Temporal, we see them all,  
And that no way but dy.

197.

Yea while we also see,  
That common Death no less ;  
Torments had oft, then what down brought,  
Those that did Thee confels.

198.

Yea further, Death and grave,  
This good unto us brought ;  
They gave us rest, from what oppressd,  
When all our work was wrought.

199.

We bless thee for them all,  
For all together wrought ;  
For our great good, even death and blood,  
And more joy to us brought.

200.

While greater proofs we had,  
Of thy great faithfulness :  
How great each hour, thy love and power,  
To help our weakneses.

201.

For as our tryals did ,  
Thereby abound and grow ;  
So thy supports, and our comforts ,  
Did more upon us flow.

202.

Oh happy wa: that time ,  
Happy the means by which ;  
Perswaded we, became by Thee ,  
To take a course so rich.

203.

Thy words to intertain,  
And thy servants to be ;  
Sustain the loss, and bear the cross,  
And follow after Thee.

204.

Oh blessed be that grace,  
That power, and truth, and love;  
Which did us draw, and keep in awe,  
Not letting us remove.

205.

For herein also Thou,  
Our mighty Captain stood;  
Our Enemy foild, his Armies spoild,  
And filledst us with good.

206.

For though our flesh fell down,  
And Death it overcame:  
And Fire or Grave, did it outbrave,  
Yet we receiv'd no shame.

207.

Yea more than Conquerors,  
In all those things we were:  
Through thy great love, which did Thee move,  
Our sin and Death to beare,

208.

This was our victory,  
The faith we had in Thee:  
That turn'd to meat, what did us eat,  
And made us life to see.

209.

But yet the full conquest,  
Over that Enemy;  
Thou didst not make, till thou didst take;  
From Grave our dead Body.

210.

Though when Death had us seiz'd,  
And Bodies dead did ly,  
Our Spirit with Thee, thou took'st to be,  
In thy joy and glory.

211.

Where safety thou us gav'st,  
And freedom from all ill.  
In peace to rest in thy sweet brest;  
Our rising time untill;

212.

Yet Death and grave had so,  
Our Bodies quite deprav'd:  
As that it seem'd not to be deem'd,  
That thence they could be sav'd.

213.

Such transmutations they,  
Did so long time sustain,  
They were so jumb'd, disperst and crumbl'd  
How could they rise again?

214.

But all this made but way,  
For greater glory yet:  
And to complear thy Conquest great;  
Which thou could'st not but get.

215.

For by thy powerful voice,  
The Graves and places all,  
Where we lay hid, presently did,  
Yield us up at thy call.

216.

They had no power and might,  
Against thy power and will;  
Us to retain, and make remain:  
Under corruption still.

*The Divine Worker!*

355

217.  
Thy Angels thou sentst forth,  
And gatheredst thine Elect;  
That we by thee might honoured be,  
With great love and respect.

218.  
And now we do enjoy,  
The Kingdom gloriously,  
With Thee we reign and shall remain;  
To all Eternity.

219.  
Oh what a Warriour stout,  
Art thou, Thou meekest Lamb!  
There's none could stand against thy hand;  
But thou them overcame.

220.  
And Thou hast given to us,  
Thy Victories each one;  
Our Enemies all, thou mad'st to fall;  
And would'st not reign alone.

221.  
Thy Conquests now are full;  
The field is fully clear:  
There is no more, left any foe;  
Not one doth now appear.

222.  
For now thou hast them all,  
Destroyed totally,  
They down are gone, where help is none;  
In endless flames they fry.

223.  
And we, we reap the fruits,  
Of all thy wars so great:  
We have the end we did intend;  
Thy pleasant fruits we eat.

356

224.

Now we are fully sav'd,  
From all our miseries :  
Broke is the Net, and we are set ;  
Above our Enemies.

225.

All praise is due to thee ,  
Thou all things hast well done :  
Thou first and last, hast all outcast ,  
Now sorrows we have none.

226.

A toilsome path we trod ;  
A tedious journey had :  
A Wilderness of great distress ,  
But now thou'st made us glad.

227.

In all our Pilgrimage,  
And great temptations thou ;  
Didst with us bide, hast us supply'd,  
And we be happy now.

228.

Oh happy now our state,  
Our joys who can express ;  
Well sing we may, *Hallelujah* ;  
And thee for ever bless.

FINIS.

Another



Another to the same Tune.

1.

**A** New triumphant Song,  
Fill'd full of mirth and praise;  
To Thee our King, now will we sing;  
Extolling thee always.

2.

And well we may rejoyce,  
O're all that wretched crue;  
Who took delight, with great despight;  
Our ruine to pursue.

3.

Where are they all become,  
That did us sore oppress;  
They all are gone, left there is none;  
That may impair our bless.

4.

Where is that old Serpent,  
That dreadful Dragon fell?  
Hallelujah, hee's not to day,  
For Hee's thrust down to Hell.

5.

He and his Angels all;  
That vexed us full sore;  
Lying in wait, for us with hate,  
Destroy'd are evermore.

6.

That dreadful burning Lake,  
Of wrath so large and deep;  
They're thrown into, to bear their woe,  
Where Sinners wail and weep.

M

7

Where are those dreadful Beasts,  
That were his instruments ;  
With horns and heads, so full of dreads,  
Breathing out punishments ?

8.

Where is their pompous train,  
Their Names of blasphemy ?  
There's not a Crown, unfallen down,  
There's none of them on high:

9.

Where now's the false Prophet,  
Who all the World deceiv'd ;  
Who up did cry, and magnifie,  
The Beast and him believ'd ?

10.

Who did him worship give,  
And to his Image fall ?  
Name, Image, Mark, are all 'ith' dark,  
And their Adorers all.

11.

Both Beast and Prophet false,  
Are gone into the lake ;  
To bear their hire, in that great fire,  
Whose burnings never slake.

12.

Where is that painted Whore,  
Which rode in Pomp and State ?  
Her gilded Cup, which was fill'd up,  
With poisonous liquors late ?

13.

Whom Earthly Kings ador'd ;  
As if she sure had been ;  
The only fit, in State to sit,  
As Sovereign Lady-Queen !

14.

Who sought and suckt out blood,  
As if it had been sweet;  
Greatest and least, she caus'd the Beast  
To trample under feet.

15.

Because we liked not  
Th'intoxicating wine;  
Which from her Cup, the World suckt up,  
As if it had been divine.

16.

Where is she now become,  
Shee and her Lovers too,  
Who did commit, what was not fit,  
With her, and whoredomes doe?

17.

Alas they are long since,  
Burnt up and quite destroy'd:  
Their Market's gone, and they did moan;  
Who in her greatness joy'd.

18.

Yea all the train of foes,  
Who in our sorrows laugh;  
Who Thee refus'd, and us abus'd,  
Destruction hath them caught.

19.

Thou hast them overcome,  
O Lamb, of Kings the King:  
Well may we say, *Hallelu-jah*,  
And praises to Thee sing.

20.

Where now is all that lust,  
That had in us a hold!  
Its subtle Heads, Delights and dreads;  
And branches manifold?

M a

11

21.

Which service challenged;  
And over us would reign :  
Did us molest, and oft oppress,  
And caus'd us smart and pain.

22.

And where's the carnal mind,  
That subtly did devise,  
To draw us in, to commit sin,  
Through its deceits and lies.

23.

And wheres the whorish heart,  
Which oft withdrew from thee :  
And did us cheat, with many a feat,  
Making us sorrow see ?

24.

These foes are all destroy'd,  
And we from them are free :  
By thy sharp sword, thy powerful word,  
They all consumed be.

25.

No errour in our mind,  
Nor ignorance hath place :  
Our hearts retain, nothing that's vain,  
Thanks therefore to thy grace.

26.

Nothing of unbelief,  
Or of unlovingness :  
No envy, hate, strife or debate,  
Pride, falshood us possess.

27.

Thou hast us made so clean,  
That in us there's no spot :  
No wrinkled skin, no jot of sin,  
Nor weakness in our lot.

*The Divine Wooer.*

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28.

Thou our good husband art,  
Who didst our faults so bear;  
And them reprove, with words of love,  
As made us Thee to hear.

29.

And what we heard of Thee,  
Did wash us wondrously:  
But now thy sight, makes us so white;  
No blemish thou canst spy.

30.

Hallelujahs we sing,  
Sin us no more annoys:  
*Hallelu-jah, Hallelu-jah,*  
We now have perfect joys.

31.

Where is mortality?  
All our Diseases, pains;  
Our Massiness, which did us press?  
Nought of them now remains.

32.

Oh death where is thy sting?  
Grave where's thy victory?  
Where be our fears, wrings, strains and tears,  
And all that made us cry?

33.

Where are our oft complaints?  
Our bruises, breaches, wounds?  
Our sighs and moans? Our sobs and groans?  
Our faintings and our swoonds?

34.

Where are our sleepless nights?  
Where are our poisonous days?  
Our gasty sighs? Or tedious frights?  
And what did us amaze?

35.

Where be our lamenesses ?  
Deafness and Dumbness too ?  
Dimness of sight, our want of light,  
Crutches wherewith to go ?

36.

Where are our pangs and throws ?  
Our cruel ach's and smarts ?  
Our weary beds ? Our dizzy heads ?  
Our sad and doleful hearts ?

37.

Where are our Prison bands ?  
Fetters ? and Pillories ?  
The hurtful stocks ? The taunts and mocks ?  
And furious outcries ?

38.

The Gallows and the racks ?  
The Gibbets ? Beasts ? and Fire ?  
With whatsoe're, did rend and reare,  
Or did us vex and tire ?

39.

Where is that rottenness,  
That after Death took hold ?  
The stinking smell ? The jaws of Hell ?  
And what else may be told.

40.

Not one of these appears,  
They are all fled and gone ;  
*Hallelu-jah* to Thee we say ;  
For 'tis from Thee alone.

41.

All enemies thou subdu'dst,  
Oh who is like to Thee ?  
Thou Lord of Hosts, art in all coasts,  
And thou hast made us free.

42.

Thou the stout Warriour art ;  
In Battel mighty strong :  
The man of War , by whom all are  
Subdu'd ; Thou art our Song.

43.

By Thee we have escap'd,  
Whatever ill befell ;  
By Thy goodness we now possess,  
Such joys as none can tell.

44.

Thou from the midst of foes,  
Hast brought us now to be ;  
With Angels bright, in Heav'nly light,  
Companions with Thee.

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*Deut. 33. 26, 27, 28, 22.*

45.

**N**ow we may sing and say,  
What one is like unto ;  
*Jesus our God*, I' th' Heavens who rode ,  
To save us from all woe ?

46.

Th' Eternal God Thou wert,  
Our refuge ; and thine armes ;  
Under us were, us up to beare,  
From all dangers and harms.

47.

Thine everlasting armes,  
Whose strength doth never fail :  
With them th' unjust, thou our hast thrust,  
And made us to prevail.

M 4

48

48.

Thou hast destroy'd them all,  
 Who did us injury :  
 And now there's none, we dwell alope ;  
 And are in great safety.

49.

New Heavens and Earth have we,  
 A Land of Corn and Wine :  
 Thou'rt our fountain, and Thou dost rain,  
 on us thy dew divine.

50.

Oh happy *Israel*,  
 What one is like to us :  
 Sav'd by the Lord who is the sword,  
 And shield most marvellous.

51.

To which our foes are all,  
 At length as Lyers found :  
 Their places high, where in safety,  
 They dwelt, we've trod to th' ground.

52.

How glorious now our State,  
 Praises to Thee therefore :  
 Who can express, the blessedness,  
 That we have evermore ?

53.

Our Body is become,  
 All glorious like to thine :  
 Thy glory bright, more than the light,  
 Or Sun doth make us shine.

54.

Like Angels now we be,  
 With whom we do converse :  
 As nimble, and light, as pure and bright,  
 And through all things do pierce.



55.

We need no Marriages,  
More than they for increase :  
Our Company can never dy,  
Our joys shall never cease.

56.

Nay now we Angels judge,  
Such is to us thy heart,  
Thy very Throne, which Thou sit'st on,  
Thou dost to us impart.

57.

Our pleasures now are full,  
Immixed, pure and clear :  
We feel no cold, we wax not old,  
Nothing our strength doth wear.

58.

No Winter time we have,  
No withering or decay ;  
No Frost nor Snow, No Storms do blow,  
We have all Summers day,

59.

Yet without parching heat,  
Or ought that may annoy :  
No scorching Sun o're us doth run,  
Nought to allay our joy.

60.

Great joy we also have,  
In our society ;  
Each one in other, as in our Brother,  
Have great felicity.

61.

Here *Abel* we enjoy,  
Who suffered first for Thee :  
*Enoch, Noah*, and all thy way,  
Who kept, our Partners be.

62.

The holy Patriarks,  
Before and since the flood ;  
Fathers renown'd, with glory crown'd,  
And all their children good.

63.

Thy holy Messengers,  
Martyrs and Confessors :  
Who faithful were, with us are here,  
Of life inheritors.

64.

But above all the rest,  
Thy presence glorious ;  
Doth satisfie, eternally,  
And make us triumph thus,

65.

Like a City compact  
And fully one are we :  
Where without rent, or discontent,  
We perfectly agree.

66.

And perfectly we joy,  
In one anothers good ;  
All perfectly, Thee glorifie,  
Who for us shed'st thy blood.

67.

In Thee for evermore,  
We all have full content ;  
Thee to behold, Thee to unfold,  
Is all our merriment.

68.

No one doth seek himself ;  
Or in himself delight ;  
But every one, is fixed on,  
Thy glorious beauty bright.

69

Thou art our All; in whom,  
Father and Spirit both;  
And all good else, with us now dwells;  
Thy glory doth us cloth,

70.

In Thee we were compleat,  
And had all good before:  
Completely we, now enjoy Thee,  
And thine for evermore.

71.

All excellencies which,  
In the Creation were;  
From Thee they flow'd, and Thee they shew'd,  
In Thee we have them here.

72.

Thou the beginning art,  
Of Gods Creation good:  
The ground most strong and firm, whereon  
All things were built and stood.

73.

Thou art the perfect LIGHT,  
Thou our of darkness shone;  
And made us see, things as they be.  
Light out of Thee there's none.

74.

In earth, Thou art the Plant,  
Of honour and renown:  
The righteous root, whence issu'd our,  
What ever God doth own,

75.

Thou Root of David art,  
Whence all his hopes did spring;  
Of that Kingdom, which now is come,  
Whereof Thou art the King,

76.

Thou art the fruitful Vine,  
That doth that grape forth beare,  
Which God and man, heartily can,  
And have refresh't with chear.

77.

Thy full obedience,  
And pretious blood our shed ;  
Reliev'd our hearts, in all our smarts,  
And God fully pleased.

78.

Thou art the stately Palm,  
And Olive fresh and green ;  
With weights opprest, thou grewst up best,  
Thou'rt always lively seen.

79.

Thou art the green Firr-Tree,  
Whence all our fruits abound,  
And the Apple-Tree, where under we,  
Have fragrant shadow found.

80.

Thine Apples oftentimes,  
Have us most chearful made :  
Flagons of Wine, from Thee our Vine,  
Oft times our hearts have staid.

81.

Like Cedar tall and strong,  
Which useth not to rot :  
Such is thy raig, which doth remain,  
Firm and decayeth not.

82.

The stone of *Israel*,  
And aged Rock thou art :  
The precious stone, Foundation,  
To stay and strength the heart.

83.

Thou art the Pearl of price,  
For whom we all things sold :  
The Silver of strength, whence days of length,  
Thou'rt the most precious Gold.

84.

Among the waters thou,  
The Sea and Ocean art :  
Whence all do flow, to which all owe,  
The good they do impart.

85.

All good from Thee proceed,  
And unto Thee again :  
It is but meet, that all retreat,  
Who dost all good contain.

86.

Thou art the Fountain too,  
And Spring of waters pure,  
Which run and live, Thou all dost give,  
Thy Streams are always sure.

87.

All other things beside,  
Are Cisterns, Pipes, and Pools :  
Who Thee forsook, and of them took,  
Were all deluded fools.

88.

Thou art the Life indeed,  
All Life from Thee doth flow :  
The Life and love, wherein we move,  
We wholly to Thee owe.

89.

For we were dead in sins,  
No living act could doe :  
Till thy fresh sent, did us prevent,  
And reach our souls unto.

90.

In Heaven the Morning Star ;  
Which in our darksome night ;  
When helpless we, No hope could see,  
Arose and brought us light.

91.

Thou art the glorious Sun ;  
Light, Heat, and life from Thee ;  
To all to whom, thy vertues come,  
Sweetly imparted be.

92.

The Sun of righteousness ;  
Which hath upon us rose :  
And in thy wings, all healing brings,  
And all our wounds hast clos'd.

93.

Oh what were we if Thee,  
We did not now enjoy ?  
Sure like to those, who are thy foes,  
And whom thou dost destroy.

94.

Its glorious to behold,  
Thy glorious countenance ;  
It gives us sight, fills with delight,  
And doth our souls advance.

95.

In thy light we do live,  
And walk for evermore :  
In Thee we play, and joy all day,  
*Hallel u-jah* therefore.

96.

Amongst those things on Earth ;  
Thou mad'st to live and move ;  
Like to the tame and harmless LAMB,  
Thou wert in thy great love.

97.

Gods Lamb most innocent,  
Most meek and spotles, who  
Clothing and food, affordest good,  
And ill didst undergo.

98.

With greatest patience,  
Not answering again;  
Though Thou defil'd wast, and revil'd,  
By men, and put to pain.

99.

Gods Lamb indeed thou wert,  
That sacrifice whereby;  
Our peace was made, wrath aside laid,  
And we receiv'd mercy.

100.

Thy flesh thou gav'st for food,  
Thy blood was drink indeed:  
Feeding on that, we comfort gat,  
And strength in every need.

101.

Thy righteousness us cloth'd,  
And thy vertues so high;  
And most divine, do make us shine,  
Always most gloriously.

102.

Thou art the Lyon too,  
For strength and power: so those  
Thee oft have found, unto their wound,  
Who were thy mortal foes.

103.

In thy great strength Thou hast  
Upon them roard, whereby  
They were thy prey, and behold they,  
Torn and devour'd now ly.

104.

Oh it was well for us;  
That Thou our General:  
A Lyon wert; else we like Harts;  
Had soon been truted all.

105.

Thou art the UNICORN,  
Thy Horn is stately high:  
Thy power and might, alone to flight;  
Hath put the Enemy.

106.

Thou art the Glory, and  
The sum of all the rest.  
The Man thou art, who hast the heart;  
With understanding best.

107.

For Thee were all things made,  
And they were given to Thee:  
In Heaven and Earth, above beneath,  
And in the Ocean Sea.

108.

Thou art the Male to us,  
And we thy Femal be:  
Thou the Hnsband, tis to command;  
And we the spouse to Thee.

109.

For Thee we framed were,  
And of Thee secretly:  
While thou didst sleep, a sleep so deep,  
As for our sins to dy.

110.

Out of thy flesh we are,  
And out of thy bone too:  
Ous Soul we have, which thy Breath gaye,  
Thy Heavenly things to know.



*The Divine Worker.*

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111.

In us thou tak'st delight ;  
And our delight thou art ;  
Thou with thy grace, dost us embrace ;  
And lay'st us in thy heart.

112.

While thou didst us embrace,  
And we submit to Thee ;  
There did proceed, from Thee that Seed,  
Which made us fruitful be.

113.

Which in thine own Image,  
Thou didst beget, we bear ;  
Thy Company, makes us happy,  
All our eternal year.

114.

Thou art the Angel too ;  
The Messenger by whom ;  
The Heavenly grant, Gods Covenant,  
Down unto us did come.

115.

Yea all the things of weight,  
We in the Scriptures read ;  
Completely be, fulfil'd in Thee,  
As might be mentioned.

116.

The Sabbath or the Rest,  
Thou art, and Thou dost give :  
Thou art our rest, God hath Thee blest,  
Joyful in Thee we live.

117.

From all his mighty works,  
God ay in Thee doth cease :  
Thou art the end, whereto they tend,  
Thou art our Rest and peace.

N

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118.

In Thee by us enjoy'd,  
Our works are ended all;  
No travail more, or labour sore,  
Or grief shall us befall.

119.

We also are thy Rest,  
For now that us thou hast:  
Thy works are o're, for evermore,  
Thy labours all are past.

120.

Thou the sweet Garden art,  
The Garden of delight;  
The Paradise, where pleasure lies,  
And what doth please our sight.

121.

And we thy Garden are,  
In us thou pleasure tak'st:  
Us to possess, Taste of and dress,  
Thou oft thy business mad'st.

122.

Thou art the TREE of LIFE,  
Which pleasant fruits doth bear:  
Whereof we leave, have to receive,  
And Death we cannot fear.

123.

The River too thou art,  
Of living waters pure:  
Thy streams go out, and run about,  
With joys both full and sure.

124.

Thou hast been unto us,  
The A R K: wherein we were  
Shut up and kept, not to be swept  
Away, with floods of fear.

*The Divine Wooer.*

371

Thou art the Covenant too;  
Made between us and God;  
In Thee we be, for ever free,  
From fears of future flood.

Yea Thou that Covenant art;  
In which we are the Lords;  
And God our Tower, by his great power,  
All blest to us affords.

In and with Thee he hath giv'n  
The everlasting Land;  
Whereof we be, The heirs with Thee,  
In whom our lots do stand.

In Thee from all our flesh,  
We circumcised were;  
The Blessed seed, thou art our seed,  
Whence we be blessed here.

Thou art the high Father,  
And we thy Children be;  
We are the Kings, and the off-spring,  
Proceeded out of Thee.

Thou art the Isaac,  
The heir of promise, who  
Our laughter art; Thou mak'st our heart  
Rejoyce after our woe.

Thou art the Israel;  
The Prince with God and Man;  
By both assaid, thou hast prevaild,  
With both the field thou wast.

132.

Thou the true *Joseph* art,  
First by thy Brethren sold :  
To sufferings by, their great envy,  
Exposed manifold.

133.

But from those great sufferings,  
Thou wert exalted high;  
To have the store : to Thee therefore,  
All had resort to buy.

134.

Thou the meek *Moses* art,  
Drawn out of waters great :  
Whom also thy People thrust by,  
And badly did intreat.

135.

Thou unto us wast sent,  
A Prophet, Priest and King ;  
From dreadful thrall, us out to call,  
And hither us to bring.

136.

Thou shew'd'st thy mighty signs,  
On *Pharaoh* and his Land ;  
The Dragon fell, to us cruel,  
And who with him did stand.

137.

Thou brought'st us forth from thall,  
And lead'st us through the Sea :  
Of troubles great, which though they bear,  
Thou mad'st a wall to be.

138.

A means of safety from,  
The Dragon who pursu'd ;  
Thou didst us save, where they their grave,  
Did make, by thee subdu'd.

139.

Thou ledst us through the wide,  
And howling wilderness :  
Thou us stoodst by, led'st us safely,  
Through fears and great distress.

140.

Yea there thou all things wert,  
To us that they enjoy'd ;  
The Paschal Lamb, Through thee we came ,  
From the world undestroy'd.

141.

Even through thee crucify'd,  
Besprinkled with thy Blood ;  
Through faith we eat, thy flesh as meat,  
And in all slaughters stood.

142.

Thou our Lawgiver wert,  
A Law of Life and grace :  
Thou gav'st from on, the Mount-Sion,  
Thy high and holy place.

143.

Which in our fleshly hearts,  
Thou too imprintedst so ;  
That we clave fast, unto the last,  
And would not from thee go.

144.

Thou that great Prophet art,  
By whom the Father did :  
Those things reveal, which under Seal,  
Lay in his bosome hid.

145.

Thou wast our Ark of strength ,  
Gods presence in thee was :  
By Thee we were, safe in each fear,  
And safely on did pass.

146.

Thou wast that Tabernacle;  
Where God with us did dwell;  
He would in Thee worshipped be,  
And there his mind did tell.

147.

Thou wast the Sacrifice,  
Our sins to take away;  
Us to atone, and make at one,  
With thy Father for ay.

148.

Yea Altar and Incense,  
And Mercy-Seat thou wert;  
Laver and Priest, Shoulder and Breast,  
Thy holy Priesthoods part.

149.

The Light and Candlestick,  
The Table and Shew-bread;  
Thou to us wert, though Thou impart,  
Thy glory at our head.

150.

Thou wert our Manna while,  
In Wilderness we were;  
Dayly did we, partake of Thee,  
Till we arrived here.

151.

And oft we guilty were,  
Of slighting Thee through lust;  
Which made us crave, such things to have,  
As were for us unjust.

152.

Through which sometimes we did  
Gods wrath upon us bring;  
So as to send, the fiery Feind,  
Our Souls to vex and sting.

153.

Against the which Thou wert,  
Our Brazen Serpent sure;  
While we betook our selves to look,  
To Thee thou didst us cure.

154.

Thou art the Rock from which,  
By Moses Rod, when smote;  
By curse of Law, Thy blood to draw,  
Fresh waters issu'd our.

155.

Even Heavenly Doctrine,  
And Heavenly comforts sweet,  
Wherewith in all, that did befall,  
We every where did meet.

156.

Nay all the Types were short,  
Of thy perfections great;  
Thou didst exceed, and dost indeed,  
All things that thee forth set.

157.

Moses did fail and dy,  
Before the peoples rest:  
But thou dost live, and to us give,  
The land thats ever blest.

158.

For Thou our *Joshuah* art,  
Who Finishedst our way:  
Thou dry'dst the River, Even Death for ever,  
And here thou mak'st us stay.

159.

Thou our Great Captain art,  
By thee and thy command,  
Our battels fought, and we are brought,  
Into this pleasant Land.

160.

This glorious Land of Rest,  
Where we all fulness have :  
What ever thou didst promise now,  
W<sup>h</sup> injoy, and more can't crave.

161.

Thou'rt our Deliverer,  
The Judge who didst us save :  
By thy just Doom, we here are come,  
This glorious Rest to have.

162.

Where all in and with thee,  
We have this endless day :  
Therefore O King, to Thee we sing,  
*Hallelu-jah* alway.

163.

Thou the true *David* art,  
Over all *Israel* set :  
His Royal Throne, Thou sittest upon,  
Thy Kingdom's very great.

164.

To which Thou art advanc'd,  
From *Sheat's* dreadful hand :  
From suffering by, the great envy,  
Of those that rul'd the Land.

165.

Thou art th' Anointed King,  
That hast beat down our foe :  
A City great and built compleat,  
Thou hast us brought unto.

166.

Where thou the beauty art,  
The Sun and glorious Light:  
For here we thee, enjoy and see,  
Thy Majesty most bright.



*The Divine Wager.*

181

167.

In Thee we God enjoy,  
And his Sons fully are:  
With us he dwells, our joy exceeds,  
Our City is most rare.

168.

Its Gates are precious Pearls,  
Its Streets are finest Gold.  
All things are pure, precious and sure,  
And glorious to behold.

169.

For Gods own glory here,  
For evermore doth shine:  
And us to fill, with pleasure still,  
All things do here combine.

170.

O happy glorious state,  
Who can it all declare?  
Beyond all wishes, beyond all blessings,  
Our happinesses are.

171.

Thou art our *Solomon*,  
In peace and glory, reign'st:  
By none disturb'd, for thou hast curb'd,  
All that rose thee against.

172.

And in this Kingdome we,  
As Kings with thee do sit;  
In Stately fear, and glory great,  
As thou hast thought it fit.

173.

That glorious Pomp and State,  
Of *Solomon* of old:  
Though it was sound, greatly beyond,  
All that of him was told,

184

174.

Yet was but a short type;  
Of this thy glory high;  
In which thou reignst, beset with Saints,  
In glorious Majesty.

175.

In which ten thousand fold,  
Ten thousand times nombred;  
Thou dost regard, us to reward,  
For all we suffered.

176.

Our sufferings were but light,  
And momentany; but  
They'r weighty Crowns, endless renouns,  
Which Thou hast on us put.

177.

Thy Wildome too exceeds,  
Wise *Solomon's* by far;  
Thou all things know'st, and clearly shew'st,  
None may with Thee compare.

178

That stately Temple which,  
By *Solomon* was made,  
Thou dost excel, in whom doth dwell:  
All fullness o' th' Godhead.

179.

All his perfections here,  
Are gloriously displayd;  
And we them see, beyond what we,  
Ever heard of them said.

180.

Yea Thou to us impart'st,  
This glory too: for we,  
An holy place, for Gods good Grace,  
Are builded up by Thee.

181.

Thou the foundation art,  
And precious Corner Stone;  
Thou dost us bear, and cause us to adhere,  
To God and every one.

182.

Through Thee God also dwells  
With his perfections pure;  
In us always, to his great praise,  
For ever to endure.

183.

And that's the top and height,  
Of all our happiness;  
That God with us, we enjoy thus,  
The Fountain of all blessing.

184.

All which we have in Thee,  
And with Thee perfectly;  
Who can Thee reach, or who can preach,  
All thy perfections high?

185.

Oh thanks for evermore,  
To God and to the Lamb:  
Through Gods grace good, and the Lambs blood,  
It is that here we came.

186.

Where fulness of all joy,  
And pleasures evermore;  
Our portion be, therefore we Thee;  
For ever do adore.

187.

The Scriptures we need nor,  
In dark they were our light:  
Thou art our book, on Thee we look,  
And all things see aright.

*The Divine Worker.*

188.

Thou art our *GENESIS*,  
 In Thee we were create :  
 Thou'rt our Beginning, without Beginning,  
 And End beyond all date.

189.

By thee we out of dust,  
 Or nought our beings had :  
 All things in Thee, to us are free,  
 And we have nothing bad.

190.

Thou art our *EXODUS*,  
 Our goings out of thrall.  
 Thou didst us save, deliverance gave,  
 By thy high heav'nly call.

191.

Thou'rt our *LEVITICUS*,  
 Through Thee to God we clave :  
 Through thy Priesthood, and offerings good,  
 He never did us leave.

192.

We also to be Priests,  
 Were all by thee anneald :  
 Our Leprosie, is cleans'd by Thee,  
 And all our issues heal'd.

193.

Thou art our *NUMBERER*,  
 In thee inrold we be :  
 Where God doth own, in thee is shown,  
 Our Genealogie.

194.

Thou art our *Second LAW*,  
 A perfect summary :  
 Of Gods mercies, and our duties,  
 We do in thee descry.

195.

Thou art our **JOSHUAH**,  
Our Saviour, Judge, and King :  
What we omitted, or else forgotten ;  
Thou to our mind dost bring.

196.

Is't thou in **EPHRATA**,  
That hast done worthily :  
Poor Gen'iles thou; when they did bow,  
Hast lifted up on high.

197.

Thou art the perfect Scribe,  
The writer of Gods Law :  
Freedom declar'd, and all repaired,  
By thee we also saw.

198.

The poor and patient **JOB**,  
Made poor and rich again,  
Who thee oppress'd, at thy request,  
Yet merty did obtain.

199.

Thou the sweet Singer art ;  
The chief Musitian, who :  
The Instrument, didst first invent,  
And play'st upon it too.

200.

Thou art our **PSALM** and Song,  
Our hearts and tongues always :  
Thou through thy love, dost tune, frame, move,  
To sing forth all thy praise.

201.

Thou only fulness hast,  
All without thee is vain :  
Thou art the *Preacher*, and heavenly Teacher,  
Who dost in *Salem* Reign.

202.

Thou art the Beloved one,  
The swift Roe, or young Hart :  
The Song of Songs, to Thee belongs,  
Who its chief Subject art.

203.

Thy Testimony is,  
Of all the Prophets old ;  
The quintessence, and thou the Tense,  
Of Proverbs dost unfold.

204.

Thou from a low degree,  
Hast rais'd us to the Throne ;  
The Righteous seed, Thou hast all freed,  
Here's Lamentations none.

205.

Thou art the Gospels sum ;  
The tidings of great joy ;  
Blessings have we, and peace in Thee,  
Nothing doth us annoy.

206.

Thou Gods Epistle wert,  
His mind in Thee He writ ;  
When we absent were, he thee sent,  
And Thou discoveredst it.

207.

Thou art the end of all,  
In Thee God doth unfold ;  
And hath reveal'd, what lay conceal'd,  
In Thee we all behold.

208.

Thou all art, and in all :  
ALPHA and OMEGA :  
Wherefore to Thee, ever do we,  
Sing, Oh Hallelu-jah.

Finis.

To

To the Holy Spirit.

1.

**A**nd yet again wee'll sing :  
and strike our strings ,  
Wee'll shew forth whence the spring  
Of joy that makes us sing ,  
Oh 'tis a glorious Fountain whence it springs !

2.

It is the Holy Spirit  
which he inherits ,  
Who did redeem us when ,  
We all were but lost men ;  
And purchast us to God by his great merits.

3.

The Spirit of Life which hath ,  
fil'd up our Faith ;  
And quenched all our griefs ,  
With his Cordial reliefs :  
Hee's Author of our good, rejoyc'd his hath.

4.

He fills us with divine  
life, as with wine :  
And always flows into us,  
And doth such glory show us ;  
That to rejoyce we jointly do combine.

5.

And cannot but rejoyce,  
with pleasant voice ;  
And that continually,  
And to Eternity ;  
With joy and gloryings in him rare and choice.

6.

That holy Spirit we will  
 With utmost skill;  
 Set forth and magnifie,  
 And all his love glory :  
 By whom God and the Lamb did all fulfil.

7.

He one is of the three  
 in whom do we,  
 Live, love, and whom we doe,  
 Worship and bow unto ;  
 Whose glory 'tis our happiness to see.

8.

The glorious Father will  
 the word as skild,  
 (Being that deep wisdom,  
 In which the will doth come)  
 Dev's'd; the Spirit of might it all fulfil'd.

9.

The Father and the word  
 with one accord,  
 Decree'd, devis'd to give,  
 Being to all that live,  
 And was the Spirit that being did afford.

10.

He is the mighty hand  
 which the command,  
 Of the Father and the Son,  
 Which did through all things run,  
 Effected : gave the world to be and stand.

11.

He the Heavens high out spread  
 and adorned,  
 According as Gods will,  
 Holy and wise in skill;  
 Pleas'd to determine : He them fashioned.



12.

The very crook't Serpent,  
    to his intent,  
He form'd ; and all beside  
That was or doth abide,  
According to Gods great commandment!

13.

He man to understand,  
    and to command ;  
All things in Earth and Sea  
That he did make to be ;  
Did form and fashion by his mighty hand.

14.

He is the fulness which  
    is the most rich ,  
Forth-going of the High,  
Father and Son whereby ,  
All things He built, and as a tent did pitch:

15.

In him there is no less  
    then all the bless ;  
And blessed vertues high ,  
Which do dwell perfectly  
In God and in the word, and they possess.

16.

The fulness of all good  
    like a great flood ,  
From the Ocean going ,  
And all overflowing ;  
Yea fuller 'tis than can be understood.

17.

He from God and his word,  
    (with them one Lord)  
Searcheth the things most deep,  
Which God in Christ doth keep ;  
The knowledge of them tis he doth afford.

○

18

18.

One with them twain was He  
 (As well know wee, )  
 In all their counsels old,  
 Most high and manifold ;  
 Therefore they all by him declared be.

19.

Blest be that Spirit of grace  
 who in its place,  
 Did both a body frame,  
 For the Word, and the same  
 Sanctifie, that no sin might it deface,

20.

The eternal Spirit the same  
 who did us frame,  
 Seeing us in sin dead  
 And helpless, pittied  
 Us all : and (blessed be his holy Name. )

21.

He that we might from sin,  
 be freed wherein,  
 We lay condemn'd, prepar'd,  
 (As He had fore declar'd)  
 That blessed body unto us a kin.

22.

And fill'd it with his power  
 that in the hour,  
 Of death and darkness He  
 Upheld was, did not flee ;  
 From that great cup of vengeance sharp and sour.

23.

To which he by this Spirit  
 that he might merit;  
 For us Redemption,  
 Accurst the Cross upon ;  
 Did yield himself that we might Life inherit.

24.

Thou Spirit most blest didst raise  
within three days,

That body up again,  
(Loosing of Death the pain).

To justifie us ( for which we thee praise;

25.

And for those infinite  
perfections bright,

That are in Thee ; and all  
Thy works both great and small)

Thou carryedst up that body to heavens height.

26.

To glorious dignity  
and Majesty,

And him also thou dost,

Fill full ( oh holy Ghost,

The fulness of the Godhead) bodily.

27.

Through him Thou gifts did give

That we might live ,

Even Thou from him lent forth,

Gav'st heavenly gifts of worth;

Whereby men through thy grace error outdrive.

28.

And 'twas all times before

Upon that score;

Of that great sacrifice ;

Which Thou didst fore-promise;

That thou didst testify the love God bore;

29.

Thou blessed Spirit forth came

And in Gods name,

The Spirit of Truth thou did ;

What beforetime lay hid :

Take, and unto Men didst declare the same:

O 2

36

30.

Yet not to all that were  
 Didst thou so clear,  
 Their minds, and manifest  
 Gods counsels ever blest,  
 But unto some as thou pleas'dst didst appear.

31.

Through Christ the Father did,  
 his counsels hid,  
 By thee declare to some,  
 To whose minds thou didst come,  
 And with whom as thou pleas'dst thou abid.

32.

And those things to be writ,  
 thou didst commit  
 Moving those thereunto,  
 To whom thou didst them show;  
 According as thou wisely didst judge fit.

33.

Though Thou didst also go  
 convince and woe,  
 The world of mankind bad,  
 When they by their sins had  
 Themselves destroy'd in a great overthrow.

34.

Thou art the wisdom high  
 Of God whereby,  
 All called were to turn,  
 Though many men did spurn;  
 Yea we rebelled also grievously.

35.

That Spirit which did strive  
 with men alive  
 Before the flood of old,  
 With reproofs manifold;  
 Who did their souls of happiness deprive.

36.

Of that sweet peace, comfort  
and great support,  
Thou gave'st to those that clos'd  
With thee and not oppos'd;  
With them thou dealt'st after another sort.

37.

Thou would'st not strive with them  
who did contemn,  
Thy counsels always, but  
Did'st give them up, and shut  
Them up in blindness; yea did'st them condemn.

38.

But unto those that turn'd  
(though they had spurn'd  
Sometimes against thee too)  
Thou didst declare and show,  
The secrets of the Lord with love that burn'd.

39.

Thou art the Spirit of love  
From God above,  
Who's love it self: and from  
The Word, his only Son,  
And thou in great love did'st reprove and move.

40.

That thou to good might'st move  
thou didst reprove,  
And where thou found'st a way,  
(Thou mad'st it) didst convey;  
Thy grace like waters, even thy sweetest love.

41.

'Twas love thou shew'dst from God  
when as his rod  
Sometimes upon our back,  
(Because we were so slack  
To goodness) he did lay, in love thou chod;

42.

Thou art that power and strength  
 whereby at length,  
 We (though we stubborn were)  
 Were brought to approach neare  
 To God, to see and hear him. Thou gav'st strength

43.

Thou wrestled'st with us so  
 (Oh there is no,  
 Such wrestler as thou art)  
 That thou o'recame'st our heart.  
 And made'st us from our sins depart and go.

44.

In and from thee we felt  
 Gods love to melt,  
 And bow our hearts, and draw  
 Them Godward: Thou didst thaw  
 Them when they frozen were. In thee power dwelt

45.

And dwelt for evermore  
 Thou heald'st our sore,  
 For 'twas by Thee, our Lord  
 In and by his good word,  
 Did heal us: we thee laud and praise therefore.

46.

As thou gav'st forth Gods mind  
 (Thou did'st it find :  
 Also) in his good word  
 So, it was thou O Lord ;  
 That mad'st it of such force, to break and bind.

47.

Thou mad'st it powerful to  
 convince us so,  
 That what we were as we  
 Were in our selves, we see  
 That we did nothing rightly see or know.

48.

Not that we could that do  
that us unto  
God, might bring back ; or keep  
Us from the dreadful Deep  
Of Hell : or us again redeem therefro.

49.

Thou therein did'st display,  
and 'fore us lay  
The glorious things of Christ,  
(Worthy ay to be blist)  
So as thou mad'st our hearts on him to stay:

50.

'Twas thou, and Christ in Thee,  
whom so long we  
Provok't and made to wait  
Upon us at the gate,  
Of our hard hearts. Blest let that patience be:

51.

It was thy long-suffering  
that did us bring  
Salvation : while thou there  
Our many faults didst bear,  
Thou brak'st our stiffness, well we may thee sing.

52.

Hadst thou been, quick and rough  
T'had been enough,  
To have destroy'd us quite :  
For cause enough thou might  
Have found to have destroy'd us, much bad stuff.

53.

But 'twas thy truth, thy grace,  
and that sweet face  
Of Christ which thou didst show  
Which did prevail to bow,  
Us to thee : while thou gav'st us such good space.

54.

Thou wert that strength and power  
 whereby each hour,  
 We were supported all,  
 And kept from that sad fall, (our sou.  
 Which would us have destroy'd. Thou sweet'st

55.

Thou art that strength whereby  
 the victory  
 Over our Enemies,  
 We gat and did arise,  
 Up from our foiles and falls; and did not dy!

56.

Thou wert our Comforter,  
 by thee we were  
 In all our sorrows chear'd ;  
 By thee our eyes were clear'd,  
 Thou didst us in thine arms carry and beare.

57.

All good from Thee we had,  
 (for we were bad)  
 Love, joy, peate, patience,  
 Meekness, faith, abstinence ;  
 All our good fruits, and all that made us glad;

58.

'Twas thou that drew us so  
 as made us go,  
 After the Lamb, although  
 Through much sorrow and woe ;  
 Losses, crosses, and what the world could doe.



59.

Thou art that Spirit of hope,  
    which at the scope  
Didst make us look : the Rest,  
And great reward possesse  
Now by us, Thou didst shew't beyond all trope.

60.

Thou shew'dst it, and our eye  
    it to espy,  
And wistly to behold,  
Whereby we were made bold  
Thou didst direct and fix continually.

61.

When Death had seisd upon,  
    Our flesh and bone  
And grave had unto dust  
Converted us, Thou just  
And holy Spirit, raisedst us alone.

62.

By the Good-will of God  
    and him that freed,  
The grave down in his strength  
Thou didst us up at length  
Raise and revive, Thou art the mighty God.

63.

Thou art that River clear  
    that free from fear,  
Hast set us fully, and  
Mak'st us firmly to stand ;  
With joy in presence of the Lamb most Deare.

64.

A mighty River pure  
    constant and sure,  
Thou with thy force hast thrown  
All oppositions down ;  
And Thou us fill'st with joys that shall endure.

65

65.

With joy, with peace, with good  
 (as with a flood,  
 Fed from the Ocean great,  
 The mighty Throne and seat,  
 Of God and of his Lamb which shed his blood.)

66.

Thou fillest us for ever :  
 for they can never  
 fail, or abate, but flow  
 Without all end, no low  
 Ebb shall befall us Nought from God shall sever

67.

Nought from that Ocean, and  
 Sea without Sand ;  
 Those waters Christalline ,  
 Most pure and most divine ;  
 In their enjoyments we shall ever stand.

68.

For Thee in every heart,  
 even thee who art  
 Th' eternal powerful spirit ,  
 We do and shall inherit ;  
 A band so firming us as we can't part,

69.

From God or Christ or each  
 by any breach,  
 From other, thou dost give  
 Us without change to live,  
 Eternally ; and ever Thee to preach.

70.

Thy glory's infinite,  
 thy glory bright,  
 Oh Fountain of delight !  
 Oh Ocean infinite ;  
 Oh infinite Light, might, love infinite !

71.

To Thee oh Trinity  
in unity,  
Eternal happiness,  
Eternal endless Bless!  
That art without all change eternally.

72.

We sing and shout alway  
Hallelu-jah,  
Praise thee we will always  
Throughout our endless day,  
And sing with heighth of joy: Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Such things, but far more pure and excellent,  
Then any humane tongue or pen can vent;  
Or any heart of man, while here alive,  
Can by all he may hear or read contrive;  
Conceive or think of; shall those gloriously  
Blest persons utter, when they shall their high  
And everlasting Kingdome have and hold.  
For their great joys and glories can't be told,  
They're far above what mortal man can speak.  
Thine heart to apprehend them is too weak:  
For never any since the World began,  
Hath ever heard, no nor Angel nor man:  
Hath by the eare perceiv'd, or by their eye  
Have seen the greatness of the dignity,  
Or brightness of the glory foreprepar'd,  
For those who unto God give due regard:  
Who love him and, for his appearance wait,  
None but God see's and knows their happy state.

## Canto VI.

*The Worlds Vanity.*

Seek ye first the Kingdome of God and his  
righteousness, &c. *Matth. 6. 33;*

*In the sixth Canto Christ presents,  
In brief the former two's contents;  
The Damned woes, Saints merriments,  
Perswades the Soul to chuse the best.  
The Man consults with his own brest;  
Counsels the Soul the way to rest.  
Christ's Servant doth the same perswade,  
The Soul inclines, but is afraid;  
To its Objection answer's made.  
By Christ and by his Minister,  
Christ doth himself and Name declare:  
Gives Counsels which the safest are.  
Renews his saies with earnestness,  
With arguments the Soul doth press;  
Him more to value, the World less.  
And by some instances 'tis plain,  
That their doings and ends are vain;  
Who judge this World to be the Main.*

*Chr.* **S**EE I have set before Thee good and ill,  
I say not, chuse whither of them thou will;  
But chuse the Life and good that thou mayst be  
Happy for ever, and destruction flee.  
Think on these things, the doleful state of those;  
Who do rebel against me, and c

ose

My truth, and my most equal government  
How dreadfull then will be their punishment.  
Think, if thou canst be able to endure  
So woful torments as sinners procure,  
By sin unto themselves; think how great bleſs,  
If me thou cloſeſt with thou ſhalt poſſeſs.  
Accept my profer'd kindneſs, me embrace;  
Submit unto my Doctrine, ſo my grace  
And favour thou ſhalt have, and never know  
The woful plight of them that ly below.  
Oh be perſwaded now to let go all,  
That doth pollute Thee, and obey my call.  
Follow my counſels, let me have thy heart;  
Thou ſhalt have mine, and il'le re're from thee part.  
Be thy friend for ever, thou ſhalt have  
More happineſs, than thou canſt think or crave.

*Man.* Haſt thou not heard, my Soul, what thy great Lord  
Propoſeth to thee in his holy word?  
Such things thou there haſt heard, wilt thou not then,  
Unto his wholeſome Counſels ſay Amen?  
Conſider with thy ſelf how bad thy ſtate  
In *Adam* was, how thou deſervedſt hate:  
What ſinfulneſs unto thee yet doth cleave;  
How good the Lord hath been who did not leave  
Thee in thy fallen ſtate, but ſuch an one  
Hath ſent forth for man, even his only Son.  
What he hath done for thee, how he thee woes  
Unto himſelf that thou with him wouldſt cloſe.  
How in his word and what it doth contain,  
He answers the Objectors cavils vain.  
That unto Atheiſm would thee ſain move;  
Shew's what will be hereafter: doſt approve  
His profer'd love? Wilt thou of him accept?  
Part with thy Idols: or ſhall they be kept?  
Without all doubt its beſt to let all goe,  
To cloſe with Chriſt who doth thee love and woo.

Conſider

Consider with thy self, if thou him slight,  
 All besides him to help thee have no might :  
 For they'r poor sorry vanities ; can't give  
 Thee solid comfort ; or cause thee to live  
 For ever : or with full content while here ,  
 They cannot satisfie thy soul, nor chear  
 Thy drooping Spirits, when Death shall draw nigh,  
 And summons thee to yield thy breath and dy.  
 Alas how short, and how uncertain be  
 The lives of men as we may daily see.

How many dy while yet their bones are moist,  
 With marrow ? Even while they have much joyc<sup>t</sup>  
 In their firm strength ! while milk was in their brest  
 How suddainly hath pale death them opprest ?

*Mini.* If thou an Atheist wer't and couldst not tell  
 Whether in truth there be an Heaven or Hell,  
 Yet were it not far better so to think,  
 And seek for Heaven, than only eat and drink :  
 Injoy this world a while, and then down ly  
 In a forgotten dark obscurity ?  
 For if there be such things as thou hast heard,  
 If Heaven be never sought for, Hell ne're fear'd,  
 Gods way and word despis'd, his truth neglected,  
 And all his profer'd love and grace rejected.  
 Thy case must needs be sad, for it doth tend  
 Unto those miseries that never end.  
 And that there may be such things, reason can't  
 Any good warrant fancy not to grant,  
 Seeing the being of the world and all  
 Therein, with many things that do befall  
 Evince a Deity, and what so great,  
 But may be well conceiv'd, as well as that  
 This so great world a being given it had ?  
 He that sees and believes this, sure is mad  
 To think impossible what e're beside,  
 Is as from him that made it testify'd.

Whereas

Whereas if no such things should be (which yet,  
Who can suppose except that he can get  
All principles of Reason blotted out,  
And wholly all those things which round about  
He sees so great, denie to be ) yet then  
What shall he loose who them believeth, when  
He comes to dy ! 'tis but uncertain joys,  
Which when Death comes, men look upon as toys,  
Some poor and fancied injoyments, which  
Do either ly without men, and the pitch  
Of inward worth doth nought advance ; nor give  
Increase of quietness while men do live.  
Yea oft increase disquiets, fears and troubles.  
Or if they something add within, 'tis bubbles;  
Which swell a litle and a while appear :  
And then if looked for, they are not there.  
When as also they that perswaded be,  
To chuse Gods ways, and trust in him we see  
To live as well oft-times in outward state,  
As they that mind this world, and Gods ways hate.  
And commonly express more inward peace,  
When they afflicted be, and when they cease  
Here to abide in life, with joys far more  
Depart, than they who have themselves up-bore  
By worldly riches, honours, injoyments  
Of pleasures, or of any Earth contents.

*Man.* Sure, 'tis the best, my soul, with him to close  
Who with such love, and promises thee woos.  
Seeing such blest he gives as none besides,  
Can give even blest that evermore abides.

*Soul.* I do his promises like well, and what  
He saith unto me, they are very great.  
Is my desire him to imbrace and take,  
No better choise or bargain can I make.  
But here's a world so hard that if I do  
Him chuse, and after his advices go ;

How

How shall I live? for I have heard that He,  
 Hath told his followers that they shall be  
 Hated of all men, and shall troubles find.  
 The world will persecute, oppress and grinde  
 Them all to pieces. How then shall I live?  
 Or what can comfort in such cases give?  
 Besides I many things for this Life want,  
 A Wife or Husband, Riches, Honour, than  
 I first look after these, and have a care  
 I don't deprive my self of things that are  
 Most needful for me here? I hope I may  
 First seek these things for my support and stay,  
 And afterwards seek after God and find him:  
 But till I have those things I cannot mind him.

*Mar.* But mind thy Soul, what He who doth thee love  
 And suits thee best here to, it doth behove  
 Thee well to weigh whether against these things  
 He any Antidote sufficient brings.  
 Lord cause my Soul to understand and know  
 What to such fears and cares thou dost us show.

*Chr.* Dear Soul, consider me, lift up thine eye  
 From whats about thee there, and see what I  
 Am, and have done for thee, and then mind well,  
 What to assure thee of welfare I tell.

I am the WONDERTFUL and wondrous thing  
 I have effected whereof the World sings.  
 Such as none else besides me is, and I am  
 Both God and Man Hypostatically  
 Or in one person. The *Immortal*  
 God so in me, as in none else doth dwell.  
 Such things I've done and do as none else did,  
 My worth and name, though much less at d, is hid  
 So that it cannot all seen or known be,  
 None but my Father fully knoweth me.

I am the Counsellor, wise me is skill,  
 And Wisdom how to manage what I will.



I know what things have been, what are and shall  
Hereafter unto any man befall.  
I know thy mold and temper, what thou art  
And what thou want'st, whither what, sweet, or cast  
Be better for thee, what is in thy mind :  
And wherein thou felicity mayst find.  
What or who are against thee, who befriend thee,  
What may indanger thee, and what may mend thee:  
How Harm thou may'st incur ; and how avoid it,  
What this or that would be if thou enjoy'd it.  
There's nothing hid from me ! I, I can tell  
How to dispose of Thee, and thy things well.  
And I'm so good and faithful that nothing  
I will advise Thee but what good may bring.

I am the **MIGHTY GOD**, all power I have  
To order and dispose, to kill or save.  
None greater is than I, because in me  
All fulness of the Godhead dwells, and he  
With all his power and glory doth me fill  
So that I can do what soe'er I will.  
My Fathers will is mine, and mine is his,  
But one will only in us both there is.  
And I can execute it all with ease,  
Because I can do whatsoe'er I please  
All power in Heaven and upon earth is mine,  
I can make all things together combine  
To bring about my purpose. Angels, men,  
Yea and infernal spirits I can, when  
And as I please, make use of and employ,  
To bring about thy sorrow or thy joy.

For I'm th' **ALL-MIGHTY GOD**, and I can do  
Whatever I do purpose, there is no  
Thing to be done, or word that I do say  
But I can do it too : and in what way  
I please ; whither with many or with few,  
With means or without means. I can renew,

The heart though it be faint; for ten and twenty years  
 And I can raise thy body up again;  
 When dead and turn'd to dust and rottenness;  
 I can do all things; my power is boundless.

And I'm the **LORD** of Hosts; all things below  
 Be put, and do their best obedience to me.

All that my Father hath is mine; and I  
 Invested am with full authority  
 Over all things; the earth is mine and all  
 That is therein; and I can for them call;  
 And use them and employ them as I will;  
 Even the whole World; what Heav'n, Earth and Seas fill.

And I the Everlasting Father am;  
 Though as a Child into the World I came;  
 Born of a Woman; given a Son to be  
 To mankind's comfort unto them and Thee.

That I might bring; yet from Eternity  
 I was brought forth, and liv'd in great Glory.

Yea on me now the Government is made  
 A Child and Son for man, is wholly laid.

And both for ancientness, wisdom and care  
 To see and to provide for thy welfare;

I may a Father from of old be fill'd,  
 And Thou on me depend mayst as a Child.

For I'm the Faithful God, who never fails my friend;  
 Who never fails my friend; nor tell a lie.

But speak in righteousness; and am upright;  
 And Truth, and Uprightness are my delight.

Falseness and lies I perfectly do hate,  
 Deceit and wickedness abominate.

There's nothing wretched or perverse from Me;  
 No guile defiles my heart; no flattery.

Proceedeth from my lips; what ere I say,  
 For just and true all men believe on me.

I'm full of goodness and of mercy too;  
 I'm Love it self, and all in Love I do.

To those that listen to me all my ways,  
Are Truth and Mercy, every one doth praise  
Me, and my works, and doings who me know  
And all my Saints my worthiness do show.

For I'm the **PRINCE** of **PEACE** too, by my blood  
I took away what against mankind stood  
To keep him out from God, sin, law and death;  
And I create Peace by my holy Breath.  
What ever is mans trouble or his fear  
If he'll obey me, I his heart will cheer.  
I will dispel his dumps, leprosy, mistakes  
And what annoys; my powerful word it makes  
Peace and gives quiet. I the floods control  
And I wish goodness satisfy the Soul.

My works declare my Name, they clearly shew  
My wisdom, Greatness, Goodness; that I'm true  
And kind, and loving. See what I for Thee  
And all have done. Let my works speak for me.

I for mans sake, and for thy sake came down  
From Heaven, laid by my Royal Robes and Crown  
Was made a man; yea poor and full of griefs  
Sustain'd your curse and death, that ye might  
To thee and mankind I thereby might bring,  
Oh many griefs and agonies did I bring  
And pierce my Spouse's soul, I call'd it through  
Many temptations: with both smooth and rough  
To Grave, and Hell; that I might obtain  
Freedom there, from for you. I rose again  
And up to Heaven ascended, there to be  
With and from God a **SACRIFICE** unto Thee  
There I appear for thee, an **HIGH-PRIEST** for greater  
To intercede for mercy and retreat  
Gods favour towards thee, thy sins to cover  
And to obtain that God may pass them over  
A **Merciful High-Priest** who mercy can  
Shew forth and exercise to sinful man.

Tender his weakness, and compassion,  
 Those that are in poor afflicted state,  
 Yea I did therefore suffer, and did prove  
 Many temptations as it did behoove  
 That so the tempted and the miserable  
 To succour and relieve I might be able  
 All which of my mere mercy did provide  
 For of mankind I had a full need  
 By which means seeing the conquest for  
 O're death and hell, and overthrow it  
 Of the old Serpent subtle and crafty  
 Let those my doings of me testify  
 They show my love, my power, and wisdom too;  
 And they my faithfulness and truth declare  
 Would I have failed in any thing I say  
 Sure it would there have been wherein there lay  
 So many difficulties in my way  
 Behold me then, dear Soul, and duly mind  
 What I am and have done, and what I find  
 Encouragement enough against those things  
 Which do occasion those my wayward things  
 Why dost thou fear or care for things below;  
 Seeing thy wants and dangers all I know  
 And I can any thing on thee bestow  
 What if men should thee hate and defy  
 And band themselves against thee with enmity  
 Secure thee from all harm that may befall  
 To thee or thine from any of mortal kind  
 Are they not in my hand, their very being  
 I can dispose and order all their being  
 And power, and time, and death are in my hand  
 And I can that of them may them command  
 And if thou mistrust my love, thou shalt be sure  
 That in obeying me thou shalt be sure  
 From what may harm thee, although, because I  
 All-wise am, I shall thy security

And safety in such manner prosecute  
 As may best with thy after welfare suit  
 In which, because thou art childish, or blind,  
 Or foolish, and canst not in thy weak mind  
 Discern or comprehend my ways, I see  
 The method of my walkings, to which thou  
 Nor canst well judge what may be for the best  
 And that the farther because in thy heart  
 Lust bears so great a sway, I much suspect  
 After those things that tend unto thy death  
 Shrinking away from that wherein thou mayst  
 Find more felicity, if when thou say  
 Thy self upon me, and on me self  
 Plucking quite out and casting by that eye  
 (Though thy right eye, which seeing things aright,  
 Moves thee to stumble at my ways, or this  
 Or that thing which I order, and suggest  
 That I do nothing for the best effect,  
 Thou shalt do wisely. And thou mayst be sure  
 With thee and thine affections, I am full  
 And righteous, and since I love thee too  
 And being wise do thy good, and know  
 And how to order things to thy best good,  
 As may in what is said, be understood.

If thy ways please me, I think I can  
 Can and will make thee my friend, thy eyes  
 Shall towards thee be good, and free for torments  
 For their affections to in my hands are  
 If great men hate thee, I can safely hide  
 Thee from their malice, I can curb their pride  
 Or break their power, or take away their breath  
 Or thee from them (as by such ways I David  
 Make mine befriended) or else I can drive  
 Their enterprises (as when Saul began  
 Poor David, and the Philistines, did find  
 To find Saul otherwise, and to be slain)

My

My persecuted Servant, or I can  
(And often iner I doe) the wrath of of man  
Turn to my praise, and that that soon remain  
Beyond what may me praise, I can restrain.

See how the Sparrow though of value small  
Among the Birds of prey do live: none fall,  
No not one of them, to the ground, but by  
My Fathers pleasure though they often fly  
In midst of dangers. If my Father hath  
Such care of Sparrows where is then my faith  
To trust me with thy safety, and him who  
Doth value and esteem of mankind so:  
As all the Birds and Beasts too never were  
As what I suffer for you makes appear?

Trust me then with thy safety, verily,  
Except I see it good thou shalt not dy:  
Or suffer by the hands of men, I will  
Be shield and Buckler to thee, and thee still  
Will hide and shelter: so that though men first  
And do themselves all against thee set,  
They shall not harm thee. But if I see  
That it will for thy good be that thou  
Deliver up into their hands to suffer  
Imprison, banish, take away thy right,  
Or kill thy body, do thou them, not fear,  
For all their malice shall be ended there:  
For more they cannot do then kill the flesh:  
And when that's done I'll raise it up again,  
And seeing I so love thee, thou mayst know  
For certain, that if me thou dost follow,  
I will not let them kill thee, except  
Do see I may advantage thee thereby.  
For such my pow I be, that even Death and Hell  
And all their torments I can easily quell:  
Make them serve thy desire, those to advance  
To glory who are my Inhergers.

Feare nothing therefore of what may befall thee  
 But yeild thy self and go where ere I call thee,  
 And do my service cheerfully with Thee  
 I, thy Saviour evermore will be  
 I that Almighty am and can defend thee  
 I that do love thee well will succor lend thee  
 Thou shalt not be alone, I will not leave thee  
 I will go with thee and will not deceive thee  
 I'll strengthen thee to bear what shall befall thee  
 I'll thee support and cheer where ere I call thee  
 In all afflictions my love shall beget  
 Then wine thou shalt not of, I that am greater  
 Then all against thee will in my arms bear thee  
 And mitigate the sorle of what may deare thee  
 I gave my self for thee, and grief sustained  
 A bitter death I bare in love unfeigned  
 For thee and for thy sake, fear not to give  
 Thy life and body to me, as I live  
 I'll take the care of them, I will thee cherish  
 And no hair of thy head shall from thee perish  
 In life and death I will be faithful to thee  
 And notwithstanding Death nor I'll do thee  
 I'll make thy sufferings bearable and sweet  
 And with my good spirit thou shalt surely meet  
 If I into deep waters do thee lead  
 I will go with thee and bear up thy head  
 So as they shall not overflow, or drown thee  
 No though they should on ev'ry side surround thee  
 Into the fire if I do lead thee, yet  
 No damage thou from its fierce flames shalt get  
 For I'll safe keep thee bear thee in my armes  
 And I'll secure thy soul from all ill harms  
 Fear none of these things then that unto thee  
 By Sathan or his Servants done may be  
 Though into prison they ten days thee cast  
 And there with chains of Iron make thee fast



I will be with thee there, and bring thee out;  
 Be confident of me, my love don't doubt.  
 Be faithful unto me, and I will give  
 A Crown of life to thee: and thou shalt live.

And as for other things why shouldst thou care,  
 Seeing my Father for thee did not spare  
 To give me up to Death, and gives me too  
 To be thy Head and portion? How canst thou  
 Suspect or fear that any thing He will  
 Withhold from thee that's good? No: He will fill  
 Thy cup, with what's most good for thee to drink;  
 If thou away from my words dost not shrink.  
 All things are mine; and what I have shall be  
 Thine: and I'll give of them what's good for thee.  
 The Earth with all it's fulness mine is: and  
 Subject they be to my will and command:  
 And all that's mine, is theirs who are in me,  
 And I will thereon to their welfare see.

Why takest thou care for meat or drink? Behold  
 The Birds of Heaven though more than may be told  
 They neither plow, nor sow, nor reap, nor yet  
 Laid up in Storehouses provisions; yet  
 My Father doth for each of them provide,  
 So that in harden winters they abide.  
 And canst thou fear that he will thee neglect,  
 Since unto man he hath showed such respect,  
 As far surpasses all the care he hath  
 Of Birds and Beasts? Oh thou of little faith!

And why for raiment art thou thought, or fearing?  
 God will not give thee clothes he for thy wearing.  
 Behold the Lillies of the Field are;  
 How bravely they be colour'd, how they shine;  
 Though they do neither toil, nor spin, nor do  
 Any thing which their clothing tends unto;  
 Yet they so gallantly arrayed are,  
 That Solomon himself they could not see



In bravery: though he for Ornament  
 And Royal garments was most eminent:  
 As having Gold and Silver, precious stones,  
 And whatsoever they that sit on Thrones  
 Do highly prize and gorgeously array  
 Themselves with, their height and worth to display:  
 And canst thou be so faithlesse as to fear,  
 That God will not reward thee clothes to wear?  
 If thou dost yield thy self to serve him, and  
 Bee'st ready to obey my just command:  
 Seeing those fairest flowers be rougher handled,  
 Whose form and beauty soon away doth pass;  
 And though to day they flourish, yet to morrow  
 They're burnt i'th Ovens, or wither in their furrow:  
 Whereas He These, and Mankind, so doth prize,  
 As cannot be declar'd in any wise.

Take thou no thought therefore for these things:  
 For them and all things thy trust in the put,  
 And first Gods Kingdom and his righteousness  
 Seek after, and be sure he will then bless  
 And all things for this life, as them for thee  
 He seeth meet administr'd shall be.  
 Its not thy way first to seek other things,  
 And afterwards me, that confusion brings:  
 And many mischiefs to those who so doe,  
 And much provokes me and my Father too  
 To just displeasure: because foolishly  
 They undervalue things that are so high.  
 Yea, and what can be more pernicious,  
 Then that men do themselves disorder thus:  
 Shall not the better things be prized most,  
 And greatest care be had they be not lost?  
 What shall I see more and more painted cloth,  
 Which is grown old and even with the moth,  
 Be so esteemed, as the choicest cambr,  
 When the house is on fire, shall be to spare?

It from the burning, while in the morning  
 For want of care upon the house to climb  
 And quench the fire that's breaking out in all  
 The stately building likely is to fall  
 And be consum'd? especially when too,  
 In case the house be safe, the fire can do  
 No hurt unto the painted cloth within  
 Or were it lost, one might much sooner find  
 Or buy a better cloth at much less cost  
 Then to rebuild the house if the first  
 Is not my love and favour better far  
 Then all the best enjoyments on earth are  
 I happy make the food that doth me feed  
 I fill their measures, satisfy their mind  
 Who me embrace. I give them length of days  
 Eternal life, peace in all my ways  
 Riches and honours, pleasures sweet and true,  
 And lasting they shall have whom I treasure  
 All things thou canst desire are far below  
 Me and what I on my lovers bestow  
 Fulness of joy they shall enjoy who come  
 To be inheritors of my Kingdome  
 Rivers of pleasures shall them satisfy  
 At my Fathers right hand eternally  
 Whereas wives, honours, pleasures, friends, riches  
 And what the world can give, men may possess  
 And yet be miserable, they may live  
 Soon, and go down to hell wretchedly  
 Live if they live, so as small joy they shall  
 Have, much less what mind satisfy, from all  
 Those their enjoyments far of times some more  
 Or worm breeds in those earthly things which do  
 Eat out the pleasure, or fill with such grief  
 As there against no earthly thing relief  
 Can give, and at the best in Death they fall  
 And in the dread full judgment shall

Beside

Beside, we cannot take it well, to see  
 Our love so slighted. He is not of me  
 Worthy, who will not all things else forsake  
 For love of me: Seeing that I to make  
 Him safe and happy, all forsook that I  
 Enjoyed with my Father in glory.  
 And I alone the man that doth me take,  
 Do so enrich, that I him happy make.  
 Nothing with me may be compar'd. Beside  
 This very often hath been prov'd when try'd,  
 That while men other things use to prefer  
 Before me and my grace, and so defer  
 Till those things they have got, to seek for me  
 With those things they prefer, their hearts to be  
 Belov'd, and mislead; that afterwards  
 They ne'er find in their hearts to have regard  
 Unto my words to seek me seriously,  
 But vainly spend their days until they dy.

And tis a just reward from God, that they  
 Who me so slight, as that they won't obey  
 My counsels, but do harden their own heart;  
 Should hardned be so as ne're to convert  
 But fall into destruction, though so full  
 Of mercy is my Father, as to pull  
 Sometimes such men too out of those their snares  
 And dangers which their foolish lusts and cares,  
 Run them into, because no pleasure He  
 Doth take that wicked men destroyed should be  
 But its a dangerous presumption  
 To slight his grace when offered, upon  
 A thought uncertain that they after may  
 And will do better on some after day.  
 How often is it found that God justly  
 Doth give such over to believe a ly,  
 And always to presume that afterwards  
 To morrow and to morrow they'll regard,

And

And turn to him ; but never thinke find  
 In which they seriously do let their mind  
 To seek him till Death suddenly them take  
 From hence , and then in hell their beds they make.  
 This. It is the nature too of lust in men  
 As often times it hath been prov'd , that when  
 It gets its head into mens hearts , its tail  
 It draws in after , and doth so prevail  
 That when in one thing its lust is  
 Other new lusts forth : and as were by strings  
 Draws on a whole throng one after another  
 Till all desires of good they wholly smother  
 Choking the seed was sown , that never it  
 Takes root or perfect fruit doth ever bear  
 He that now wants a wife and must her have  
 Before he can attend on God and crave  
 And seek his Kingdome and his righteousness  
 Thinking could He that one desire possess  
 He nothing else should want : but he at leisure  
 To seek the Lord , and in his way take pleasure  
 But when on such accounts He God neglects  
 And more the getting of a wife respects  
 If (as sometimes it doth fall out) his wife  
 Be not first gone before He gets his wife  
 But he obtains his wish : yet many things  
 He then wants not fore-see , with her the bring  
 A many other wants or long desires  
 Now she his company and heart requires  
 Now he her will must satisfy : his pleasure  
 With her must take , so that he hath no leisure  
 Now left to seek the Lord : on her to wait  
 And her to love : sit and chat or pray  
 With her he must , or else go walk or ride  
 Go build her a fair house , maintain her pride  
 This thing to do : or that thing , to mend  
 In Gardning , Planting , building his time spend

The Divine Womans

Take care he may maintain her in good fashion;  
Take heed he put her not into a passion;  
By taking of such counsels God to find,  
As cross her principles, disturb her mind.  
He must think how to live; his Family  
Provide for: Children get and multiply  
So bring them up and get such means for them  
As credit they may have, none their content.  
So that he who would not attend before  
To seek and walk with God, hath now much more  
To keep him back: and thinks he may excuse  
Himself when bidden, and the feast refuse,  
Whereto God calls him. He may stay at home,  
Send word, I have a wife, I cannot come.  
As if he badly might obey the call,  
Before: but now he cannot come at all.  
So 'tis with women too; if they cannot  
Mind to seek God till they have husbands got;  
Conceiting then they shall be better fit,  
The knowledge of the Lord to seek and get.  
They do deceive themselves, for when they have  
An husband, then his consent they must crave;  
They must seek him to please, and not offend;  
This for him they must make, and that thing mend.  
Do nothing that may not suit with his mind,  
For fear they make him unto them unkind.  
Unless (as 'tis some times the Womans guise)  
Thinking themselves for their Husbands too wise.  
They scorn to be rul'd by them. Strive to get  
The Master-ship as for them far more fit.  
They must conceive in sorrows, and bring forth  
With pain and anguish, such as oft woe worth  
Those pleasures brought those pains they haply cry  
Yea, many things they need to make or buy  
Before the Birth-time, have many new bonds,  
Bulie themselves to make their Children Clout,

Trim

Trim up their houses, after nurse their young,  
 Gossip sometimes their neighbours too among,  
 Oft times conceive again; bring forth another,  
 Before the former children can call Mother.  
 That now less time they have to hear and mind  
 The Word of God, and seek his grace to find,  
 Then formerly, and such things doubtless made  
 Th'Apostle to advise such as were stayd  
 And could contain themselves, rather abide  
 In single life than change their state and bride.

So likewise when a man must riches get,  
 Before he can in serious manner set  
 His heart to seek the Lord; he either never  
 Attains to riches, though he them endeavour,  
 (At least to what he riches thinks and calls)  
 Or if he doth, yet usually he falls  
 Into so many snares, and foolish lusts,  
 By them, while secretly in them he trusts,  
 And makes them as his Gods, and takes delight  
 To have them often in his thoughts or sight;  
 Or is so fil'd with cares how them to keep,  
 Or fears of losing them that oft his sleep  
 He thereby breaks; and fills his Head and heart,  
 With many cumbering thoughts and painful smart  
 He must when rich now all things else provide  
 Suitable to his state. He now must ride  
 On a well matted Sreed, must at his hand  
 Have one or two to be at his command.  
 He must enlarge his house, or it new build,  
 And garnish all things both in house and field  
 Must be in form and figure. He must get  
 Acquaintance with such persons as be fit  
 For his new better company; and them  
 He then must honour, lest they him contemn.  
 He must now keep such correspondency  
 With greater persons, as he may thereby

Some

Some reputation in the world obtain,  
 He must take heed of goodly strains,  
 Least he thereby his riches should neglect,  
 Or purchase with the World some disrepute.  
 Yea riches fills his head, his heart, his hands,  
 With so much exercise as it stands,  
 Not with a leisure giving up his mind  
 To seek to know the Lord and him to find,  
 Or in the knowledge of him rightly walk,  
 For his estate to save he oft must balk,  
 Such uprightness as grace would lead him to,  
 And make such shifts as bring his overthrow.  
 His house, his land, or living now doth bind,  
 Him so unto the earth his heart so wind,  
 Into the love of them, that every one  
 He is away from God for ever gone.  
 So that while men do think to mend the matter,  
 And make their cases better, they but flatter  
 Themselves with vain pretences, and will find  
 That they have much mistaken in their mind.  
 And what they thought, were they but pleased there,  
 Would further them, doth now a let appear.  
 Chr. There was a certain rich man, who had  
 The fruits wherof, when grown, did so abound,  
 That he far more then for the present year  
 Provided was: yet did not his heart there  
 Find such content as that with thankfulnes  
 To God because his Grounds he did forbleis  
 Receiving what was sent: and laying by  
 What thereof might be fit for his supply,  
 He what beyond his room for it was, gave,  
 With cheerfulness divided to the poor,  
 And gave himself on Gods word to attend,  
 And so receive it as his life to spend.  
 And yield himself to serve the Lord: not sought  
 How he unto his Kingdom might be brought.

But



But on the contrary, finding that he  
 Should want some room wherein his fruits might be  
 All stored up; perplexed was in mind,  
 How room sufficient for them all to find,  
 And after many thoughts thereof at last,  
 Thus for his satisfaction he forecast.  
 I'll pull my Barns down, thinks he; and I'll build,  
 Far bigger up: where what my lands do yield  
 I'll treasure up in safety, and though 'twill  
 Take up some time this purpose to fulfill,  
 And put me to some cost and trouble; yet  
 When that is over, I this fruit shall get.  
 I'll then compose my self to rest and ease,  
 Eat, drink, be merry; and so I will please,  
 My soul for all its troubles. I will say,  
 Soul thou hast goods laid up for many a day;  
 Nay heres enough to serve thee many a year,  
 Thou mayst all further care and toile forbear;  
 No fear of want: but in the mean time, lo  
 A voice from God came this rich man unto,  
 Which thus bespeaks him. Ah thou silly fool,  
 Thou shalt not live another day, thy soul  
 (For which thou only hast provided here,  
 Upon the earth, and nought in heaven where  
 Wise men for it provide) this night shall be  
 By my grim messengers requir'd of thee.  
 And then who shall all those thy fruits possess,  
 With thoughts whereof thou dost thy soul so bless.  
 And with the cares whereof thou now thy soul,  
 So exercisest like a silly fool.  
 And such a fool is every one who makes,  
 Much of the creature and the Lord forsakes.  
 For what advantage can it be unto,  
 The soul when it its body shall forego,  
 That it had Wife or Husband, House, or Land,  
 Riches, Honours, or pleasures at command,



Yea Crowns and Scepters while the body is  
 Inlive'ned ! Oh what profit will it get  
 From any or from all those things when in  
 The depths of Hell oppressed with in sin  
 It shall have its abode ? can they relieve  
 Its misery, when it shall mourn and grieve  
 And wail its folly ? No alas ! too gross  
 For it a Spirit they are ; its sad great loss  
 Of me and of my favour cannot be  
 Made up by any thing it here could see  
 For then no drop of comfort can it have  
 How ever earnestly it may it crave.  
 This that thou may'st the better see, mind well  
 Another true story that I shall tell.

There was a certain rich and wealthy man  
 Who far'd deliciously each day that ran  
 Over his head : was clothed with the best  
 And finest silks and linnens ; wherewith dress'd  
 He glitter'd bravely, and all things he had,  
 Which this world could afford to make him glad.  
 There also was a poor and piteous man  
 Cal'd *Lazarus*, a Cripple, lean and wan  
 And full of sores, who used to resort  
 To th' rich mans door, and beg for some comfort,  
 His hunger-starv'd body to relieve :  
 But the hard hearted Churl would little give  
 His dogs more kind than he, would not give  
 His sores lick gently. Death at length hence caught  
 Poor *Lazarus*, whom Angels did attend  
 To guard his soul from every evil Fiend  
 And carryed him to Heaven, where he did rest,  
 With great content in Father *Abraham*'s breast  
 Soon after 't came to th' rich mans turn to die  
 And leave the world, for no pity  
 And fulness of this world could always keep  
 Him here alive ; but the black dismal sleep

Of Death surpris'd him: when a quiet end  
 He seem'd to have, circled with many a friend,  
 Attending on him till his life did fail,  
 When they did seem his death much to bewail.  
 Although his heirs were glad enough at heart,  
 That they might share to each of them a part  
 Of those vast heaps which he had laid in store  
 For after times, and withheld from the poor:  
 From all which now they beare him to the grave,  
 Where rich and poor like intertainment have.  
 Save that they on his Funeral bestow'd  
 More cost and worship: and his greatness show'd  
 On a more stately Tomb or Monument,  
 Whereon they ingrav'd his name, to the intent  
 It might not be forgot, but before then,  
 His wretched Soul was hurri'd, to the Den  
 Of damned Spirits: even to the pit of Hell,  
 Where what his torments were what tongue can tell?  
 This wretched man stript of his pomp and state,  
 And all his riches which he had of late.  
 Lay then in flames of fire, tormented sore }  
 Because he had abus'd his wealth before }  
 Spent it on's lusts, relieved not the poor.  
 Had slighted God, his truth and grace contemn'd:  
 Therefore to torments he was there condemn'd.  
 Where not one drop of water could he get,  
 Whereby he might allay the burning heat  
 Wherein his wretched tongue, that us'd to boast  
 Great things, blaspheme God, curse the poor, did roast  
 And fry in flames, which caused him to cry  
 And howl, and roar, and yell most hideously.  
 When lifting up his woful eyes aloft,  
 He spyed that poor *Lazarus* (whom oft,  
 He had disdain'd to behold before  
 When he lay lame, and begging at his doore)  
 In *Abrahams* bosome full of peace and joy,

Disturb'd with nothing, that might him annoy,  
Then calling out to *Abraham* he did cry :  
Oh Father *Abraham* hither turn thine eye  
For I was of thine off-spring ; and from thee  
And thy blest stock deriv'd my pedigree.  
Father shew forth thy pitty now, behold !  
I ly in torments here that can't be told.  
My Soul is on a flame with scorching wrath,  
Nothing in it now ease or quiet hath.  
That tongue wherewith it secretly did speak,  
More wickedness than ever forth did break  
From out my bodies lips , see how it fries ,  
And flames , tormented in these miseries.  
Dear Father *Abraham* even for the sake  
Of those thy bowels whence I issu'd, take  
Some pitty on thy child, and *Lazarus*  
Send from thee, to help me, tormented thus.  
Oh let him but one drop of water fetch ,  
One drop of comfort me to ease poor wretch!  
Oh might he but the very end and tip ,  
Of one poor finger in cold water dip ,  
And to the tip of my scorcht tongue apply ,  
Which flames of fiery wrath do wondrously  
Afflict with sharpest pains ; 'twould mitigate;  
Somewhat these wofull torments, 'twould abate  
My heat a little. Oh dear Father send,  
That Beggar hither me now to befriend.

To whom that good old Patriarck reply'd ,  
Ah Son (for that thou wast so 'ts not deny'd)  
Remember how thou didst thy self abuse ,  
In thy life time ; and Gods good gifts misuse.  
When this poor man lay begging at thy doors ,  
Unpitty'd by thee, hungry , full of sores.  
Thou hadst enough wherewith to have reliev'd  
His penurie then , yea therefore thou receiv'd  
Gods gifts of bounty, but thou left him ly

Neglected then, thou scorn'd'st his poverty.  
 Now therefore he with me doth rest possess :  
 And thou hast torments now without redress.  
 Yea now a gulf is fixt twixt us and thee ,  
 So that though we each others state may see  
 We cannot change them ; so as that we may ,  
 Pass hence to you your torments to allay,  
 Nor can you come to us, us to molest ,  
 Or take part with us in our endless rest.  
 We joys have whereof you may not partake,  
 You endless burnings which we may not slake.  
 Your riches now have end, your pleasure's past,  
 Your torments and your miseries shall last.

Learn hence that ; 'tis not riches nor great State ,  
 Nor any fleshly priviledge will bate ,  
 Nor yet preserve from endless misery,  
 Those persons who in sin do live and dy :  
 Who me neglecting and my gifts abusing ,  
 And my now profer'd grace and love refusing,  
 Prefer their lusts and riches thereunto ,  
 And in vain worldly ways do chuse to go.  
 All their now present injoyments shall fail them :  
 And after death none of them shall avail them.

Be now advised by me, Dear Soul, therefore  
 If thou wouldst happy be for evermore.  
 Seek first Gods Kingdome and his righteousness.  
 So shalt thou have them and therein Gods bless.  
 Accept my profer'd love : imbrace my grace ;  
 When I say seek the Lord , seek thou my face.  
 Get wisdom ; get true knowledge in thy heart,  
 Receive my words , and let them not depart  
 Out of thy heart and mind , but let them ly,  
 Between thy tender breasts continually.  
 Then other things as they will lead thee, thou  
 May'st better look for and shalt find them too.

It is but reason that I do propound :

No better course can for thy good be found.  
For if thou seekest first the world, or what  
Of it thou likest; before thou hast got  
That which thou seekest thou may'st chance to dy  
And perish from my presence endlessly,  
As in the former parable even now,  
I did for admonition to thee show.  
But if thou hast me first thou happy art,  
When or however thou dost hence depart,  
Yea and I pow'r have every other thing  
As I see good for thee to pass to bring.  
If Husband, Wife, or friends or riches I  
Do see thee want, I can thy want supply.  
They'r all at my dispose, thy way lies fair,  
If thou'lt be rich be marryed to the heir.  
All things are theirs who have me theirs to be  
They heirs of all are by vertue of me.  
Men, , Angels, *Paul*, *Apoll*o. and *Ce*phas,  
World, life, Death, things that are, and what to pass  
Shall come hereafter though 'tis in my dispose  
And they may not take any thing of those  
But as I give it them, even as an heir  
To some great Lord though under Age and base  
As to his own possession, yet hath all  
In's Guardians dispose, and he may cill  
Or ask for what he wants, but he mu't have  
His Guardians grant for that which he doth crave,  
And may not take but what he will allow,  
Who being wise and's Father well doth know  
His Childes desires and needs, and confident,  
The Child may be of's Fathers good intent.  
In all he doth, and that he will supply  
Him with what's good in his necessity;  
And give what he doth ask: or else what he,  
As wiser than the Child, doth better see.  
So that the child may well himself submit

Unto his Fathers will, judging what's fit  
 For him; hee'll give him and nothing deny  
 (If pleas'd with him) that good is in his eye.  
 Such is the case between my Father and  
 Those that me loving obey my command.  
 Or as the Wife who from the Dunghill base,  
 Nought having of her own, if by the grace,  
 And special favour of some Prince thee's took  
 Into the bond of marriage, well may look  
 On his estate as hers especially  
 If he a joynture hath her made whereby  
 He hath her interest'd in it all  
 And may it thenceforth also hers well call  
 And thence expect to be maintained too  
 And have her wants supplied all; although  
 Her Lord do its dispose keep in his hand  
 And will have her depend on his command  
 For the receipt of all supplies, and not  
 Turn out his Tenants, take away their Lot  
 Or rights therein; and do her pleasure; but  
 Go to him for allowance, to him put  
 The ord'ring of her maintenance, even so  
 An interest thou shalt in mine have, though  
 I the dispose keep in my hand, and thou  
 Must come to me for what I will allow;  
 Resign thy will up unto mine, and pray  
 Thy will be done, Give me Lord day by day  
 What needful is, and theres no cause to fear  
 I will thy needs regard; thy pray'rs I'll heare  
 I'll give thee what is meet, do but thou me  
 Embrace and follow and then thou shalt see  
 I will be thy good Lord; a husband loving  
 That will deny thee nothing that's beoving.  
 May'st thou not trust me, seeing I did give  
 My very life for thee, that thou might'st live  
 And when thou wast of me most ignorant

And did'st not love me, I to thee did grant  
The knowledge of me, canst thou think that I  
Can any thing thats good for thee deny  
When thou to me art reconciled, and  
Espoused too? surely that cannot stand  
With my good honour. Nor think thou it will  
Be any hindrance to Thee to fulfill,  
My good advise and pleasure, it will be  
A very great advantage unto thee,

Like as if some poor woman would have all:  
Her wants supplied: should a rich man call  
Her to him and make tender to espouse her,  
Unto him for a wife, and with him house her;  
Could her accepting him an hindrance be,  
To the supplies of her necessitie?  
Nay were't not the best way them to obtain,  
Far better than with Vagabonds and vain  
Poor Raskals her self to associate  
Thinking by them to get a good estate?  
Even so thy seeking first my Kingdome and  
My righteousness, will excellently stand.  
With thy best having other wants supply'd  
For I am rich in grace, and on thy side  
I then shall stand, and give thee what is best  
For thy enjoyment, that thou mayst be blest.  
I wise am too, and better understand,  
Then thou thy self dost what in Sea or Land  
May be best for thee, and I power have too  
What ere I see best for thee that to do.  
Doth not that child do better who doth take  
His Father to be with him and to make  
Chose of a Hat or suit, then for to go  
Without his Father and his own will do?  
Especially if he be weak and childish,  
Or led away by vain men being wildish;  
Or have to do with cheats who will a prey,



Make of him and get from him what they may  
 But hath a Father loving, wise and willing  
 To chuse the best for him and for his shilling?  
 Such is thy case here, for I have more skill,  
 To know whats for thy good or bad, what will  
 The consequent of this or that thing prove,  
 And as I oft have said I do thee love.  
 Whereas thou led by blind affection, art  
 In danger to run upon thine own smart:  
 And this most wicked world is false and double,  
 And where it pleasure promiseth gives trouble.

*WISEDOME* with an Inheritance is good,  
 But an Inheritance not understood  
 Or without wisedome, proves the hurt and harm  
 Of him that hath it and of times doth charm  
 Him into snares and troubles which undo him,  
 While into divers noysom lusts they throw him.

Besides all things remain in my dispose,  
 Whither thou dost with me or dost not close.  
 Thy folly may thy self indammage, but  
 It hurts not me, nor possibly can put  
 Me out of my possession, theretefore I  
 Can and may justly, if thou me deny,  
 Give or deny thee what thou dost prefer,  
 Before me and my love in mine anger  
 To be a snare, and by what thou dost chuse  
 Can punish thee, because thou dost refuse  
 My guidance and my blessing, as I did  
 The *Israelites*, who oft times with me chid;  
 And would have meat their lusts to satisfy,  
 I gave it them, and punisht them thereby.  
 And when a King they would from me extort,  
 Against my mind after the *Heathen* sort:  
 A King unto them in my wrath I sent,  
 To be unto them for a punishment.

Alas! I can thee blast in thy injoyments;

And



And curse thee in thy ways and thy employments,  
 If thou neglecting me thine heart dost set,  
 Upon the things below how them to get,  
 I can give thee a wife may make thee poor,  
 A sickly, costly wife, an arrant whore.  
 If thou for beauty chuse preferring that  
 Before my grace, I can give one shall hate  
 Thee, and her self to others prostitute,  
 There's many a Crab that looks like pleasant fruit.  
 I can an husband give if one thoult have  
 Without me, that shall prove a very knave.  
 Riches with snares, vexations suits and trouble,  
 Or pleasures mixt with griefs and sorrows double.  
 I can give children, if thou must them have  
 That may, as *Rachels*, bring thee to thy grave.  
 And I can give those things in mercy too  
 And unto them that fear me, often do.  
 Or if I do those things deny unto them,  
 By those denials greater good I do them.  
 For it is in my power to blast or bless,  
 I can do what I will bee't more or less.

Yea if all things thou hast to thy desire,  
 And hast not mee, they'll fit thee more for fire?  
 Even for that endless misery which shall,  
 On all such as rebell against me fall.  
 And therefore its thy best to follow me,  
 Walking in my good paths, for so I thee  
 Will care for, and will guide in all thy ways,  
 To do the thing which shall tend to my praise  
 And to thy profit. I to thee will give  
 What shall be for thy good while thou dost live;  
 And fit thee for the world to come also  
 That into life eternal thou mayst go

Seek then my favour first, to Godliness  
 Addict thy self: for that the promises  
 Of both lives hath, both this and that to come;

So

So that thou may'st most certainly me from  
 Expect all good for both : Be thou upright  
 I'll be thy Sun and Shei.d. I'll give thee Light  
 And I'll defend thee too. I'll chear and warm thee  
 And keep thee in my ways from what might harm thee  
 Both grace and glory I will give, nothing  
 Shall be withholden from thee ; that may bring  
 Advantage to thee ; and conduce unto  
 Thy having that great b'less to which I woo.  
 Give up thy self to me, and so I will  
 Thy wishes and thy prayers all fulfil,  
 So far as is good for thee ; and nought shall  
 That may be prejudicial thee befall.  
 If with bad Wife or Husband I thee try,  
 Or Neighbors, losses, or with poverty,  
 I'll turn those waters of afflictions too  
 Into the Wine of comfort. I will do  
 All for thy good, thou shalt not need to fear  
 That I will harm thee, if thou wilt me hear.  
 Deny thy self and lusts, yield up to me,  
 And my salvation thou shalt surely see.  
 In stead of what thou lustest after I  
 Will give thee what is good assuredly.  
 Beter a little with my love then more  
 With my displeasure, hear thou me therefore,  
 In me put all thy trust and do whats good,  
 Thou then shalt surely have both house and food  
 Delight thy self in me. I'll satisfy  
 Thy soul with good ; and all thy needs supply.  
 Commit thy way to me, wholly depend  
 Upon me and I'll always thee defend  
 And bring thee to great glory in the end

## Canto VII.

### *Or the closing Canto.*

I will say of the Lord, he is my Rock, my Fortrels,  
my God, in him I will trust, Ps. 91. 2.

*The Soul approves what's said, yet adds  
Some other fears, and what yet sadds,  
But in his answers Christ it glads.  
The difficulties in the way,  
How easly it may go astray,  
How its corruptions do it sway;  
These be its fears. But Christ replies  
What helps against all those fears lies,  
In him and what his grace supplies:  
The Soul prevail'd with at the last  
Complies with Christ, on him doth cast  
It self, and praises him full fast.  
Prays for his further favour, He  
Accepts it and most willingly,  
Receives it his Consort to be:  
Yet tells it that he must it try;  
That so He may it purify,  
Before the full solemnity.  
The Soul submits, only doth pray  
His love and help in all his way:  
And then to hast the Marriage day.*

*Soul.* **L**ORD I have heard thy words; and they be good  
So far as yet I have them understood.

By

By which I also verily believe,  
 That they much better be than I conceive.  
 But there's another thought yet in my brest,  
 Which hath me oft times with sad fears oppress.  
 The things which thou requir'st and call'st me to  
 Are very difficult for me to do  
 The way is narrow, and I quickly may  
 Step out of it aside, and go astray.  
 Yea there so many false pretenders be,  
 Which take thy name and come in stead of thee;  
 And I so weak and foolish am, that I  
 May easily be cheated with a ly,  
 And take it for thy truth. I hear the gate  
 Which leadeth unto life is very straight.  
 I must deny my self: mine own right eye,  
 Where it offends pluck out and cast it by.  
 Cut off my right hand, or right foot when they  
 Prove an occasion that I go astray.  
 Yea thou so pure and holy art, thou dost  
 Require of me to part with every lust.  
 A God thou art of eyes so clear and pure,  
 That no iniquity thou canst indure.  
 But on the other side I am so bad,  
 That on my lusts and Idols oft I'm mad.  
 My lusts do stick so to me that they are  
 As dear or dearer then my life I care.  
 Not it to hazzard sometimes them to spare. }  
 I am so weak, I cannot go the way  
 Wherein such difficulties find I may.  
 Yea I am dead in sins, dead to all good  
 How can I serve thee then against a flood  
 Of violent assaults of sin and Devil,  
 And world on all hands tempting me to evil?  
 Thou say'st thou loving art, and just and wise,  
 Wilt thou require impossibilities?  
*Cbr.* Be not discourag'd Soul, though weak thou be

And

And sinful too ; there's help enough in me.  
Though straight the gate , though narrow be the way  
Fear not , for yet through me enter thou may.  
My power is seen in weakness , 'tis my praise  
Even sinful souls to save, the dead to raise.  
It is a true and faithful saying, and  
Worthy to be receiv'd on every hand  
That I into the world did therefore come,  
That I might sinners save ; the chief of whom  
I oft have saved too, my glory lies  
In doing of impossibilities.  
Such things as be beyond the strength of man  
And Angels too, and none but I do can.  
For sinners and for dead men I did dy,  
And over sin and death the victory  
I have obtain'd, and now I am become  
A quickning Spirit. I raise the dead, the dumb  
I make to speak, the deaf I make to hear,  
Blind men to see, the timorous not to fear.  
I am the chosen one , my God upheld me,  
In all my agonies : and now hathild me,  
With all the fulness of the Spirit ; which He  
Hath caus'd for evermore to rest on me.  
Because he hath appointed me, that I  
Should in his Sovereign Authority  
And power, unto the Gentiles (void of skill  
And judgment to discern and do his will)  
Judgment bring forth , and cause them to discern  
His excellencies , and his ways to learn :  
That all his pleasure I might do, and 'tis  
His will that my beholders I should bliss.  
That who submits to me should never perish ;  
But I should evermore him love and cherish,  
Work all his works in and for him till I  
Make him compleat, and save him perfectly.  
And I am faithful : I do never fail;

I'm not faint hearted; nothing shall me quail.  
 Nought me discourage which in him I find,  
 Of death or weakness who my words doth mind:  
 Such a Physician I am as can cure  
 The sickest patient, and can endure  
 To bear their frowardness, for I am meek;  
 And with all gentleness their welfare seek.  
 I neither cry, nor lift up angry voice  
 Against dull Scholars, but I do rejoyce  
 To take pains with them, them to teach and show  
 My Doctrine, till I cause them it to know.  
 The bruised Reed I break not, though it be  
 Weak and unprofitable unto me,  
 Nor quench the smoking wick or snuff, but strive  
 With all long-patience to keep it alive.  
 I can the smoke and stanch of it endure  
 Untill I blow it up and do it cure.  
 For power and meekness, skill and faithfulness  
 None like to me there is, none in distress  
 Or can so pity, or can so pass by  
 What they discern may of iniquity.  
 None is so blind as I that perfect am  
 And who to open blind eyes hither came.  
 I many things do see yet don't observe;  
 'Tis not because I cannot see men swerve,  
 (For I see all things perfectly what e're  
 They be: both good and bad to me are cleare)  
 But 'tis because I love them, and no mind  
 Have causes of destruction for to find,  
 In and against them, for should I with eye  
 Too vigilant their many sins espy.  
 Who then should stand before me, and avoid  
 By my most heavy hand to be destroyd?  
 Do but thou then yield up thy self to me  
 I nothing else desire or seek of thee.  
 Be but thou willing and obedient,

And I shall therewith fully be content,  
 I'll keep thee through all dangers in the way,  
 I'll overcome in and for thee what may  
 Thee hinder, or in danger thy perdition:  
 I'll bring thee to a fully safe condition.  
 Though the way narrow be, thou shalt not err  
 I'll be thy guide therein, and I'll confer  
 My Spirit, do but thou heed my commands;  
 Keeping them he shall keep thee in his hands  
 Yea in his arms shall carry thee. I'll show  
 My truth to thee, and thou my ways shalt know.  
 So as no false Christs, or false Prophets shall  
 Prevail to make thee e're from me to fall.  
 Be but upright in what I make thee see  
 Not winking with thine eye, putting from thee,  
 My heavenly light and truth made known away,  
 And I will keep thee that thou shalt not stray.  
 And though the gate be strait so as into it  
 Thou canst not of thy self, though crowding, go, yet  
 I'll so put forth my hand and pull thee to me,  
 That there is nothing shall withhold thee from me;  
 Remember what I said before, that I  
 Came to save sinners. not only stand by  
 And bid them save themselves: do but thou yield  
 Thy self to me and I will win the field.  
 I'll take away that greatness in conceit  
 That makes thee for the gate of life too great,  
 I'll circumcise thee, take away that mass  
 Of flesh from thee, that will not let thee pass.  
 I'll make thee such as through the gate thou shalt  
 Most safely enter. Nor shall any fault  
 Deprive thee of my Kingdome, for I will  
 Not fail my Fathers pleasure to fulfill.  
 I'll pardon what is past, and I will make  
 Thee for the future clean, thou shalt forsake  
 Thy sins and Idols that so dear are to thee,

And

And which if cleaved to will quite undo thee.  
 If thou wilt hearken unto me there shall,  
 No strange God be in thee, I'll rid them all  
 Out of thee: those false thoughts which do hold  
 Thy soul in bondage, while I do unfold  
 My truth and grace unto thee, I'll destroy,  
 So that they shall not thee thenceforth annoy  
 Or captivate, my truth shall make thee free,  
 To leave thy sins, to follow after me.  
 And if I set thee free thou shalt indeed,  
 From what doth now imbondage thee be freed.  
 I'll soon subdue thy foes within thee that  
 Do war against thy soul, and those that hate  
 Both thee and me bring under, and I will  
 With choicest bread thee feed; thy soul I'll fill  
 With sweetest honey, with some thou shalt find  
 More sweet by far then honey to thy mind;  
 That I may make thee pleasing unto me,  
 I'll wash thy stains and spots clean off from thee,  
 I'll take the pain to make thy soul as white  
 As snow or wool, as pure as is the light.  
 Thou dost mistake thy self to think it shall  
 Be left to thee and unto thy lot fall  
 To bring thy self to Heaven, or to make clean  
 Thy heart in thine own strength. I don't so mean,  
 The difficulties in the work are mine  
 I came to do them, do but thou incline,  
 Unto my words thine ears, and yield to me,  
 And thou with patience all well done shalt see.  
 When I by *Joshua* did my people lead  
 Into the Land of promise, thou may'st read,  
 How they were to pass over *Jordan's* flood,  
 When as above the banks the waters stood.  
 Yet while my Priests who bare the Ark did but  
 At my command into the waters put  
 Their Feet-soles, by my power I made the flood



Give way unto them as I thought it good  
So as before them that great stream became;  
Dry land, so that most safely through the same  
My people marched over, that so I  
All others might instruct and teach thereby  
To follow me with courage wheresoe're  
I shall them lead, and not to doubt or fear,  
Draw back through unbelief, or halt or stay  
Demurring at what may seem in the way  
Too hard or dangerous for them to do;  
But only me obey, after me go.

The like I did when Pharaoh did before  
Pursue them with his Chariots in his sore  
Rage to reduce them, when before they had  
The Sea to hinder them: yet when I bad  
Them march into it, it to them gave way  
And was a means of safety too that day.  
Standing as walls on either hand, while through  
In waves as on dry land they past; which rough,  
Growing against their foes; which them pursu'd,  
Destroy'd and drowned all their multitude.

Never did any that my voice obey'd,  
By any thing of danger that afraid.  
Might make them, or impossible might seem  
In my way ever perish: but I them  
Have ever helpt in their obedience, and  
Remov'd their obstacle at my command.

Dispute not but obey, Look not what thou  
Art or canst do, but do thou mind me, how  
I am accomplisht those things for to do  
For which I call thee to me and thee woo.  
Have I not power to make a Cammel pass  
Even through a needles eye, to whom there was  
No're any thing too hard: cannot I guide thee?  
Shall I thee woo and shall not I abide thee  
If thou accept? art thou not now to day

As bad and fowl as may be ? doth that fray  
 Me from seeking thy love ? if thou consent  
 Canst think that I my bargain will repent  
 I'm not like poor blind men that things pursue  
 With eagerness which afterwards they rue.  
 Because they knew not how they should them find,  
 Or were themselves unstable in their mind.  
 I'm not like man that I should so repent.  
 Therefore obey me and yield thy consent  
 Unto me wholly : I will surely do,  
 What needful is for thee. I'll wholly to  
 My self conform thee, for although thou be  
 Or weak or dead there's life enough in me,  
 Who am the Resurrection and Life too,  
 So that though men be dead yet if they do,  
 Believe on me, I Life to them will give,  
 And living and believing they shall live  
 For ever, why dost thou thy weakness plead  
 To this or that ; or tell me thou art dead ?  
 There's the more need on that account that thou  
 Yield up thy self to me : down thy self bow  
 To my dispose, who all things fully have  
 That may supply thy wants and thy four slaves,  
 I know thou'rt weak and dead, and all that's naught :  
 I need not what's in man by Thee be taught.  
 Nay I do therefore woe thee that I may  
 By curing thee remove those things away.  
 If such a one thou wert not, then no need  
 For me to seek thee, or that thou take heed  
 To me to save thee, but if thou'rt be mine  
 (As I have often said) I will be thine :  
 And what's mine shall be thine also, and sure  
 My things are able thy want to procure.  
 My wisdom thou shalt have the way to show  
 And thee to help w<sup>th</sup> thy concerns to know,  
 And to direct thee how to make thy choice

**The Divine Wooer.**

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In every thing, do but thou hear my voice,  
My strength shall strengthen thee to walk my way  
Enter the straight gate, and my will obey  
Though thou be weak and in the strength that's thine  
Canst not do this or that, canst not in mine  
I'll be thy holiness; my Spirit I'll give  
To thee that therein thou mayst act and live  
Or rather acted be and live, cannot  
My holy spirit fetch out every spot  
That cleaves to thee, and so display my love  
As thee from all thy Idols to remove  
Is not in thine own self that I require  
Thee this or that to do or ought desire  
Is in me and what's mine which I therefore  
Freely thee give because I know thou'rt poor  
Naked, and dead, and weak and wretched too  
Nothing that's good hast, nought that's good canst do  
I'll be thy husband; and I am so good  
I'll bear with all thy badness, till my blood  
And grace hath bettered thee: I will (thou'lt see)  
Demean my self so gently toward thee  
That with my gentleness I'll break thine heart  
And make thee cleave to me, and to depart  
From all thine Idols, do but thou consent  
My Grace shall be for thee sufficient.

The fountain of thy sin is great indeed,  
But of my grace the fountain doth exceed,  
No weakness, death, or badness that's in thee,  
No difficulties in the way that be,  
Shall hinder thee from bliss: If thou'lt but give  
Thy self unto me freely, thou shalt live  
Oh take my yoke upon thee, it shall bow thee  
And bear my burthen, it shall not ore throw thee  
For my yokes eay, give consent and go  
Forth in my strength: all things for thee I'll do  
In all things be for me and then I will

Be for thee too and all thy works fulfill.  
 Lean on mine arm or shoulder I'll sustain thee;  
 And though thou homely bee'st I'll not disdain thee.  
 As upon Eagles wings I will thee bear  
 And carry thee through all, do not thou fear:  
 Only yield unto me my voice to hear.  
 Through all the Wilderness I will thee guide,  
 In every danger I'll from ill thee hide.  
 I'll never, never, leave thy soul untill  
 All my good pleasure I in thee fulfill.  
 All things are ready: only yield thy will.  
 Incline thine ear and hear me, do not stop  
 It against me, and I'll my doctrine drop.  
 So thereunto, that even thy very heart  
 It shall make willing and thy soul convert:  
 And cause thee from thy Idols to depart.  
 Do but so hear me as to know my name,  
 That known thy heart to trust in me will frame.

*Soul.* And is it so dear Lord, then what shall let  
 But that to thee I yield my self and set  
 My heart upon thee, wholly I resign,  
 My self up to thee to be only thine.  
 Help me herein for thou art good indeed.  
 None is like to thee, while thy words I heed  
 Marrow they are and and fatness to my tast:  
 Oh thou my soul, affected with thee hast.  
 Seeing thou camest to save even sinners chief,  
 Lord I believe, help thou my unbelief.  
 None is like thee, thou art the only wooer,  
 Thou'rt worthy love, oh thou most worthy doer!  
 Oh take my heart, dear Lord, for thou alone  
 Art worthy of it, and besides thee none.  
 There's none hath done for me such things as thou,  
 There's none besides hath made me such things know,  
 There's none so lovely or so fit for me  
 Therefore, dear Lord, I yield my self to thee.

I'm thine to love and praise thee, and thee serve,  
Oh never let me from thee stray or swerve.

Oh thou art very fair, the white and ruddy,  
None may with thee compare, make it my study,  
Thee that I may more know, and more delight in  
My self to thee I ow, Me thou hast right in.  
When I was damn'd to dy thou didst redeem me,  
And though unworthy I Thou didst esteem me,  
So as thy self to give for me a ransome  
That so my soul might live. I am unhandsome  
Worthy great shame and blame, but though I naught be  
Yet blessed be thy name thou hast upought me.  
Oh that I knew thee more, and more did love thee  
That I might thee adore, as 't doth behove me.  
Oh shew thy self to me, make me to know thee.  
Make me thy face to see, and to follow thee.

I am a sinfull man, unworthy of thy love  
I nothing good do can, but what thy wrath may move  
Yea what of thy good grace thou give'st me power ut. o  
Sin hath in me such place as otherwise I do.  
Yet seeing I am thine, though I am nothing worth,  
Do thou my heart incline after thee to go forth.  
Set thou my heart and eye with all intensiveness  
Upon thy Majesty, that without pensiveness  
I may go wheresoe're thou goest me before;  
May unto thee ad here, and ever thee adore.  
Thou all art and in all. Thou gav'st thy self for me  
And wharsoe're befall, its meet I be for Thee.  
It was thy pleasure, Lord, so for my soul to do,  
Oh do thou yet afford, thy heavenly grace thereto.  
Those lusts that be in me, and which do thee offend,  
Drawing my heart from thee, subdue, and me amend.  
For I am much amiss; and very full of spots,  
That I thy Name may bliss, purge thou away my blots.  
Remove my sins away, that I to thee may cleave,  
Let me not go astray. Do thou me never leave,

I cannot trust my heart; 'tis so full of deceit  
 Its apt from thee to start; it is a very cheat;  
 Do thou it rectifie; make it to thee upright  
 That I may heartily love thee, in thee delight  
 And though I wretched be, do not thou me disdain;  
 Since thou hast loved me let me thy love retain.  
 Thou art the All in all: stay my soule upon thee;  
 And let me never fall by my iniquity.  
 My hope is all in thee; and in thy great goodness;  
 I nothing have in me that may deserve thy blessing.  
 Help me thy name to praise; as it is right and due;  
 Do thou thereto me raise thy goodness far to view.  
 Dear Lord; thou worthy art of all my heart and love;  
 Oh let me not depart from thee my Lord above.  
 Unite my heart to thee that I may fear thy name;  
 And let me never be put to rebuke and shame.  
 Oh flow thou into me; Thou art an Ocean.  
 Though I a poor one be Thou art the wealthy man.  
 Set my heart toward thee; and make it open stand;  
 Come thou Lord into me and wholly me command.  
 Oh do thou live in me; and fill me with thy grace;  
 That I may joy in thee; and ever see thy face.  
 Thou art the lovely one; all things are black to thee;  
 Fix mine eye thee upon; make me thy beauty see.  
 Thou only fulness art; I am an empty thing;  
 Do thou thy grace impart; and me unto thee bring.  
 Be evermore with me where ere thou mak'st me go;  
 Let me thy glory see; and thy will ever do.  
 Thou art the mighty God; thou canst subdue my foes;  
 Thou hast them all down trod; all things that thee oppose.  
 Thou art the holy one. Thou canst me holy make;  
 Make me love thee alone; and all for thee forsake.  
 Oh be thou all to me; who nothing have that's good;  
 Oh frame my heart to thee; washing in in thy blood.  
 Oh there is none to thee. Thou all things dost excell.  
 What ere is good for me, doth in thee fully dwell.

None ever served thee but thou them satisfy'd :  
 None thy grace ever see but they it magnify'd,  
 Thou Lord art far above all I can say of thee,  
 Thou art the God of love. All praise be unto thee.  
*Chr.* Dear soul I do accept thee : and thou art  
 Most welcome to me, it doth glad my heart  
 To see a soul it self unto me yield  
 More than when some stout Champion wins the field,  
 And takes the spoils of all his enemies,  
 Which up against him used in arms to rise.  
 Since thou thy self to me dost yield be sure,  
 My love shall ever toward thee endure.  
 Be but thou constant, nothing shall me draw,  
 Those I reject that cleave unto my law,  
 I'll order over thee my government,  
 So as thou nere shalt have cause to repent  
 Of thy submission to me, every thing  
 Which I shall do to thee shall blessing bring.  
 Thy forepast sins blot out and remit,  
 And of them all bewhore thee acquit.  
 How many or how great fore sins they were.  
 Thou mayst me freely serve without all fear  
 Of my unpurging any of them to thee :  
 I pass them by, and they shall not undo thee.  
 I own thee as my own, and thee present  
 As in my self to him who me forth sent,  
 Even as a Branch planted into wine now,  
 Thou art ingrafted band in herewith shalt grow.  
 Or as a member of mine own body,  
 Which is re cast of curse and misery.  
 I am thy Head and Root unto thee I  
 Henceforth will minister all full supply  
 Of grace and spirit, nothing shalt thou want,  
 What may be good for thee I will grant.  
 Open thy mouth and ask of me I will,  
 All thy petitions verily fulfill.



What ever thou shalt in my name desire,  
 Or of my Father for my sake require;  
 So be thou dost to me adhere and cleave;  
 And firm in me abiding, dost receive  
 And keep my words within thee asking so,  
 And for such things as they direct thee to,  
 Thou shalt receive; and thou mayst be bold  
 To come and ask; for why, mine eyes behold  
 Thee, and thy needs and wants, and unto thee  
 And all the righteous mine ears open be.  
 I will do more for thee than thou canst ask,  
 I'll help thee every where, I'll put no task  
 Upon thee but what I shall easily make,  
 Do but in me abide; my counsel take.  
 I am thine Head and Husband; lean on me;  
 My grace thou shalt enjoy; my glory see.  
 To me thou art most welcome, very dear  
 Be confident of me, and nothing fear  
 But to neglect my counsels; for as me  
 My Father loveth, so do I love thee.  
 I who for thee did shed my precious blood,  
 Will nought deny that may for thee be good.  
 Since thou art come to trust under my wings  
 I interest thee in all my good things.  
 My Father is thy Father too, and He  
 That my God is, thy God likewise will be.  
 My Angels shall thee guard for thy welfare,  
 And of my glorious Kingdom thou shalt share.  
 And all the endless joys thereof, my merit  
 Is thy rich stock, thy pledge, thy holy Spirit,  
 Whom I will pour on thee, and in thy heart  
 Will put, that from me thou mayst never part.  
 He will conduct thee safely till thou hast,  
 All dangers of destruction wholly past.  
 He shall abide with thee and to thee show  
 My things, inlightning thine heart them to know.



My goodness, and my glory, what I have  
 Done for and to thee that I might thee save.  
 What is in me for thee; what things are mine  
 And how in and with me they all are thine.  
 Yea He shall wash, make clean, renew thy heart;  
 And keep thee to me; and to thee impart  
 My grace and blessings; therefore do not fear;  
 Only to him attend, to him adhere.  
 He shall thy works work in and for thee; and  
 Strengthen thee that thy foes thou may'st withstand.  
 He shall thee comfort, fill with peace and joy;  
 And keep thee safe from what may thee annoy.  
 I'll do all things for thee; I'll be thy Lord  
 Thy portion, and thy riches; fear thou not  
 He who thee touches, toucheth me; for I  
 Tender thee as the Apple of mine eye.  
 My heart is larger to thee than the Sea;  
 Or then by any words express'd may be.  
 Fear not Dear soul, thy state is happy now  
 Since thou thy self dost to my scepter bow.  
 Only I must inform thee that I must  
 Take such a course with thee as may thy lust  
 Destroy; and make thee suitable to me  
 That thou partaker of my joys may'st be.  
 I must thee sometimes try; that so I may  
 Prove whither Thou indeed wilt me obey.  
 I will into a Wilderness thee lead  
 That so I may thee to thy Idols dead  
 And that when strip of them I more may show  
 My grace to thee; and make thee to know  
 To be sufficient for thee; do not fear  
 For I'll not leave thee, nor forsake thee there.  
 I will be with thee, and be all supplies  
 To every one of thy necessities  
 I will be better unto thee than all  
 Egyptian Flesh-pots wherefrom I thee call.

I'll there speak comfortably to thy heart  
 And make thee know how dear to me thou art.  
 I'll give thee there in all thy way mine arm,  
 To strengthen thee to walk on, and from harm  
 I'll thee protect and keep, till I see  
 It meet to take thee hence to be with me.  
 But thou must follow me, and not look back  
 As did Lo's Wife, thy pace thou must not slack,  
 For fear thy love grow cold and so decay,  
 That thou from after me return quite away.  
 Thou must thy flesh yield up to be subdu'd  
 And mortify'd by me because its rude,  
 And full of stubbornness, and of harsh broke,  
 Both of my laws and of my love the yoke.  
 Yea so rebellious against me it is,  
 And hath led thee so much to do amiss  
 And with so high a hand, that had I not  
 Been merciful to thee, I had to do  
 When he in *Sodom* lingered loath to part  
 Therefrom when call'd, (thou there through hast thy heart  
 So often hardned) thou destroy'd hadst been,  
 Thro'gh it much hurt and sorrow thou hast seen.  
 I must therefore for thine own sake, that it  
 May not grow rank stid and make thee unfit  
 For fellowship with me, who holy am,  
 And unto thee to make thee holy come.  
 But if at my reproach thou wilt let go,  
 Its lusts, the less grief I shall put thee to.  
 Oh yield it up, Dear son, at every turn,  
 Be not offended that I purge or burn  
 It out of thee, thyself how offer up  
 A sacrifice to me, drink of my cup,  
 I give to cleanse thee from thy filth within,  
 And from what therce breaks forth upon thy skin  
 Like to a Leprosy, and doth defile,  
 Thy person, and doth make thee very vile.

Yield

Yield but thy self to me, and I'll thee cure,  
 We make thee like my self both white and pure.  
 So shall I in thy beauty much delight,  
 And thou shalt always dwell in my blest sight.  
 And therefore do not fear, I will not harm thee  
 But only cleanse thee from thy filth; and aim thee  
 Against what may destroy thee. I must prove thee,  
 And humble as my spouse because I love thee.  
 That so I may thee fashion to my mind,  
 Make thee fit for me; and that thou mayst find  
 More favour in mine eyes. I may be for thee  
 And that thy filth may not make me abhor thee,  
 But fear not: when I have thee fully try'd,  
 Thou shalt with me as so be glorify'd.  
 Fear not, I in wilderness I will thee feed,  
 And by my right hand I will thee lead.  
 And by thy right hand too I will thee hold,  
 Nothing shall harm thee. I thy frame and mold  
 Do fully know, and will not on thee lay,  
 More than what by my strength endure thou may.  
 Only resign thy flesh and self to me;  
 And thou shalt my Saviour surely see.  
 I now unto my self do freely promise thee,  
 But I shall not as yet so fully house thee  
 As I intend here fier, thou must tarry  
 And wait a while before I fully marry  
 Thee to my self, before we to that place  
 Those royal Mansions, which for thee my grace  
 Hath fitted I thee take; where I receive thee  
 And entertain all that in me believe.  
 Thou hast been very whorish, and thou art,  
 Polluted with thy whoredoms at thy heart.  
 Thy flesh and body is defiled with what,  
 Thou from thy lovers whoredoms of lust got  
 And I cannot into my Bride-bed take thee,  
 Till I first wash thee white, and clean do make thee.

Thou

Thou must the time of purifying stay,  
 Before our solemn joyful wedding day.  
 In the mean time constant to me and chaste,  
 Thou must abide and thou mayst not make hast.  
 After injoyments of delights so that  
 With other pleasures thou thee satiate;  
 And turn thee from me to some other lover  
 Thee to content; thou mayst let none be over  
 Thy heart and conscience, besides me who am  
 Thy only Lord and Saviour: that meek Lamb  
 Who bought thee with my blood, and thee did call  
 To me that I might be thy All in All  
 If thus thou dost then I will be for thee,  
 And all I am and have it thine shall be.

*Soul* Dear Lord, thy words in every thing are right,  
 My soul approves them, finds therein delight.  
 Make me them more to know further to see,  
 Into the wondrous things that in them be.  
 Thy love is wonderful, worthy receipt,  
 And to be fed upon more than our meat.  
 It's better far than wine, doth me refresh,  
 Although it relish not unto the flesh.  
 Who would not such a lover as thou art  
 Imbrace with both his arms with all his heart?  
 Who can like blessings give, like comforts bring,  
 Above all GODS Thou art the mighty KING.  
 Oh who can fathom, who can comprehend  
 The greatness of thy love? there's no such friend  
 Or lover as thou art, none can forgive  
 The soul its sins like thee, or make it live.  
 Oh who am I, that I should welcome be  
 Or be accepted unto life by thee?  
 That thou shouldst call and woo me, and imbrace  
 Me in thy arms, cause me to see thy face  
 Thy pleasant face, and own me as thy own  
 And in thy words thy love to me make known?

Yea both thy words and love cause me to know  
 To draw my heart from off the things below  
 And fix it on thy self and things above  
 Oh there's no sweetness to that of thy love  
 Its taste at present most delightful are,  
 All other pleasures it surpasses far.  
 But as if all at present was but small  
 Thou holdst forth such a portion too as all  
 For future time, yea to eternity,  
 For ever to enjoy thy Majesty.  
 I less am than the least of thy mercies  
 Which thou dost give, wilt not thou me despise.  
 But passing by all my unworthiness,  
 And many mighty sins such love express  
 As passeth knowledge? Oh that I again  
 With my whole heart thy love may intertain  
 And love for love return perpetually  
 And never shrink from thee, no, though I dy.

Oh Lord thy love engages me to be  
 Wholly devoted and given up to thee.  
 For its but meet that I be wholly thine  
 And for thy sake give up all that is mine  
 Who for my sake didst not the cross decline.  
 Its meet that I a sacrifice should be  
 Wholly devoted and given up to thee,  
 A living holy sacrifice, whereby  
 Thou may'st be glorified and live on high.  
 For great thy love to me is I confess,  
 Nor can I by my tongue or pen express  
 The great desires of love and service now,  
 Which far beyond all my returns I ow.  
 I do acknowledge too thy words be true  
 In all they say of me, that nothing's due  
 To me of praise or approbation, for  
 I am so loathsome thou mayst me abhor,  
 I am polluted with a whorish heart,

So as I jealous am least I depart  
 Away from thee; it oftentimes indeed,  
 Hath play'd the Harlot and brought forth a breed  
 Of hateful Monster full of venom fell  
 Against thy purity. The brats of Hell  
 Unchast desires and lusts, self-love and pride,  
 Ambitious thoughts; a loathsomeness to be ty'd  
 Up to thy just commands; an evil eye  
 Of envy against such as I could spy  
 Prefer'd before me, often at them fretting,  
 With covetous desires to be getting  
 More of this worlds enjoyments; profits, pleasure;  
 Slothfull, m<sup>is</sup>pending of that time and leisure  
 Thou hast afforded me for better things;  
 From which much other mischief oft times springs:  
 Such things my bowels oft have eat, and vex  
 Me with disquiet, and my soul perplex.  
 That brutish lust that dwells in me I fear,  
 Least it prevail against me, and me bear  
 Away from that subjection to thee due,  
 And cause me with much sorrow it to rue.  
 I am indeed polluted and ore-spread  
 As with a leprosie from heel to head.  
 Diseas'd within and full of sores without,  
 I am more vile than any menstruous clout;  
 Have need to be renew'd made white and clean,  
 And yet when all is done, I am too mean,  
 To be so honoured by thee and exalted,  
 In every thing I'm worthy to be faulted.  
 Worthy to be disdain'd and rejected  
 Unworthy utterly to be respected,  
 By thy so glorious eye that purer is  
 Than to behold and like iniquities.  
 Shouldst thou then treat me like some royal Queen  
 As if for thy comfort I bred had been?  
 Oh 'tis a dignity above me far,

I fear am that thou shouldst me debar,  
From coming near thee, meddling with thy Name,  
Least I pollute it and expose it to shame,  
As too much I have done already. Oh  
I dont deserve to be respected so.

But if thy pleasure be me so to love,  
Well mayst thou take such course as 't doth behove,  
That thou mayst fit me for such dignitie,  
As thou confer'st, and for thy company  
Which thou vouchsafest of thy wondrous grace,  
To me who am of pedigree but base,  
It is but meet that thou shouldst make me white,  
And cleane, that thou in me mayst take delight.  
That thou shouldst cure those sores and ulcers great,  
Which make me ugly and for thee unmeet.  
Yea and its wondrous grace that thou wilt take,  
Such pains with me, me whole and cleane to make.  
Oh what am I that thou shouldst stoop so low,  
To do such offices such love to show.  
Thou rather mightst throw me out of thy sight,  
Than so to make me meet for thy delight.  
Who meeter am that thou shouldst make me dwell,  
Among that cursed crue that be in hell.

Its meet also that there a time should be  
For purifying, before unto thee  
Thou dost receive me with thee to remain,  
In those high Mansions where thou and thine reign.  
It needful is that thou me separate,  
From all those Idols which thy Soul doth hate.  
And that thou shouldst purge out my dross, although  
A fire thou make and me into it throw.  
I'm thine, and meet it is that thou shouldst do,  
What ever is thy pleasure, Lord even so.  
Be it as thou dost please, thou art so just,  
So kind and careful that I well may trust.  
My soule and body with thee; and yield up  
to



To take out of thy hands what ever cup  
 Thou seest it meet to temper and to give,  
 In cleaving to thee I shall surely live.  
 Thou who hast loved me, and done such things;  
 As everlasting consolation brings,  
 And gives good hope through grace, wilt doubtless do  
 Nothing unto me which may cause my woe.  
 Do with me as thou wilt: for I am thine  
 And thee to love I doe my heart incline.  
 Through thy good grace, do thou incline it more  
 Making it chaste to thee, thee to adore.  
 For I can nothing do that may thee serve,  
 Delight or honour as thou dost deserve.  
 I'm thine: Lord save me, and me sanctify.  
 Unite my heart to thee continually.  
 Unto thee evermore make me adhere  
 That I thy holy Name may love and fear.  
 May lean upon thine arm, thy Spirit mind,  
 So as I may his help at all times find.  
 Through thee I any thing may do or wish,  
 But in my self have only cause of wish.  
 No fears shall daunt me, nor pleasures my abuse,  
 If thou dost hold me, and dost me secure still  
 And cure. It meet to follow thee, and all thy will  
 Desire I may my self thereto apply  
 My Cross up taking, thus Dear Lord to thee I fly.  
 How should I am further then thou me from sin  
 How I the least good thing cannot perform,  
 Nor stand upright against the world's storm  
 Of trouble that unto my lot my fall,  
 I need that thou shouldst be my All.  
 I'm poor and blind, naked and wretched, and  
 My heart's deceitfull will not to thee stand,  
 Unless thou me upholdest, and keepest close  
 In thy strong arm, as not to let me go.  
 Unless thou purge out my hypocrisy,



Make me sincere, give me a single eye:  
 Unless thou be my strength, my goodness and  
 Dost hold me to thee by thy mighty hand.

But seeing thou appointed art, dear Lord,  
 To look to and thy saving help afford  
 To those that come to thee, and on thee trust,  
 And thou art loving, faithful, kind and just,  
 And all-sufficient for me in design;  
 My self unto thee. I am wholly thine.  
 Thou wiser art than I, thou knowest best  
 What to my good pertains, and thou art blest;  
 Dear Lord thy will be done in every thing,  
 Take thine own course me unto thee to bring.  
 Only do not me in thy wrath chastise,  
 But let my soul find favour in thine eyes.  
 Yea thou so good art, and so gracious too,  
 That thou all things wilt for my profit do.  
 Oh cause thy face upon my soul to shine,  
 And my heart unto thee always incline.  
 Oh kiss me with the kisses of thy mouth!  
 Oh bliss me with the blessings of thy mouth!  
 Inspire my heart with thy good spirit, and breath  
 The breath of life into my things beneath.  
 Cause me for to despise the things above,  
 To seek and to affect and thee to love.  
 Let me thy love taste, better tis than wine,  
 Is full of comfort, courage, life divine.  
 'Twill cheer the heart, will make the lips of those  
 Who taste it talkative, free to disclose  
 Thy heavenly virtues, let me thereof taste,  
 Forgiving all my mis-demerits past:  
 My undue loves which unto other things,  
 And persons I have borne, which to me bring  
 Both grief and fear when thereupon I think,  
 Lest they should make me in thy nostrils stink,  
 And cause thee to abhor me: Oh forgive

All forepast follies, and that I may live  
 Let me enjoy thy lover, and talk how sweet  
 And ravishing they be, oh let me meet  
 With them; with them be filled, that I may  
 In thee delight my self; and on thee stay  
 And fix my soul no other pleasures so  
 Affecting as from thine to them to go.  
 Thine ointments wherewith thou anointed art,  
 And unto those that love thee dost impart.  
 Most odoriferous are, oh they do smell,  
 Unto the upright hearted wondrous well.  
 Let me them find and smell, thy precious Name,  
 An ointment poured forth is, that good fame  
 And great renown thou hast, oh 'tis most sweet,  
 And spread abroad that we with it may meet.  
 And therefore thee the Virgins Chast do love,  
 Thy Name their hearts desires to thee doth move.  
 Oh make me know it, and its sweetness find,  
 That it may draw me with a single mind  
 Unto thee. Draw me, Draw me, we will run  
 After thee, though I somewhat have begun  
 Towards thee to incline, my mind doth stick,  
 Yet to my Idols, so as tis not quick  
 Enough towards thee, oh let thy sweet scent  
 Of thy good ointments, thy Name excellent  
 More strongly draw me, oh I am too slack.  
 In seeking thee, yea wee' 's me I back  
 From thee have run apace, since I begun  
 To move toward thee. I'm too apt to run  
 Toward my Idols, in the way of sin,  
 Yea Lord thou know'st how since I did begin  
 To court thy favour I have run apace,  
 In wicked ways wherein had not thy grace.  
 And mercy me prevented I had been  
 Or e thrown forever, this day no more seen.  
 But oh my pace toward thee is so dull

That need I have that after thee thou pull  
 My sluggish Soul, oh bring thou me into  
 Thy Chambers of defence and delight, so  
 As in thy love I such delight may take,  
 As never thee any more to forsake.  
 Let me be so inclosed as with walls  
 Of sure defence, that whatsoever befalls  
 I never may again from thee withdraw,  
 But allways may thee fear and stand in awe,  
 Least I offend thee, oh that I to thee  
 May swiftly run with all that upright be,  
 And in thy Chamber may with them abide,  
 Where thou dost all that love thee safely hide.  
 Wee'll then be glad in Thee, and much rejoyce  
 Oh King wee'l sing thy praise with chearful voice.  
 Wee'l think upon thy loves which do excel  
 The choicest Wine. Oh we remember well  
 The sweetness of us tast, who be upright  
 They do thy person love, in thee delight  
 Not in themselves, their parts their gifts, nor yet  
 Those pleasures only that from thee they get.  
 Like to the Concubines which love to be  
 Delighted with thy loves; counted by thee;  
 But thee and thy concerns do slight; neglect  
 To seek thy glory; don't thy name respect  
 Sincerely, but make thou me upright so  
 As my heart wholly after thee may go.  
 Oh thou whom my soul in some measure loves  
 Do thou me show what me to know behoves.  
 Tell thou me where thou feed'st thy flock: and make  
 Me go upright. Let me not thee forsake  
 With sinners in their dainties to peruse.  
 Let me not turn aside from thee to go  
 After the flocks of thy companions who  
 Lift up themselves into equality  
 Of power or worth unto thy Majesty:

But shew me thy good ways and make me see,  
 The thing that is acceptable to thee.  
 Stay me with flagons of thy love : and let  
 Me of thy apples too the comforts get,  
 For I desire thy love, oh do thou show it  
 And cause thou me more clearly yet to know it.  
 Under my head put thou thy left hand, and  
 Therewith support me, and let thy right hand  
 Embrace my soul, and keep me safe, untill  
 I have fulfil'd my course, perform'd thy will.  
 And oh that then thou wouldst make hast unto  
 My soul : and be thou swifter than a Roe :  
 That so our union may compleated be ;  
 And I may full fruition have of thee.  
 Make hast oh my beloved like a Roe ;  
 Or a young Hart that on the Mountains go :  
 That leap upon the Mountains and o're Hills  
 Come skipping. Thou art he alone that fills  
 The souls of those that love thee with delight,  
 And mak'st them fully happy in the sight  
 Of thy most glorious person ; do not tarry  
 Help me to hast to thee, then hast to marry  
 Me to thy self ; that I with thee may dwell  
 Who dost in all excellencies excell.  
 And in the mean time make me chaste and true  
 Unto thee, what opposes thee subdue.  
 Working my works in and for me, yet all  
 Thine own good pleasure whereto thou dost call  
 And counsel me, the work of faith with power,  
 That I may persevere unto the hour,  
 And in the hour of death ; till unto thee,  
 Thou tak'st me up in joys for aye to be.  
 I leave my self to thee oh do thou what  
 Is good for me. *Chr.* I will so, fear not that.

Amen. **HALLELUJAH.****FINIS.**

## A Song of Loves.

Lord grant that in a right renewed mind,  
I may such love to thee and thy things find;  
As to say of and to thee this behind.

I.

I Am my well beloved,  
My well-beloved's mine:  
He is a person lovely,  
Excellent and divine.

2.

For he is the Immanuel,  
Both God and man in one:  
The Mighty God, the wonderful;  
And like him there is none.

His excellency surpasseth,  
What one may in declare;  
Or who among the mighty  
May with this one compare?

Oh all ye that in love are,  
Ye and lovers who commend;  
Is any of them able  
To match with this my friend?

Hath any of them ever  
So great things for you wrought?  
Or is there any of them  
Hath you so dearly bought?

3.

6.

Is any of them so high,  
 Either in Rank or birth?  
 No, there is none so glorious  
 Either in Heaven or Earth.

7.

There's none of them is so great:  
 There's none of them can do,  
 So great things and so wonderful,  
 Or can enrich you so.

8.

As this my Lord and Saviour  
 Can and will do for me;  
 If I be upright with him,  
 And do not from him flee.

9.

Ye that in Kings and Princes  
 And mighty Potentates  
 Do make your boasts, come tell me  
 Hath he there any mates?

10.

Can any of them match him?  
 Nay they are all below:  
 The greatest of those great ones  
 Their service to him owe.

11.

They'r short in understanding;  
 Their pow'r also is less:  
 Their rule extends not so far,  
 Nor yet their happiness.

12.

They are but men as others;  
 Their lives are but mortal:  
 Their breaths must pass out of them  
 And then they perish all.

13.

But this my Lord and Lover,  
Doth live for evermore:  
His understanding's perfect,  
All creatures him adore.

14.

Nothing for him too hard is:  
For he can all things do,  
Nothing from his eyes hid is:  
For he all things doth know.

15.

He ruleth over all things,  
Both in the sea and land:  
Yea and all things in heaven be,  
Subject to his command.

16.

No beir of Heav'n and earth is  
He is lord of all glory:  
His birth's above all creatures,  
There's none can match his story.

17.

His excell'ce excels all  
That's either hard or seen:  
One half of what's true of him  
Never declar'd hath been.

18.

Go glory of your Princes,  
And Benefactors great:  
Tell of their great majesty,  
Their royal train and feat.

19.

I none of them shall envy,  
This one's much better far,  
Whom my soul hath desire to:  
They can't with him compare.

20.

He hath far greater glory  
 Than any one of them ;  
 Though yet he is so lovely,  
 That none he doth contemn

21.

Though they be poor and little  
 If unto him they flee.  
 He none of them disdaineth  
 But they accepted be.

22.

Those whom ye use to boast of  
 Be proud and lofty too ;  
 And oft in words and carriage  
 Great haughtiness they show :

23.

Though they be far below him  
 Who my beloved is ;  
 And like to meaner persons,  
 He them reproves I wist.

24.

For in his hands they all are,  
 To do with as he please ;  
 And he can make or break them,  
 Or change their state with ease.

25.

Oh there is none so lovely  
 As this Beloved one :  
 In pity, love and goodness,  
 Like to him there is none.

26.

He higher than the Heavens is,  
 Or brightest Angel there ;  
 In dignity and glory ;  
 Yet he appeared here.



27.

(That he might save us sinners)

Like to a Servant poor :

Where of our miseries too,

The liveries he wove.

28.

Yielding himself to death up

And great indignities,

To ransom us from ruine :

Nor doth he now despise.

29.

The meanest that obey him,

To take into his grace :

Though he on high's ascended

Unto his holy place.

30.

He such invites unto him :

With him they may be bold :

His secrets he unto them,

Most free is to unfold.

31.

Whoever him doth follow :

Shall see his pleasant face :

Hee'l not disdain their lowliness,

But kindly them embrace.

32.

Hee'l not despise their prayers,

Nor turn away his ear :

But being full of mercy,

He their complaints will hear.

33.

The sweetest of all persons;

Better than all is he.

The meekest and the gentlest,

Fairer then mens sons be.

34.  
The highest and the lowest,  
The white and tuddie one;  
In greatness and in goodnes,  
Like to him there is none.

35.  
Come ye Queen and Princesses,  
Whose Birth is great and high,  
Who think your happines  
Do reach unto the sky,

36.  
Because your Lords be great ones  
And have a great command;  
For that their rule extendeth,  
Both unto Sea and Land,

37.  
Do ye not highly extol  
Your great good fortunes here?  
Do ye not use your selves too  
Oft up thereby to bear?

38.  
Do ye not think your great Lords,  
To be so great and high,  
And such advancements to you,  
That ye for them could dy?

39.  
Or else endure great hardships  
For them and for their sake,  
With whom in their high honour,  
So greatly you partake?

40.  
Behold ye him whom I praise  
And whom my soul desires,  
As its friend to delight in  
Can give what it requires.

41.

Lo, He is much more noble,  
In Birth and in degree:  
And there's not any Monarch,  
Who's of his gifts so free.

42.

Nor are the gifts which they give  
So precious or so rare,  
They all are but his Stewards,  
And can't with him compare.

43.

Himself above all gifts is,  
The Richest pearl of price,  
His love cannot be valued:  
The soul it satisfies.

44.

Oh he my love deserves more,  
And to be followed,  
Through every condition  
Whereto by him is led.

45.

Then any of the greatest,  
And highest Potentates,  
Who have the largest Empires,  
And rule the greatest states.

46.

I'm his by way of purchase,  
Who made and bought me too;  
By that most precious blood, which  
Did freely from him flow.

47.

Which he also discovered  
And call'd me of his grace,  
There through, that I might know him,  
And might him too embrace.

POEMS.

48.

And him I own to be mine,  
My Lord and Saviour,  
And his I am to care for  
And serve in every hour.

49.

My soul and body his are  
And whatsoe're I have :  
And he is mine to give me ,  
What good for me I crave.

50.

Oh that I were more truly  
And heartily indeed,  
Given up to love and live to  
Him who doth so exceed

51.

All other lovely objects,  
Be their worth ne're so great !  
I should need not to fear then  
What ever mayme threat.

52.

For I am his and of me  
He hath the care and charge,  
And his desire toward me,  
Is very full and large.

53.

Hee's able to protect me  
From what may do me harm  
And's ready to unfold me  
Within his mighty arm.

54.

Oh that I were devoted  
More unto him, and were  
More willing to be always  
To him true and sincere !

POEMS.

55.

I'm his not sins and Sathans;  
That them I should obey;  
Oh that when they intice me,  
My heart might always say

56.

Christ is my well-beloved  
He must my service have;  
He's only worthy of it,  
Who only doth me save.

57.

For He, He also mine is  
A portion may suffice,  
To satisfie me always,  
Your promises are lies.

58.

I'me his: and not a Servant  
Unto the world or men;  
That I should yield my Conscience  
To be enslav'd by them.

59.

I may not to their pleasures  
My life and will compose,  
To follow their desires:  
So I my self might lose.

60.

For they cannot protect me  
When my Lord shall appear;  
If he should then reject me,  
They cannot me upbear.

61.

No, no, I'm his who loves me  
And bought me by his blood,  
From all that conversation  
Which is not just and good.

# POEMS

62.

He's mine too to command me,  
And be my sure defence  
Who certainly will keep me,  
And glad my Confidence :

63.

For he will give assurance,  
Of safety in his love,  
And hold me in his hand to,  
As nought shall me remove.

64.

He only may do with me,  
What unto him seems best :  
For He hath right unto me,  
And will lead me to rest.

65.

Oh that he would embrace me,  
And give my soul a kiss  
Whose love than wine is better,  
And fill the soul with bliss.

66.

His love the love of women,  
Surpasseth very much :  
How ever pleasing that is,  
Its pleasures are not such.

67.

No nor in strength, nor fervour,  
Much lets in beauty  
As those that he that's loved  
Of this Beloved.

68.

Their love to this is empty  
Its pleasures be but there :  
Although they're pretty creatures  
And pretty can spare.

69.

Their favour is deceitful  
 Their beauty's but a blast  
 Their kindnesses soon vanish  
 Their sweetness doth not last.

70.

Their embraces are bruises  
 Their kisses oft are bites  
 The vanity that in them  
 Exceeds oft their delights.

71.

The love of Christ excels  
 Its constant, firm, and sure  
 Its very full of comfort  
 And pleasures that endure.

72.

His words are full of kindness  
 Yea when they are most true  
 Yet grace and love is in them  
 Which floweth from his heart.

73.

His kisses and embraces  
 Are full of ravishment  
 Filling the soul with goodness  
 And riches of content.

74.

His beauty never changeth  
 His strength doth never decay  
 He is the same for ever  
 Yesterday and to day.

75.

Oh that my Soul were freed  
 His kindness to receive  
 That I by my unkindness  
 His Spirit might not grieve.

76.

Oh may he count me worthy  
Of his innumerable  
Forgiving all my follies,  
Causes of discontent!

77.

His love is spiritual  
Most holy, just and pure  
All wickedness he hateth;  
He can it not endure.

78.

But I poor wretch am sinful  
And full of vanity:  
How can I be delightful  
And pleasing in his eye?

79.

Dear Lord I am unworthy  
To be owned of thee,  
That thine I should be styled,  
And thou accept of me.

80.

Yet do not thou disdain me;  
Do thou me lovely make:  
That to thee may I embrace me,  
And pleasure in me take.

81.

Be thou mine, me to purify  
And to make clean and white:  
Make me more thine, and cause me  
In thee to take delight.

82.

Prepare my soul unto thee,  
That I may thee embrace;  
And give thee intertainment,  
And thou sayst me please.



83.

Lay thou me in thy bosom,  
And keep me in thine arm,  
So shall I rest securely  
Void of all fear of harm.

84.

Oh cause my soul to kiss thee,  
And lay thee in my heart:  
That thou mayst me imbracing  
Thy loves to me impart.

85.

And all the night of darkness  
Mayst lodge within my brest:  
And I in thy imbraces  
May find sweet peace and rest.

86.

Oh make me subject to thee,  
That thou mayst be above:  
Uniting me unto thee,  
And fill me with thy love.

87.

And let thy loving-kindness  
Such love again beget,  
That I my heart and bowels  
May open to thee let.

88.

And thou thy Word put in me,  
As an immortal seed,  
Fill'd with that Life and Spirit  
Which doth from thee proceed.

89.

That thou mayst make me fruitful,  
With fruits of righteousness;  
An of-spring which thine Image  
May lively express.

90.

That thou thy pleasure in me,  
Subject to thee mayst take;  
And I have pleasures in thee,  
Which may me chearful make.

91.

Oh make thou me so lovely,  
That thou mayst count me meet  
For such communion with thee  
As is so pure and sweet.

92.

That chaste I may be to thee,  
And content in thee find,  
That none else I may look to,  
Or covet in my mind.

93.

May never go a whoring  
From under thee my Lord;  
But may be fully pleased  
With what thou dost afford.

94.

Nor only let me love thee  
Like to some Concubine,  
So as for pleasures only  
Me to thee to incline.

95.

But as a Spouse and chaste one  
Though thou shouldst them withhold,  
Yet I may love thy person  
And vertues manifold.

96.

And thine affaires take care of  
As things that are mine own;  
And faithfully observe what  
Thou shalt to me make known.

97.

Leaving it to thy wisdom  
Those pleasures to impart;  
Which cannot but be pleasing,  
And satisfie my heart.

98.

But let me not love pleasures  
So as if thou delay,  
Thine to impart unto me  
I should to others stray.

99.

But make me ever willing  
To stay and waite for thee:  
Who when thou seest it fitting  
Will thine impart to me.

100.

Thou art the only worthy  
To be lov'd and obey'd:  
Oh that my heart upon thee  
More fixed were and stay'd.

101.

Oh sanctifie me to thee  
And my soul purifie:  
Bless rods and mercies to me  
That I to sin may dye.

102.

And unto all that from thee  
Would steal my heart away:  
That I may live unto thee  
In what I do and say.

103.

Thou art the lovely portion,  
Riches and honour dwell  
In thee, with whatsoever  
Delights and doth excel.

104.

Oh were my heart reduced  
To that simplicity,  
That I might chuse and love thee  
And cleave to thee only.

105.

I would not change my lot there  
For any of the heights,  
Of highest greatest persons.  
My earnest groans and sighs

106.

Shall rather be through sufferings  
To have thy company,  
Then live else where without thee  
In greatest jollity,

107.

With all the greatest fulness  
This World to them affords,  
Who live in its embracements  
As high and mighty Lords.

108.

Yet thou hast room for them too  
In thy high palaces,  
Oh make thou them acquainted  
With thy sweet embraces!

109.

Oh make them see how empty  
All things without thee are!  
That they may flock unto thee  
Seeing thee only fair.

110.

All honour be unto thee  
Thou only worthy one,  
For it is due unto thee  
And unto thee alone.

111.

In oneness with the Father  
And with the holy Spirit,  
Thou worthy art all blessing  
For ever to inherit.

112.

To thee it's my desire  
To leave my self and all  
I am, with whatsoever  
I through thy gift mine call.

113.

Lord pardon my abuses  
Of thy great love to me;  
And make my soul both upright  
And constant unto thee.

114.

So that thy blessing ever  
May on my soul remain:  
And cleanse me so as that thou  
Mayst not my work disdain.

115.

Purge out what doth offend thee  
And make me white and pure,  
That thou mayst ever own me  
And I be ever sure.

116.

Of thy love and thy favour  
Which life doth far excel,  
And in thine heavenly mansions  
May with thee ever dwell.

*Amen, and Amen.*

**F I N I S.**

Not out of love  
 Then worthy of  
 and with the  
 and with the

50

and make it a part of the

NOV 1960

1. The first of these is the fact that the  
the first of these is the fact that the  
the first of these is the fact that the

Of course, the price of the  
which other friends have  
I have on some other

11

There were a

A

# Posie Improved.

UPON THE

POSIE of a RING,

Love, Love, Love.

*E PAUCIS MULTA.*

I.



Mongst the pretty Poseys I have seen,  
 Which either friends or lovers have invented,  
 I have on none to discant tempted been,  
 Nor hath any my fancy more contented,  
 If rightly 't be apply'd, then this above,  
 This one word thrice repeated; Love, Love, Love.

II.

What man it was who did the same invent;  
 From whom; or unto whom the token came;

T 4

Whether

Whether some Lover; to his Love it sent;  
 Or for what other cause some did it frame  
 It matters not; nor what they did thereby  
 Intend unto their friend to signifie.

## III.

Perhaps some young man who his Mistress loved,  
 Or else some Mistress who did love her Friend,  
 And want of love again, or fear'd, or proved  
 In them they loved, did this token send  
 Their love to quicken, and their constancy  
 To them the better to provoke hereby.

## IV.

Like as some person who while he assays,  
 To do, or reach for something, and doth fall  
 Into some danger, whence he cannot raise  
 Or save himself, most earnestly doth call  
 Help, Help, Help, tripling it vehemently,  
 As like to suffer greatly else thereby.

## V.

So possibly some lover, while he sought  
 The pleasing object of his love to gain,  
 Being into some doubt or question brought  
 Thereof, or meeting with slights or disdain,  
 Might in his earnestness cry as above,  
 As one else like to perish, Love, Love, Love.

## VI.

Perhaps some wanton who had lust mistook  
 For love, seeking his lust to satisfie,  
 Might send it to his Harlot, to provoke  
 Her fond affection unto him, thereby  
 Exhorting her to love, love, love again,  
 That oft his will with her he might obtain.



Perhaps some person, who had lov'd too much  
 Some other person, and loves flames had felt  
 Sadly to scorch him, when they did him touch,  
 His folly wailing on this subject dwelt.  
 As crying out upon a thing so hot,  
 Whence He much heart smart, and much hurt had got.

## VIII.

That carnal love I mean, wherein the creature  
 Is made the object of a blind affection,  
 Doteing upon its beauty, parts, or feature ;  
 Which when it meets with slighting and rejection,  
 (As oft its foolishly misplac'd on what  
 Either's unlawful, or repays with hate.)

## IX.

Brings forth instead of pleasure, doleful grief,  
 Stinging the soul with fears and sad despairs,  
 Distractions, jealousies without relief,  
 And many fruitless dumps and waking cares ;  
 Causing such one out of this love to cry,  
 Bewailing thus his fortune bitterly.

## X.

Love, Love, Love, thou art a most cruel thing,  
 When fixt on some disdainful one thou'rt found,  
 Thy sweets are bitter, thou leav'st many a sting ;  
 Infusest venom, and the heart dost wound.  
 Oh had thy fond deceits my soul ne'r tainted  
 Oh had I with thy force ne'r been acquainted !

## XI.

Love, Love, Love, that fond thing which men so call,  
 Woe worth the time I did thee intertain,

Expecting sweetness where I meet with gall,  
 And pleasures where I nothing find but pain.  
 Unhappy soul that longedst after fruit,  
 That may not be obtained by any suit.

## XII.

Would I had hardned against thee my heart,  
 And made it harder then the flinty stones  
 Against thy flatteries, then should no dart  
 Of thine have driven me to these sighs and moans.  
 Let none be tempted by thy speckled skin,  
 Or sly windings more to let thee in.

## XIII.

Oh had I fixt mine eye and heart, upon  
 Those happy objects where no love is lost !  
 Had I been ruled by discretion,  
 Then had I never with these blasts been tost.  
 Who loves unduely is rightly thus rewarded,  
 The more he loves, the less to be regarded.

## XIV.

Who loves inordinately, puts his heart  
 Into anothers hands it to command ;  
 Who when they list may play a Tyrants part.  
 Who love's in measure keeps't in his own hand :  
 And if 'tis slighted he can then withdraw't,  
 And place it better then on things of naughts.

## XV.

And yet it's better, when love's badly set  
 Upon unlawful objects, t' have it crost,  
 Then that its satisfaction it should get :  
 For then the soul's in danger to be lost.  
 Who can the mischief number which insue,  
 When unchast love injoys pleasures undue ?

## XVI.

XVI.

What guilt unto it self the soul contracts ?  
 What stings of conscience, frightful fears of Hell ?  
 What horreur, shame, reproach, spring from such acts ?  
 What other mischeifs, where's the tongue can tell ?  
 How many loose not only name and place ;  
 But even their lives, seeking to shun disgrace ?

XVII.

How many have been cast down wounded fore ?  
 How many strong ones hereby have been slain ?  
 How many rich ones hath this love made poor ?  
 How many sober ones hath it made vain ?  
 Yea Cities through unchast love have been sackt,  
 And Common-wealths, and Kingdoms hereby wrackt.

XVIII.

This brought the Deluge on the World of old,  
 And Sodom and her Sisters over-turn'd ;  
 So as the like beside was never told,  
 By fire and Brimstone from Heav'n being burn'd.  
 This many thousand Gracians did destroy,  
 While they beseig'd the here-through ruin'd Troy.

XIX.

On this I more enlarge, all men to warn  
 How they their loves misplace, and let them run,  
 Least they do gather thence both scath and scorn,  
 And wail too late when it hath them undone.  
 Give God thy heart i'th first place ; there's great odds  
 'Twixt putting 't in a creatures hands and Gods.

XX.

Perhaps some friendly soul, whose heart was knit  
 Unto his friend, or neighbour, in loves bands,

Desiring

Desiring love again this possey writ,  
And grav'd it on a ring, that on the hands  
Of his friend worn, or by him read, it might  
Their hearts in mutual love firmly unite.

## XXI.

Perhaps some man who true love's worth admir'd,  
And found thereof within himself some want,  
Cry'd out thus as a man that love desir'd,  
Invoking love her self to him to grant,  
Making his moan as if he thus should say,  
Love, Love, Love, come and make with me thy stay.

## XXII.

Perhaps some living in this frozen age,  
And seeing charity to be waxt cold,  
Himself and others thereto to ingage,  
Did grave these words upon a Ring of Gold.  
But be it as it will, I hope I well  
May good instructions to my self thence spell.

## XXIII.

This threefold mention of this word to me,  
Love's excellency rightly may imply,  
That there is nothing in the World may be,  
So good as hearty love and charity.  
If other things with true love we compare,  
Its excellencies superlative are.

## XXIV.

Love (not that thing which springeth out of dust,  
And on some outward glosse doth fix the eye,  
Which wantons call Love, but the Scriptures lust,  
For that is full of sin and vanity;  
Chaining the soul to things that do it harm,  
And oft to their destruction men doth charm.

XXV.

But ) that Divine and Heavenly frame of soul,  
Which fills it full of goodness, and enlarges  
Its motions ; and doth lead it to controule  
What ere as evil a right judgment charges.  
A pure and heavenly flame inkindled from  
That holy fire that down from Heaven doth come.

XXVI.

Which at the good of the beloved aims,  
And not a man's own will to satisfie,  
To all good offices the mind it frames,  
And leads it all mischeivousness to fly.  
Faith, hope, joy, patience, meekness, fortitude,  
And justice good are ; Love doth all include.

XXVII.

Love both believes, and hopes, and long indures,  
With courage bearing and performing all  
That the beloveds good or praise procures,  
Strongly resisting all that cross doth fall.  
Love joys to do what's right, hates to do ill,  
Yea love the law it self doth all fulfil.

XXVIII.

Love hath its rise from Heaven, and Heaven's its seat,  
Where on a stately throne its plac't on high ;  
Needs must the worth of love be very great,  
When such its birth is, and its Majesty.  
Yea God himself who all things is above,  
Is not call'd power, or strength, or faith, but Love.

XXIX.

Love is a vertue therefore pure and clean,  
That from all filthiness and vice is free,

Producing all that's good ; the heart can't mean  
 Ill, where love ruleth ; for love could not be  
 A child of Heav'n or there its ſeat retain,  
 If free it were not from all ſpot and ſtain.

## XXX.

Needs muſt it alſo unto God be pleaſing,  
 Since it in him hath its original,  
 And to the heart it dwels in, its moſt eaſing  
 Of all d'iſturb'ing paſſions that inthrall.  
 To ſelf, and others, it's a very ſpring  
 Of ev'ry whoſome advantageous thing.

## XXXI.

Yea Love's eternal, ſeeing in the breaſt  
 Of God, from everlaſting 'twas conceiv'd ;  
 And it for evermore ſhall be poſſeſt,  
 When other vertues have their end receiv'd.  
 So long as God is who doth live for ever,  
 Love ſhall abide, and end it ſhall have never.

## XXXII.

When what we now believe, and hope for, we  
 Shall fully have, and nothing more expect,  
 Yet we ſhall love, and ever loved be,  
 We never ſhall God, or God us, reject :  
 Nor one another, but eternally  
 Shall live in love and perfect unity.

## XXXIII.

When all our ſufferings ſhall be o're and paſt,  
 And patient courage have no further place,  
 Yet Love ſhall flouriſh and for ever laſt,  
 Therefore then Love there is no choiſer grace:  
 After all vertues preſs we, but above  
 Them all lets follow after ſervent Love.

## XXXIV.

XXXIV.

But yet again this thrice repeated word,  
Love, Love, Love, hath another mystery ;  
At least to me, me-thinks it may afford  
This observation not unusefully,  
That of right Love, there are right objects three,  
God, neighbours, and our selves should loved be.

XXXV.

The first Love God respects ; Love God, for He  
Above all other things our Love deserves ;  
If any other thing more loved be,  
Our love from its right order greatly swerves :  
God far above all other things excels,  
Because in him all excellency dwells.

XXXVI.

If lovely beauty may our love attract ;  
And cause our eyes and hearts thereon to gaze ;  
Such lovely beauty dwells in him, in act,  
As may with admiration us amaze.  
A perfect fitness for to satisfie  
Our souls with goodness to eternity.

XXXVII.

Beauty doth stand in a just symmetry,  
A fit composure and proportion due,  
Of parts and of appearances to th'eye ;  
Such as a loveliness presents to th'view.  
Such justice, wisdom, pow'r and goodness, are  
In God, and so agreeing, None's so fair.

XXXVIII.

Behold his lively image, Christ our Lord,  
Where God himself unto us doth present ;

He



He's white and ruddy, his face doth afford  
 What ever may our souls like and content.  
 Power, wisdom, greatness, riches, glory, grace;  
 And all that suits our wants dwells in his face.

## XXXIX.

What ever we can wish, desire, or crave,  
 That may promote our hearts content, or ease,  
 In God we may behold it, and it have,  
 Yea so as perfectly our hearts to please,  
 When healed so as we can see aright;  
*All beauty's far below his glory bright.*

## XL.

If love and bounty may challenge, as due  
 Affection from us: He the first is there.  
 God loves so, and his favours old and new  
 Are such, as none like them there ever were.  
 We nothing have that's good, but He it gave us,  
 We no ill scape, but He therefrom doth save us.

## XLI.

Oh who God's love and goodness can set forth!  
 Who can his benefits justly repeat?  
 Their number's numberless; and such their worth  
 As cannot be exprest, it is so great.  
 Behind, before, about us look we round,  
 Above, beneath, we see his love abound.

## XLII.

Whereshall we first begin? where make an end?  
 If with the world's beginning, that's too late.  
 Before the World God did us good intend,  
 Sure then his love is of an elder date.  
 And it's his desire we should do well for ever,  
 His love's eternal then, and endeth never.



XLIII.

When God did make this World, and Being give  
Unto each thing therein, it was for man  
That He might be well, and contented live.  
Yea h's thoughts to make it before it began,  
Were with an eye to us, that we might Be;  
And might his goodness and his glory see.

XLIV.

What a well furnisht house did God provide,  
With all accomodations that might make  
Our lives most comfortable! yea beside  
We of his heav'nly Image did partake.  
God gave us pow'r and rule over the rest  
Of creatures; and with fitness for't us blest.

XLV.

Wisdom he gave to manage such a pow'r  
And such a manly courage, majesty,  
And countenance, as well might make them lowre  
That would but dare t' oppose his Sovereignty.  
Yea male and female, for each other meet  
He made us, that our converse might be sweet.

XLVI.

Yea further, he did also us create  
Capable with himself converse to have;  
And did his mind to us communicate.  
What could we more of him desire or crave?  
How great his love and goodness to us then,  
When we were innocent and upright men?

XLVII.

But yet his love he shewed forth more fully,  
When we by sin were fallen into woe,

U

And

And fins curst fruits did soul and body sully,  
 And we deserv'd he should have been our foe.  
 When we were helpless and had ever perish't,  
 Unless his love had us reliev'd and cherish't.

## XLVIII.

When the whole World could not relieve our case,  
 But more then a whole World it did require,  
 To ransom us from ruin, that his face  
 We might behold with joy and 'scape his ire.  
 Then more then all this World he for us gave,  
 ( Oh how he lov'd us ! ) that he might us save.

## XLIX.

He to redeem us sent his only Son,  
 Cloth'd with our flesh and blood, made poor and weak,  
 Made sin and curse for us, as one undone,  
 That he the pow'r of sin and curse might break.  
 He him deliver'd to death on the cross,  
 That by his death he might repair our loss.

## L.

Yet neither did his love, and goodness, here  
 Take up and cease, but knowing that we wanted  
 A quickning pow'r us up again to rear,  
 And keep from death, that quickning pow'r he granted.  
 For raising up his Son again from dead,  
 He fill'd him with all fulness o'th' God-head.

## LI.

Set him upon the throne of Majesty ;  
 Made him a quickning spirit, and so gave  
 Him cloth'd with pow'r and all Authority,  
 To bring us back again from sin, death, grave ;  
 Yea rescue and defend us from the Devil,  
 Fill us with blessings, free us from all evil.

LII.

His Son, his only Son, by whom he made  
This World and all therein ; he thus did give  
A gift beyond the World, it can't be said  
How great a gift he was, that we might live.

For he a person is excelling far,  
All things that by him either were or are.

LIII.

Through him he daily doth us feed, and cloth,  
And bountifully lade with benefits ;  
Upholds us in our tryals, don't us loath,  
Though bad requitals oft from us he gets.

Yea Heaven he opens to us, and displays  
His glory to us, thither us to raise.

LIV.

Through his dear blood he hath prepar'd a way,  
And grace affords, that we his Sons may be.  
Enjoy his favour, see his face alway ;  
Be satisfied with good, from ill be free.

Yea and in glory ov'r other things,  
Reign to eternity with him as Kings.

LV.

The good, and glory, which he hath prepared  
For us unworthy, sinful, wretched men,  
In our return to him, can't be declared.  
Oh what a lover of us, is He then !

Yea all his rods and chastisements do tend,  
To bring us to those joys that have no end.

LVI.

And to impow'r and move us to repent,  
And close with him, his Spirit doth us give

With that grace and those means which us prevent,  
 That we though dead may hear, and hearing live.  
 So that but yielding our obedience to him,  
 He'll work our works, & nought shall pluck us fro him.

## LVII.

He calls us to him ; bids us ask and crave,  
 What ever good we want us to supply,  
 Cleaving to him we shall it surely have ;  
 For nought that's good for us will he deny.  
 Yea much he freely gives unaskt, that so  
 To hope in him, and ask he might us wooe.

## LVIII.

And more then we can ask or think, he'll give ;  
 Yea more then now our narrow hearts can hold,  
 If we believe on him, and to him live :  
 The glory he will give cannot be told.  
 What love's like his ? or where is such a lover  
 Amongst all persons that we can discover ?

## LIX.

There's none in Earth beneath, nor Heaven above,  
 That loves like him, his love if we do heed,  
 'Twill us convince, that him again to love  
 It's meet ; yea love to him in us 'twill breed.  
 The first love to him then rightly belongs ;  
 Let him be first in all our praising songs.

## LX.

Yea he's so worthy love, that well we may  
 Treble the exhortation with respect  
 To him ; and to our selves, and others say,  
 Love, Love, Love God, who ever we neglect.  
 He's worthy, and we're backward him to love,  
 Need therefore fervently thereto to move.

LXI.

Yea, love's his due in the highest degree,  
Because his goodness is superlative:  
With all things that we have, with all we be,  
He's worthy love, so long as we're alive.

Love God therefore with all thy mind, heart, soul,  
Love, Love, Love, and let nought that love controule.

LXII.

Love God with all thy mind, to him attend;  
Consider what of him we hear, and find:  
Yea set our selves to seek to know him, bend  
Our thoughts to him, and keep him in our mind.

With greatest earnestness his praises view,  
To think on him, bid all things else adieu.

LXIII.

Love God with all thy heart, as him we know;  
Let our affections close with, and embrace,  
Him freely, fully; all things high and low,  
To the enjoyment of him must give place.

Resign our wills to him, on him rely,  
Joy and delight we in his Majesty.

LXIV.

Seek his approvment, fellowship, and grace,  
Joy in his word and service, and adhere  
Firmly unto him, seek his strength, and face,  
Above all things, and the loss thereof fear.

Yea love the places whereon be his name,  
His paths, posts, statutes, and frequent the same.

LXV.

Love God with all thy soul, the life and might,  
Which soul united with the body gives.

To put forth all our strength, it is but right,  
 Seeking and serving him who ever lives.  
 Remiss and slothful seeking him, implies  
 That our love to him's cold, and cold love dies.

## LXVI.

Yea yet again, we may be thrice put on  
 To love the Lord, because a Trinity.  
 There is in him : He's three, though yet but one,  
 As Scriptures do expressly testifie.

Love God the Father, Son, and holy Spirit,  
 For each of them thy fervent'st love do merit.

## LXVII.

For each, and All, are love in one ; and have  
 Joyntly, and severally, their love exprest  
 To us poor mortals ; that they might us save,  
 And that our miseries might be redrest.

In love the Father sent the Son unto us ;

In love the Son came, and the Spirit doth wooe us.

## LXVIII.

In love the Father his Son yielded up  
 To be made flesh, and poor, despis'd, and dye :  
 'Twas He that gave to him that bitter cup,  
 Which wrung his Soul with many an agony.

In love to us he rais'd him up again,

And hath exalted him on high to reign.

## LXIX.

In love to us the Son our flesh and blood,  
 Did at the Father's just appointment take ;  
 And in our room, and stead, as surety stood,  
 And by his dying did atonement make.

And rose, and off'red up himself on high,

Living to plead for us continually.

LXX.

In love to us he ſent the holy Ghoſt ;  
And gifts did give to men as he thought good :  
That ſo by them his Name in ev'ry coaſt  
Might be proclaim'd, and his grace underſtood.  
And unto thoſe who do his grace retain,  
He'll come in glory, and raiſe them to reign.

LXXI.

In love to us the Holy Ghoſt comes forth,  
In Chriſt his Name, and doth his truth make known :  
Shewing the things of Chriſt, and their great worth ;  
Wooing us to him, that we might him own.  
Waiting with patience for our turning in ;  
Ready to waſh and cleanſe us from our ſin.

LXXII.

He guides us into truth, he gives ſupport,  
Strengthneth in ſervices and ſufferings ;  
Unto our fainting Spirits, he gives comfort ;  
Yea he all life and bleſſings to us brings.  
Will raiſe us up from death, and grave, and give  
In glorious bodies us with Chriſt to live,

LXXIII.

Love, Love, Love God therefore inteniſively,  
Who was, and is, and who is yet to come.  
Love every perſon in the Trinity :  
Oh that he had in my heart all the room !  
Thus in the firſt place, love to God is due ;  
But let us now a ſecond Object view.

LXXIV.

Love ſecondly our Neighbour ; for the Text  
That bids us firſt of all to love the Lord ,

Tells us the second precept ( which is next )  
 Is love our Neighbours, and we in God's Word  
 Good reason for it find ; because they are  
 Our brethren, though with God they can't compare.

## LXXV.

All men are sprung from out one common stock ;  
 Branches of the same root, made of one blood ;  
 Rais'd from one common mold, chips of one block ;  
 Fram'd by one hand, capable of one good.  
 We had at first the same original :  
 And must at last into the same dust fall.

## LXXVI.

Indeed there is in us such backwardness,  
 To love our Neighbours, that this thrice repeated  
 Word, Love, may be apply'd with earnestness,  
 That our cold hearts to love them may be heated.  
 God we so little love, our selves so wrong ;  
 That Neighbours get not what to them belong.

## LXXVII.

'T would be as good for them happy to be,  
 And to be miserable full as sad ;  
 As to be happy will be good for thee ;  
 And to be miserable for thee's bad.

Seek to promote their good, prevent their wooe :  
 Do to them as thou wouldst be done unto.

## LXXVIII.

Especially since it is God's good will  
 And precept, that thy Neighbour thou should'st love :  
 And that he might thee move it to fulfill,  
 His own example gives thee from above.  
 He hath both loved thee, and others too ;  
 As he hath done to thee, to others do.

## LXXIX.



LXXIX.

God's love to thee obliges thee again,  
Readily what he bids thee to obey.  
To Love thy Neighbour then do not disdain,  
Whatever lust of thine thereto say nay.

Though of thy love unworthy he doth seem,  
Worthy of thine obedience God esteem.

LXXX.

But who's our Neighbour? surely every man  
Distinct from us, at least till fil'd with evil  
Any we find, that clearly see we can,  
That they are thereby made one with the Devil.

For they that are God's enemies so far,  
Out of our loves we lawfully may bar.

LXXXI.

But for all others, they should loved be,  
Whither they be our friends, our foes, or strangers:  
Their good we should indeavour, joy to see;  
Defend and seek to rescue them from dangers.

Grieve for their harms, and do what in us lies,  
Their happiness to further any wise.

LXXXII.

Me thinks, three sorts of Neighbours I espy,  
God's friends, our own, and they that neither be;  
Respectively to whom this trinity  
Of love-commands, again apply may we.

Love those that love God, love friends and allies;  
Love other men, strangers or enemies.

LXXXIII.

Love those that love God, for they'r worthy love;  
In that they do the thing that's good and right:

They

They are God's friends, he loves them, that may move  
Thee therefore in them to take much delight.

They love not God, who do not love his friends,  
And they are faulty, who e'r them commend.

## LXXXIV.

For in asmuch as any loves God, He  
God's image in him in some measure bears:  
They are Christ's vertues which in him we see;  
God's and Christ's liv'ries he upon him wears.

And he that loves not God, as seen in's brother,  
Loves not, but hates God, howe'r he it smother.

## LXXXV.

If God thou lov'st and seek'st desirously,  
Acquaintance with, he with his people dwels:  
In cleaving to their heavenly company,  
Thou shalt meet with him as the Scripture tells.  
If thou hast no desire his face to know,  
Thou lov'st him not, what face so e'r thou show.

## LXXXVI.

Amongst all men, they the first place should have  
In our affections, because God's in them;  
They'r nearest to him, what they of him crave,  
He'll give, for he their pray'rs will not contemn.  
They then who him neglect, and them despise,  
He needs must take to be his enemies,

## LXXXVII.

They be Christ's favourites, he doth them own  
As his dear friends, his Mother, Sister, Brother;  
They of him in a special sort are known;  
They'r honour'd of him far above all other.  
How can he brook it from us, if we them  
Who are so near and dear to him contemn?

## LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

Them as his Pearls and Jewels he reposes,  
His lot, his portion, his inheritance;  
His garden of delights, which pleasant fruits  
Bring forth to him, and he will them advance.

Yea he is their lot and portion too,  
Nothing he thinks too great for them to do.

LXXXIX.

Love them therefore as thine own choicest friends,  
Confort with them, and walk in their good ways;  
Do for them all that to their welfare tends;  
When they are cast down, seek them up to raise.

Spare not for them thy wealth, strength, life to spend,  
For that's the way to make the Lord thy friend.

XC.

For such an unity with him they have,  
That he doth take what e'r to them thou do'st,  
As done unto himself. It's he doth crave  
Thy charity, when they be almost lost,  
Through want of some relief, or in some danger;  
If thou neglect them, thou mak'st him a stranger.

XCI.

Grace teaches thee to love God's friends, yea all  
In whom man's nature savable is found:  
Nature doth teach thee to those thou do'st call,  
Thy friends and kindred in love to abound.  
If Gods, and thine, they'r both, a double eye,  
To love them dearly, upon thee doth lye.

XCII.

Grace, natural affections, don't destroy,  
But rectifies, making them clean and right:

To

To love thy friends and kinsfolks, and to joy  
In their prosperity, it doth excite.

And it allows and leads thee soberly,  
With them to sorrow in their misery.

## XCIII.

Yea usually more then in other folks,  
Because more nearly knit and joyn'd to thee.  
Grace, love from every severall tye provokes;  
Where it doth find more grounds, it makes more free.  
Who loves not all is short in grace, his friends  
Who loves not, grace and nature both offends.

## XCIV.

Yea grace will lead to love, both strangers to us;  
(As God us while to him we strangers were:)  
And enemies who labour to undo us,  
Seeking all comforts from us quite to tear.  
For God us loved while his enemies,  
And while we did him and his laws despise.

## XCV.

While we against his truth and holiness  
Did act continually, and him so hated:  
That in our hearts we liked nothing less;  
Yea could have wished him annihilated.  
'Twas then his kindness to us, that did slay  
Our enmity, and it remove away.

## XCVI.

That any are our enemies, 'tis not  
Essential to them, because men they be:  
But it's because error of them hath got  
The mastery, or ill in us they see.  
Endeavour then to cure, our selves to mend,  
And then their enmity will have an end.

XCVII.

And if our love will cure them of their ailments,  
And turn their hearts to us, we gainers are:  
Our friends they'll be, because we so their failments  
By love have cur'd, and had of them such care.  
Who hates his enemy, but makes him worse,  
And makes himself too partner in the curse.

XCVIII.

Who loves his enemies, doth imitate  
The God of love, who us his foes to save,  
Lay'd down for us his life; and nought doth hate,  
But that corruption which doth us inflave.  
Where love doth conquer, men best get their ends;  
Their foes they overcome, and make their friends.

XCIX.

Oh noble love! who while thou mak'st men yield  
Unto their foes, in all may do them good;  
Not overcome of ill, do'st win the field,  
And oftimes draw'st thine enemies heart blood:  
Not to be shed in anger to their guilt,  
But boil in love, and for their good be spilt.

C.

Thus Christ did conquer *Saul*, while he did spare  
His life and soul from ruine, and imploy  
Him in the ministry; a conquest rare  
On him he got, wherein they both had joy.  
And he who's life did fornt, as Christ's foe,  
In love to him did freely it forgo.

CI.

Thus thou thy will upon thy foes may'st have,  
If thou do'st conquer them by charity.

How-

However thou that way thy soul shalt save;  
 And if not their's they shall more sorely dye.  
 Them and thy self by hatred thou mayst kill,  
 And near-the-less mayst fail to have thy will.

## CII.

Love's the best weapon wherewith we can fight,  
 Against what ever persons us oppose;  
 While it in their welfare seeks its delight,  
 We may them conquering win, and nought shall lose,  
 But what shall be repaid an hundred fold,  
 With that which far exceeds the choicest gold.

## CIII.

Oh, that of that blest Lamb who lost his life!  
 And powred forth his dearest precious blood;  
 That by his love he might o'rcome our strife,  
 And his fierce persecutors bring to good;  
 We willing were to learn this lesson well,  
 To strive in love each other to excell?

## CIV.

That others evils may not quel our good,  
 But we with goodness may o'rcome their ill;  
 That though of mischiefs they cast out a flood  
 Upon us, we may seek their welfare still!  
 Who lives in love, and love intirely keeps,  
 Shall laugh when he who lives in hatred weeps.

## CV.

But yet a third time love may lead us, yet  
 After another object to inquire.  
 Love we our selves: Can we our selves forget?  
 Or can we fail our own good to desire?  
 We are not bid to love our selves, because  
 It is suppos'd we'll do that without laws.

CVI.

That we should love our selves, God doth imply,  
When love unto our neighbours bid doth he.  
Making love to our selves, the rule whereby  
Love to our neighbour measured should be.

To love our Neighbours as our selves, what's that ?  
But if we hate our selves them too to hate.

CVII.

And yet so brutish we our selves have made,  
That other things we love, our selves neglect :  
Yea all our times and strength are oft out laid,  
On what our own destruction may effect.

The love wherewith we love our selves, is hate  
Indeed, though love we it do nominate.

CVIII.

For there's a love to self, that oft destroys  
The soul ; which God therefore forbiddeth to us,  
Branding self love as sinful ; 'cause 't annoys,  
And in the consequent doth but undo us.

When so our selves, and what's ours we affect,  
That God, and Neighbours, we to love neglect.

CIX.

Of such a love to self, the World is full ;  
And every where it's fruits are to be found :  
It's that which from all goodness men doth pull,  
And makes them in all wickedness abound.

Men so themselves, and their own lusts, do mind,  
It's rare an honest godly man to find.

CX.

Some men their wisdom, goodness, strength, and parts,  
So much do overween and magnifie,

That

That unto God and Christ, their minds and hearts,  
For grace and mercy they do not apply.

Yea and what wholsom counsels unto them  
Others do give, they proudly do contemn.

## CXI.

Some men their will and purpose cleave to so,  
That what God doth require, they don't regard :

Yea every one they do account their foe,  
Who their will cross, or their designs retard.

Yea many one that he may have his will  
Cares not God to blaspheme, and men to kill.

## CXII.

Some men their praise with men, and reputation  
With fools so love, that so they may them get,

They'll shape their manners into any fashion,  
And faith and conscience too to sale they'll set.

Turning their backs on all that God prescribes,  
Rather then bear therefore some taunts or jibes.

## CXIII.

Some for their honour so ambitious are,  
That rather then they'll loose a cap, or knee,  
They'll fret and fume, yea for it they don't care,  
A Mans, or Nations ruine if they see.

Because unto proud *Haman, Mordecai*,  
Would not bow down, he all the Jews would slay.

## CXIV.

Some men for their inriching are so set,  
That so they may but their estates increase,

Though by oppressing others, they it get  
By lying, cheating, breaking of the peace,

They matter not; nay they'll for money sell

Both God and Heaven, and give themselves to Hell.



CXV.

Some men their own delights, their pleaſures, eaſe,  
So love and value that they matter not,  
For God or men, ſo they themſelves may pleaſe,  
And have their belly-chear, punk, pipe and pot.  
Give them their hawks, hounds, paſtimes, ſports & plays,  
They matter not what God's laws, or Man's lays.

CXVI.

Some folks their forms and handſomeſs ſo prize,  
That all their care is wholly thereon ſet,  
How they ſome pretty faſhion may deviſe,  
Their hair trim, or their cloths i'th' new cut get.  
Yea ſo they be but faſhionably fine,  
Their ſouls may periſh, and the poor may pine.

CXVII.

Some men their own inventions ſo ſet by,  
Or their own fancies in Religion,  
That of true godlineſs the heart may dye,  
So be their ceremonies go but on.  
Let others rack their conſcience, let them kill  
Their bodies, looſe their ſouls, they'll have their will.

CXVIII.

Nay many who do honeſt men appear,  
And from groſs acts of wickedneſs are free,  
Who by no means will lye, be drunk, ſteal, ſwear,  
Yet their own things ſo mind from God they flee.  
Their Oxen, Farmes, Trades, Merchandiſe, or Wives;  
God of their Love, Heaven of their Souls deprives.

CXIX.

But this unto mens ſelves is no right love,  
But hatred rather it may well be ſtil'd;

Because their hearts from God it doth remove,  
And their souls are thereby of life beguil'd.

A man's soul is himself; who that neglects  
Himself doth hate, what ever he respects.

## CXX.

It's something else that men do love indeed,  
In this false self love, it's a self of sin,  
Which did from Sathan at the first proceed,  
And at his motion *Adam* first let in.

Sin so in man dwells, and's with him so one,  
That it as a man's self is oft spoke on.

## CXXI.

Thence we are bid our members on the Earth  
To mortifie; when he that bids us so,  
Uncleanness, fornication, lawless mirth  
Therein forbids, and what may us undo.

It's this indeed that man so likes and loves,  
And it's the love of this that God reproves.

## CXXII.

The true love to our selves it is imply'd,  
In that which God requires of us; as that  
The Lord we seek, love, serve, his will abide  
With patience, love our neighbours, all ill hate.

Himself he truly loves, who doth endeavour,  
For what his soul will happy make for ever.

## CXXIII.

He that regardeth not God's holy Word,  
To hear and learn, and carefully obey:

Who seeketh not to know, and have the Lord,  
His Father, friend, his comfort, help and stay.

Who hates his neighbours, and doth love his lust,  
Loves not himself, but to himself unjust.

## CXXIV.

## CXXIV.

He that doth truly love himself, doth take  
The course that tends directly to his good:  
Doth seek to know it, doth inquiry make  
For it, not resting till 'tis understood:

Above his sense, and body, loves his soul,  
And whatsoever would harme it doth controule.

## CXXV.

Who loves himself, indeed doth hate all sin,  
In love to Christ, his lust he will deny;  
Will walk in all good ways: the World to win,  
Would not offend God, or men injury.

Commits himself to God, on him doth stay;  
And from his holy fear turns not away.

## CXXVI.

Thus if this posie thou do'st understand,  
Thou may'st do well to bear it in thy mind:  
Yea did'st thou wear it then upon thine hand,  
And practise it, thou thence much good might'st find.

Love not thy lusts, the world, or worldly pelf;  
But love God, love thy neighbour, love thy self.

## CXXVII.

But if God thou neglect'st to love, and for  
True love to others, and thy self do'st place,  
Some blind affections to their friendship, or  
Their proper stature, fair or comely face.

Which being of the flesh, though green and fair  
They now do seem, but grass and flowers are.

## CXXVIII.

Or if thou thine own wit and parts adoring,  
Thy will, thy pleasures, beauty, strength, or ways,

Or with thine own invention go'st a whoring,  
 Or do'st on thine own honour, name, or praise;  
 Or any like affection, in the stead  
 Of true love placing, do'st this posie read;

## CXXIX.

Then thou this posie do'st not well apply,  
 Nor need'st such iterations to incite  
 Thy love; but rather need'st that to deny,  
 Then to foment, because thy love's not right.  
 Love not, love not, love not, well may we say,  
 When ours or other mens affections stray.

## CXXX.

Love not the World, nor things thereof, so saith  
 The holy Ghost: from fleshly lusts abstain;  
 They fight against our souls, lead from the faith,  
 Deprive us of all good, and make us vain.  
 Lord all unlawful love purge out of me,  
 And make me love my self; my neighbours, Thee.

---

Another

# Another POSIE,

O. M. W. R.

*God first doth try, then satisfie.*

I.

**H**OW wondrous are God's ways?

He is most worthy praise.

His counsels all are very deeply laid,

The fool can't in his mind,

His methods see or find.

Who of his judgments may not be afraid?

Through Seas and Wilderness his ways lie,

Yet when he hath try'd, he doth satisfie.

II.

His works are so i'th' dark

To us, who can them mark.

Till he doth bring them forth unto the light?

Though he i'th' dark begin,

Yet doth he never lin,

Till by his lustre he dispel the night.

Then they who fear'd and sorrow'd, may espy

How much they err'd, and praise him heartily.

III.

This is that way of God,

With all his Saints oft trod.

As at the first light out of darkness sprung;

So through much darkness, he

Hath made his people see

The light of life, where-through they oft have sung.

Christ fills his vessels first with water, and

Then waters turns to wine by his command.

X 3

IV.

## IV.

And this he doth, that so  
He might make us forgo  
Those lusts and Idols whereunto we cleave.  
And those sins mortifie,  
Which else would make us dye.

He proves whether for him we them will leave;  
And may we not when try'd, as dross be found,  
God will us save, and our joys shall abound.

## V.

God tryed *Abraham*,  
When out of *Ur* he came,  
From's kindred and his country made to go:  
But yet he did him save,  
And better lands he gave,  
Then that was which he call'd & brought him fro.  
An heavenly country he before him set,  
Which caus'd his mind the earthly to forget.

## VI.

And his dear *Sarah* too  
Who out with him did go,  
Beside her many wandrings, tryals had,  
Twice she did scarcely scape,  
From *Heathen Kings* a rape,  
Her barren womb, and bond-mayd, made her sad.  
Yet when by many tryals she was taught  
To trust in God, she brought forth, and she laught.

## VII.

Though *Jacob* was decreed,  
To Lordship as we read,  
Yet how great hardships did he first sustain?  
Through *Esau's* great hatred,  
He unto *Laban* fled,  
Where as a servant he did long remain.  
On the cold earth, on an hard stone he slept;  
Convers't with God, yet afterwards oft wept.

## VIII.

He ſaw Heaven opened,  
 Whence God himſelf preached,  
 From top of ladder greateſt bleſſings to him:  
 Which before he enjoy'd,  
 Great ſorrows him annoy'd,  
 How many griefs ſuſtain'd he like t' undo him?  
 Yet in the cloſe of 's tryals he did meet,  
 With many an heavenly ſatisfying ſweet.

## IX.

That chaſte and pious lad,  
*Joſeph*, after he had  
 In dreams great dignity unto him ſhew'd;  
 Was by his brethren ſold,  
 And ſorrows manifold,  
 Suſtain'd in Egypt by his Miſtreſs lewd,  
 Many a doleful heart ſmart, ſtinging grief,  
 Priſons and irons, ſmall hopes of relief.

## X.

Yet when God had him try'd,  
 He him well ſatisfi'd:  
 Rais'd him to honour, made him to command,  
 With great Authority,  
 Over both low and high,  
 Next to the King throughout all Egypt's Land.  
 Thus God through tryals manifold prepar'd him,  
 And after with great honour did reward him.

## XI.

*Moses* in ruſhy boat,  
 Did on the waters float,  
 Before he was receiv'd in *Pharaoh's* Court:  
 Whence put to flight again,  
 He was in *Midian* ſain  
 To act the ſhepherd in an homely ſort,  
 Yet thence God brought him to be *Iſrael's* head,  
 By whoſe hand out of Egypt he them led.

## XII.

Where they had strangers been,  
 And great oppressions seen,  
 After the promise of the pleasant Land.  
 Brought whence at length they were  
 Through Wilderness and fear,  
 Seas, flood, and many tryals with high hand.  
 And after all at length they did possess  
 The Land of promise with great quietness.

## XIII.

That Ruddy youth, the sheep  
 Of Jesse that us'd to keep,  
 He was anointed King of Israel:  
 But before he did reign,  
 Great griefs he did sustain,  
 In Caves and Mountains, through what him befel.  
 Yet God at length his enemies destroy'd,  
 He reign'd in state, and in God greatly joy'd.

## XIV.

Echold we Christ our Lord:  
 How much was he abhor'd  
 Of men? a man with many sorrows try'd.  
 In's birth laid in a stall,  
 His Life and Death with gall  
 Was fil'd, with malefactors crucifi'd.  
 He as I th' wine-press of God's wrath was trod,  
 Yet now is glorifi'd, worshipt as God.

## XV.

Then let it not offend us,  
 If God, that he might mend us,  
 Do exercise us after any sort:  
 Let us but to him cleave,  
 He never will us leave,  
 Till he hath satisfi'd us with comfort:  
 Since this his method is, he first doth try,  
 (And so prepare for bless) then satisfieth.



## XVI.

Yet ev'ry one that's try'd,  
Is not so satisfi'd,  
But they who tryals patiently abide,  
Continuing in God's way,  
And trusting in him, they  
Shall with a crown of life be dignifi'd.  
They who through unbelief, impatiently  
Depart from God, deprive themselves and dye.

## XVII.

In *Israel* of old,  
They who had manifold  
Proofs of God's love and graciousness receiv'd,  
And yet through unbelief,  
Put his good spirit to grief,  
And turn'd aside, thereby themselves depriv'd.  
Not patiently abiding to the end,  
They perisht in those judgments God did send.

## XVIII.

They had not been o'rethrown,  
Had they this truth well known,  
And kept in mind, that this is God's good way,  
By tryals to prepare  
Those that his people are,  
And then his satisfactions to convey.  
This ruin'd them that being try'd, they thought  
God hated them, and their destruction sought.

## XIX.

But God did never fail,  
Those where grace did prevail,  
To make them patiently to him to cleave.  
Though failings oft they had,  
Yet God did make them glad;  
Pard'ning their sins, he never did them leave.  
'Tis not infirmities, and failings many,  
Where men are true to God shall deprive any.

## XX.

## XX.

Then let us courage take,  
 And never God forsake,  
 For whatsoever tryal us befall;  
 Our sins let us bewail,  
 And hope, though thoughts assail,  
 Since God through tryals led his people all.  
 Only when God doth try us, us to prove,  
 To try our selves too it doth us behove.

## XXI.

That we may see what dross  
 We yet retain; which loss  
 Will bring unto us, if not purged out:  
 And when seen, with it part;  
 So God will fill our heart  
 With heavenly satisfactions without doubt.  
 And let none leave God's way, because they'r try'd;  
 Who keeps it shall at length be satisfi'd,  
 When by their tryals they are purifi'd.

To a Stationer who being asked for  
a Bible, replied, Will you have  
one with the Service in it ?

SIR,

*Whether you ask't this question in a jeer,  
Or seriously you have my Answer here.*

**M**Y Service is not bound up in a Book;  
For then I might sometimes have it to look.  
For so some man might put it in his pocket,  
Or lay it in his desk, and from me lock it,  
So that I might not get it when I should  
Perform it; or it might in time grow old :  
It might be lost, burnt, dirty'd, rent or torn,  
Or be with too much thumbing quite out-worn.  
At best as clos'd up in a Book it's dead,  
And so not such as should be offered  
Unto the living God ; who now requires,  
A living sacrifice, not dead desires,  
A reasonable service unto him,  
And such a service he will not contemn.  
My service Sir I'd bear it in my heart,  
Whence it may issue out to ev'ry part.  
It is the yielding of my whole body,  
To do God's will, or bear it chearfully.  
That is the service we ought to perform,  
And not our selves to this World to conform ;  
As in the twelfth to t' *Romans* you may read,  
The World it self and its service is dead.  
They like to serve the Devil with their hearts,  
Their tongues, hands, heads, and all their other parts ;  
To give their bodies unto lust, or pride,  
Their mouths to curse, boast, scoff, jeer and deride,  
Blaspheme

Blaspheme and lye ; themselves they sacrifice  
 To drunkenness, whoredom, or avarice.  
 And yet they think they serve God bravely too,  
 For they their service in a Book can show.  
 Their service is a thing that lies without them,  
 And they can carry it sometime about them,  
 Unless their Book's too big, or lay it by  
 When they have said it o're, and let it lye.  
 They can present it unto God i' th' morn,  
 And all the day beside his counsels scorn.  
 Or else perhaps present it but one day  
 In six or seven, and all the week else lay  
 It at a distance ; giving God what's dead,  
 While with what liv's their lusts are worshipped.  
 Oh gallant service ! like to the Idols old,  
 Which Heathens made of Silver or of Gold :  
 Which might be carryed from place to place ;  
 And had th' appearance of an humane face :  
 But yet were life-less, void of inward breath ;  
 And could not keep their worshippers from death,  
 Either of body or of soul, though they  
 Did do their service to them every day,  
 Dead souls with dead things suit ; the living God  
 Who quickens what is dead, and with his rod  
 Corrects the Nations, living things likes best ;  
 Even living groans of an inspired brest.  
 The World such living service can't perform :  
 It hates the pow'r and only likes a Form,  
 Of Godliness ; which they may leave or take,  
 Use or lay by, as for their turn 't doth make.  
 Mistake me not herein, as if I thought,  
 Or else intended to judge, all pray'rs naught ;  
 That are taught by a Book ; or as if none  
 Might pray acceptably, who pray thereon.  
 It is the Worlds bad guise I here reprove,  
 Who serve God with pretences, their sins love :

Which

Which many too may do, that pray without  
 A Book; and so too many do no doubt,  
 Delight themselves in their own gifts and parts,  
 While yet their lusts they love with all their hearts,  
 Witness the pride or avarice of some,  
 Who yet as Saints into God's presence come,  
 I know a Book that service may hold forth,  
 Which God requires and shews to be of worth.  
 And so each sacred Bible doth declare,  
 What worship God requires of praise and pray'r,  
 Or other ways of service; but no ground  
 Of any such distinction so is found.  
 As if some Bibles did not shew the way,  
 How we should serve God, and unto him pray.  
 I do suppose it was some other thing,  
 That you did signifie in your saying.  
 Likely those Form's of Pray'r you meant thereby,  
 That are enjoyned by Authority.  
 If so, pray know, that I the words of them  
 Do not except against, much less condemn.  
 The Prayers are pithy, Orthodox and good,  
 More gen'rally if rightly understood:  
 And such as whereto I Amen can say  
 Heartily, when with them I hear men pray.  
 And so may others too I think; although  
 Some few things there among scruple I do.  
 Unto the pure all things are pure and good,  
 But that must warily be understood.  
 For what I am not satisfied in,  
 I cannot say I am, without my sin;  
 Nor would I thereby stain my Conscience,  
 Or unto others give cause of offence,  
 But why you, Sir, those Prayers the Service call,  
 I can't well tell, nor much inquire it shall.  
 I call them not my Service, they that do  
 May lay them on the Altar, I think so

They

They might be off' red up, although they there  
 Should lye untouch't, or unread all the year,  
 As a sum of the Churches pray'rs and praise,  
 And so less grief to some men they would raise,  
 And they the same are, and as pithy too,  
 Though never read, as when men read them do.  
 Though I the reading of them too allow,  
 To such as please, if any would them know;  
 Or in those words would their desires express,  
 I can mine sometimes too with readiness.  
 Though I profess I ne'r could find it yet,  
 In any passage of the holy writ,  
 That God requires, or holy men did use  
 To read their pray'rs to God; but pray excuse  
 That passage in me, I leave others free;  
 Let others leave me so, and we agree.

My soul cleave fast to Christ  
 For nought on earth delivers thy love  
 Fear not my love, be not dismay'd  
 For Jesus Christ thy debt hath paid  
 The Death of Christ is life to thee,  
 If thou a Christian truly be  
 Faith is not faith, unless it be  
 A faith that works by charity  
 Christ is by marriage knit to thee  
 If thou to him by sanctity  
 Admire my soul, the mystery  
 Of Jesus Christ's nativity  
 Christ was conceiv'd of a virgin  
 That thou might'st a Son of God become

# Sententious Verses of an unknown Author.

**C**onfession is to cure our sin,  
 A very present Medicine.  
 Thy Saviour on his Cross did choole  
 To save thy life, his own to loose.  
 Our Saviour cry'd, Repent, Repent,  
 As John who, fore our Saviour went.  
 Blessed be the Name of Jesus,  
 Who tormented was to ease us.  
 The grace of Jesus is to me,  
 The only true felicity.  
 Christ's Cross my Crown, I do esteem,  
 What ever earthy men do deem.  
 My hope in Christ is fixed sure,  
 Who wounded was, my wounds to cure.  
 My hope shall never be confounded,  
 Because my hope on Christ is grounded.  
 My soul cleave fast to Christ above,  
 For nought on earth deserves thy love.  
 Fear not my soul, be not dismayd,  
 For Jesus Christ thy debts hath paid.  
 The Death of Christ is life to thee,  
 If thou a Christian truly be.  
 Faith is not faith, unless it be  
 A faith that works by charity.  
 Christ is by marriage knit to thee,  
 If thou to him by Sanctity.  
 Admire my soul, the mystery  
 Of Jesus Christ's nativity.  
 Christ was conceiv'd i'th' Virgins womb,  
 That thou might'st a Son of God become.

Christ



Christ unto thee, if thou be his,  
 Both light, and good, and Medicine is.  
 If thou polluted art with sin,  
 The fountain's open, enter in.  
 He that doth eat and drink by faith,  
 Christ's flesh and blood, salvation hath.  
 Be wise, do not too far enquire,  
 For what thou rather shouldst admire,  
 Christ is ascended up on high,  
 And we must up as Eagles fly.  
 God sealeth by his holy Spirit,  
 As many as shall life inherit.  
 Great is the Churches dignity,  
 That chosen is Christ's spouse to be.  
 In Christ we are of God elect,  
 What's out of Christ God doth reject.  
 Our prayers do pierce the starry sky,  
 And fetch down blessings from on high.  
 The Angels of the Lord protect,  
 All those that are the Lord's elect.  
 The Devils treacheries who knows,  
 A thousand ways he seeks our woes.  
 He's only wife who God doth know,  
 And doth by life his knowledge show.  
 To live it is not, but to dye,  
 To live in sin securely,  
 Christ's life must be a Ruse to thee,  
 If Christ's Disciple thou wilt be.  
 Thou from thy self must first depart,  
 Before thou can'st in Christ have part.  
 Thy soul can nothing sacrate,  
 But God who did the same create.  
 Labour to have thy conscience pure,  
 When all things fail that will endure.  
 What is a bubble? such is man,  
 Whose life in length is but a span.



The man that Covets, is but poor,  
 Although he riches have great store.  
 The sign by which the Saints we know,  
 It is by love their faith to show.  
 The soul that chaste is, is Christ's Spouse,  
 His bed of rest, his lodging house.  
 The life of man's a rolling stone,  
 Mov'd to and fro, and quickly gone.  
 Love not the World, the World is vain,  
 But love the things that will remain.  
 The Palme-tree grows the more prest down,  
 And crosses prove the Churches crown.  
 Take up thy cross and it endure,  
 Then of a crown thou shalt be sure.  
 Let not tentations cast thee down,  
 For perseverance will thee crown.  
 Think every day to be thy last,  
 And when that's come thy life is past.  
 Grieve not when Christian friends do dye,  
 They gain by Death eternitie.  
 Remember that Christ Jesus shall,  
 Thoughts, words and deeds, to judgment call.  
 All earthly things tread under thee,  
 And let thy thoughts in Heaven be.  
 The Saints are Pilgrims here below,  
 And towards Heaven their country go.  
 If thou beest here a child of grace,  
 'Mongst Angels thou shalt have a place.  
 If into Hell thou would'st not fall,  
 Think daily on't and mind God's call.  
 The pains of Hell do far extend,  
 Beyond all time, World without end.  
 Doth Adam dye, Christ in thee live?  
 Christ shall eternal life thee give.

Y

Upon

Upon the carelesnes and covetous-  
nes of some that regard not to Read,  
much-less are willing to buy good and  
useful Books; and the wickednes of  
others that traduce them.

*Quis leget, aut emet hac.*

**S**EE here my friends, that which with much expence  
Of time and money (if without offence  
I may suggest it) I prepared have,  
Your good to further, and your souls to save:  
Is here exposed to you; will you read it,  
So as with seriousness to mind and heed it?  
Will you with little charge and cost that buy,  
Which doth me in far greater charges lye?  
Your pains in Reading it will be far less,  
Than mine it to Compose, and in this dresse  
To make it ready for you; and your gain  
Will far exceed your cost, if it remain,  
Upon your Reading it, in memory:  
And if unto the practise, you apply  
Your hearts, of what it tends to, as you ought,  
You will not then repent that you it bought.  
But I observe it some men's humour is,  
To slight and undervalue things like this,  
They'll rather idle Ballads buy and read,  
Or such bad Books as vice do breed and feed;  
And what their souls tend to spoil and destroy.  
For pride or belly chear, they will employ  
Their time and money: and it is a grief  
To find such humours in some men so brief.

To see no more regard, to what with pains  
 And cost prepar'd is for their endless gains,  
 Yea sometimes I with such could angry be,  
 When such like carriages in them I see  
 Or marvail at their stupidnes to slight,  
 What their own welfare much advantage might.  
 But then when I look higher, and reflect  
 Upon the sad regardless disrespect,  
 That too too commonly we all expresse  
 To God and Christ, who far more for our blese  
 And endless happiness, than any man  
 By all his study and expences can,  
 Have done and have prepar'd, and tender to us,  
 Whereto with much long suffering they do wooe us,  
 It doth allay my grief and wonder too,  
 As to my labours, or what others do  
 Of like import; for what am I, or any  
 Who labour in such studies, whereby many  
 Might benefitted be, with him compar'd,  
 Who hath eternal life for us prepar'd  
 By such a costly way, as by the Death  
 Of his dear Son, who for us spent his breath,  
 And's life and soul expos'd to many a grief,  
 To bring unto our souls endless relief.  
 Find we not Christ himself sometime complain,  
 That he had labour'd and his strength in vain  
 Had spent, while they among whom he had wrought,  
 Did all his love and labour set at naught,  
 Though he doth freely tender all the good  
 Which he hath bought by his most precious blood,  
 For mankind, unto whosoever will,  
 Accept thereof, and take thereof their fill.  
 Yet because something he again requires  
 That men do value, and which their desires  
 And love are bent upon, they should forsake,  
 That of his better things they might partake;

Because he bids us of him his things buy,  
 Men do refuse them too too generally.  
 Though all he doth require us to forgo,  
 Or unto him to offer up, that so  
 We might be happy in what he doth give,  
 And might with him in joys for ever live,  
 Is nothing worth; nor worthy to be y'd,  
 Compar'd with what he gave, when as he dy'd  
 For us and for our sins; his life and blood  
 More precious far than can be understood.  
 Or else compar'd with what he gives again,  
 Even joys and glory that ever remain.  
 If we resent it if our labours be,  
 And cost neglected; Oh then what may he?  
 With whose both pains and cost, if we compare  
 Any or all of ours, they nothing are.  
 His labour and his patience very great,  
 Beside his agonies and bloody sweat:  
 He went about by Land and Sea, that good  
 He might do unto those who shed his blood:  
 Which he most freely poured out, that we  
 Drinking thereof might blest for ever be.  
 Yet amongst men how slender his reward,  
 How few his love or labours do regard?  
 Such is the Worlds guise, such it constantly  
 Hath been, to cast their best concerns by,  
 While vanity they love, and follow after  
 Mere leafings, or fond things of mirth and laughter.  
 Yea not only such things they disrespect,  
 As tend their greatest weal most to effect.  
 But oft repay with hatred and disdain,  
 The greatest love, and things of greatest gain.  
 Whereof, as Christ himself the Sovereign Lord  
 Of glory, so his choise servants afford  
 Sufficient proof and evidence: how great  
 Their pains and labour, the World to intreat,

To save their souls ! how great their diligence  
 By Preaching, Writing, Travail, Patience,  
 In good and bad reports ! and yet how bad  
 Their intertainment every where ! how sad  
 Their ill requitals ! oh at how great cost  
 Have we our Bible truths ! how many lost  
 Their precious lives ; laid out their strength and time,  
 That we might know the way whereby we climb  
 May, up to Heaven and happiness ! yet who  
 Will even for Heaven itself their lusts forgo ?  
 Well then may I not grutch at cost or pains,  
 Nor grumble at any neglects, disdain,  
 Or what like things me for my labours shall  
 From any man, at any time befall.  
 Yea, if I for my labours disrespect  
 May meet with, it may make me to reflect  
 Upon my self, and smiting on my thigh,  
 To say, Thus, thus too much and oft have I  
 Requited God, Christ, and the holy Ghost,  
 And those his servants who unto our coast  
 With pains and travail God's truth carried forth ;  
 Truths of unspeakable and boundless worth.  
 Why then should I complain, if I should find  
 Such disrespectts as suit less with my mind ?  
 Or why should I expect, respect, or look  
 For better likement unto any Book,  
 Than usual is for all good things to have !  
 Hatred they must expect, who souls would save.  
 When I and others mend and better be  
 To God, they will deal well enough with me.

The greatest love and thing of greatest gain  
 Whered, is Christ himself the Sovereign Lord  
 Of glory to his choise servants abroad  
 AN  
 Their pains and labors, the world to instruct  
 In good and evidence, how great

AN

## EPI TAPH

UPON

Mr. THOMAS LILLY

Of *South-Lin.*

I.

**T**HOU that go'st by, cast here thine eye;  
I sometime walked there.

I was a Flower, I stood my hour,  
And now I'm fallen here.

II.

I in my time was of the prime  
That lived in this Town,

A *Lilly* fresh, but I was flesh;  
And Death hath cut me down.

III.

All flesh is grass, it's grace doth pass;

The best is but a flower:

The stoutest man do what he can,  
Must dye when 'tis his hour.

IV.

If riches could Death's force withhold,  
I had not dyed yet:

Riches good store I had, Death's fore  
Yet thence no cure could get.

V.

## V.

I thought of this, I fought for bliss,  
 I good attention gave  
 To what I heard; the Lord I fear'd;  
 And as I fought I have.

## VI.

O man thou must return to dust  
 What ever now thou art,  
 Dust was thy breed, and 'tis decreed  
 Thou and the World must part.

## VII.

Yet thou may'st live, if thou do'st give  
 Good heed to mend thy ways.  
 For though thou dye, yet certainly  
 God will again thee raise.

## VIII.

For Death came in by loathsome sin,  
 But Christ for all did dye,  
 And unto those who with him close,  
 He'll give the victory.

## IX.

Nothing beside will long abide,  
 But soon will fade away.  
 Consider well; Take heed of Hell,  
 Think on thy dying day.

## X.

So farewell friend, and God thee send  
 To live so holily,  
 That Heaven may be a place for thee  
 When 'tis thy turn to dye.

**F I N I S.**



Reader there be too many mistakes of Words, Letters, and Points; the chief of them thou hast here a note of and how thou may'st correct them, viz. as follows.

**I**N the Title page vers. last for inot r. into. In the Epistle p. 1. vers. 14. for too r. two. v. 16. r. woe. In the Apology p. 3. l. 32. r. such woers. p. 4. l. 36. r. I my self submit. In the body of the Poem. p. 2. l. 30. put out the full stop at bands. p. 5. l. 30. r. the vile. p. 6. l. 33. for to r. so. p. 8. l. 14. put out the stroke of the parenthesis, and put it in l. 17. after back. p. 11. l. 22. r. the better, and their talk. p. 34. l. 13. r. they may make. p. 39. l. 14. r. good God. p. 42. l. 30. r. naught. p. 44. l. 20. for vow r. bow. p. 54. l. 14. for lest r. list. p. 58. l. 10. r. in my joys. p. 60. l. 20. r. reprov'st us. p. 65. l. last, for can r. did. p. 66. l. 1. and 3. for make r. made. p. 69. l. 24. r. that they in their. p. 72. l. 34. r. fill us. p. 111. l. 14. for whom r. when. p. 131. l. 4. for once r. over. p. 139. l. 17. for abhorred r. adhered. p. 138. al. 140. l. 33. for to r. so. p. 148. l. 9. for is r. if. and l. 29. put out is. p. 151. l. 30. r. fading. p. 161. l. 15. for noth r. now. p. 164. l. last r. do pierce. p. 167. l. 14. r. show'd. p. 172. l. 15. for best r. blest. p. 181. l. 24. for but r. by. p. 186. l. 15. the word *Lamentations* should have been in a great and different character, as also diverse other words in the foregoing pages. p. 211. l. 22. r. death, honour. p. 224. l. 33. r. between. p. 228. l. 5. for thy r. thee. p. 232. l. 26. for caret r. care. p. 234. l. 15. r. stinch. p. 235. l. 6. r. though. p. 244. l. 30. r. thy pledge my holy. p. 243. l. 27. for fashion r. fathom. p. 254. l. 6. put out the stop at so. p. 259. l. 27. r. heart. p. 256. l. 22. r. ay. p. 260. l. 4. for lovely r. lowly. p. 264. l. 4. for this r. his. p. 267. l. 28. put out not. p. 268. l. 7. for soul r. love. p. 276. l. last for oft r. oit. p. 295. l. 6. r. and their portion.

Other mispointings I leave to thy discretion to observe and rectifie in thy Reading.



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